

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Washington

THE deterioration of industrial relations, the failure of the Railway Labor Act, the willingness of unions to use strikes to force changes in public policy, the failure of collective bargaining to produce settlement of disputes by the method of friendly negotiation, all stress the need for the country to reconsider its basic policy for settling industrial disputes.

Public policy, up to now, has consisted mainly of encouraging the formation of trade-unions and conferring rights on them which would build the unions up to equality of bargaining status with management. But in the railroad strike both labor and management were primarily concerned with sustaining their own position, and collective bargaining degenerated into the "collective impasse" which could be resolved only by Presidential intervention.

A body blow to good labor relations was dealt by the award of the arbitration board in the dispute involving eighteen of the railroad organizations. These unions had made a most constructive contribution to better industrial relations by agreeing to arbitrate. But the board awarded 16 cents an hour after the general pattern had become 18 or 18½ cents. The fact-finding board appointed by the President for the other two unions, the trainmen and the engineers, also awarded 16 cents an hour, and some changes in working conditions. But the President overrode this board with his own proposal of 18½ cents and postponement of rules changes for one year.

The railroad leaders who recommended to their rank and file that the dispute be referred to arbitration say that they will never again be able to make this recommendation. The board's decision was an effective demonstration to the union members that "it pays to be tough." Thus one of the most promising constructive developments for better labor relations was nipped in the bud.

The strike of the two railroad brotherhoods, the trainmen and the locomotive engineers, must be attributed in part to personalities — Mr. Whitney has a temperamental preference for playing a lone hand — and to rivalry between two unions — the locomotive engineers feared the gradual absorption of their union by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

The railroad strike was easily the most reckless and irresponsible use of the right to strike in the history of the country. The demands of these two unions have been reviewed three times in six years — by emergency boards in 1941 and 1943 and 1946. Each time, the recommendations of the emergency boards were rejected by the unions. In each case the unions, by rejecting the recommendations of the emergency boards, succeeded in obtaining more than was recommended by the public representatives who heard the cases.

Mr. Truman acts without reflection

President Truman's recommendations show the absence of mature and careful consideration of the problem of protecting the public interest. Up to now, the basic policy of the government has been one of attempting to dissuade strategically situated unions from withholding essential goods and services by offering them more than the amounts called for in the prevailing pattern of settlements.

The government scrapped its wage-price policy of last October in order to stop the steel strike. Its offers to Mr. Lewis represented the scrapping of the revised wage-price policy of February, 1946. Can government offer nothing between special favors, on the one hand, and the extreme policy of drafting workers, on the other?

There must be a middle course. There must be an orderly way to protect the public interest when it



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is threatened by a strike in an essential service, and the government decides that such a strike would imperil the nation's health and welfare.

Labor legislation needed

The eruption of labor difficulties has called attention to the failure of the country to give proper consideration and discussion to a number of other major labor issues: —

1. The right of unions to force workers to become members (a) by throwing picket lines around the plant; (b) by cutting off supplies to the plant; (c) by refusing to handle the product made by the plant. The Wagner Act protects the principle that workers shall be free to select their bargaining representative without interference on the part of employers. It does not protect this principle from being destroyed by economic coercion from other trade-unions.

2. The application of the Wagner Act to supervisory employees.

3. The safeguarding of so-called welfare funds from becoming union slush funds. Mr. Lewis, for example, proposed a welfare fund to be used in part for "cultural and educational work" among the miners.

The sudden precipitation of many labor issues promises that union participation in politics will be greater than ever. Mr. Whitney has threatened to work against the members of Congress who have supported the President's proposals. Union attempts to influence the Congressional elections next fall will be greater and more abundantly financed than any previous efforts.

Recent events have called attention to two sadly neglected developments in industrial relations. First, the much praised Railway Labor Act has been steadily breaking down. This Act confers some duties on both labor and management. It imposes on both sides the obligation to make every effort to achieve and to maintain agreements.

The ritual of settling disputes on the railroads has gradually been losing favor, until now we have seen the rejection of the emergency board's report by the unions, and the resumption of negotiations with the President as mediator and with the President giving unions more than the Presidential appointees have recommended. It looks as if the operation of the Railway Labor Act must be reviewed and its provisions amended.

In the second place, collective bargaining in many important industries is failing to develop along the lines which its proponents have envisaged.

Negotiations have been an exchange of threats and recriminations rather than a mutual exploration of problems for the purpose of working out compromises.

Competition among unions and union leaders has probably had much to do with this development. Never in the history of the labor movement has competition between unions and union leaders been so strong as it is today. This competition is partly a result of schisms in the labor movement and partly a result of the ambitions of labor and its new leaders. The new leaders wish to show that they are better at getting gains for the workers than the old leaders; some of the old leaders (Mr. Lewis in particular) wish to show that they are better than the new ones.

Competition among the union leaders has been spurred by the strong demand for labor. It also has been stimulated by the large scale on which much of the bargaining (steel, electrical goods, coal, and railroads) has been conducted. The publicity given to labor settlements naturally makes each leader ambitious to get more than the other fellow.

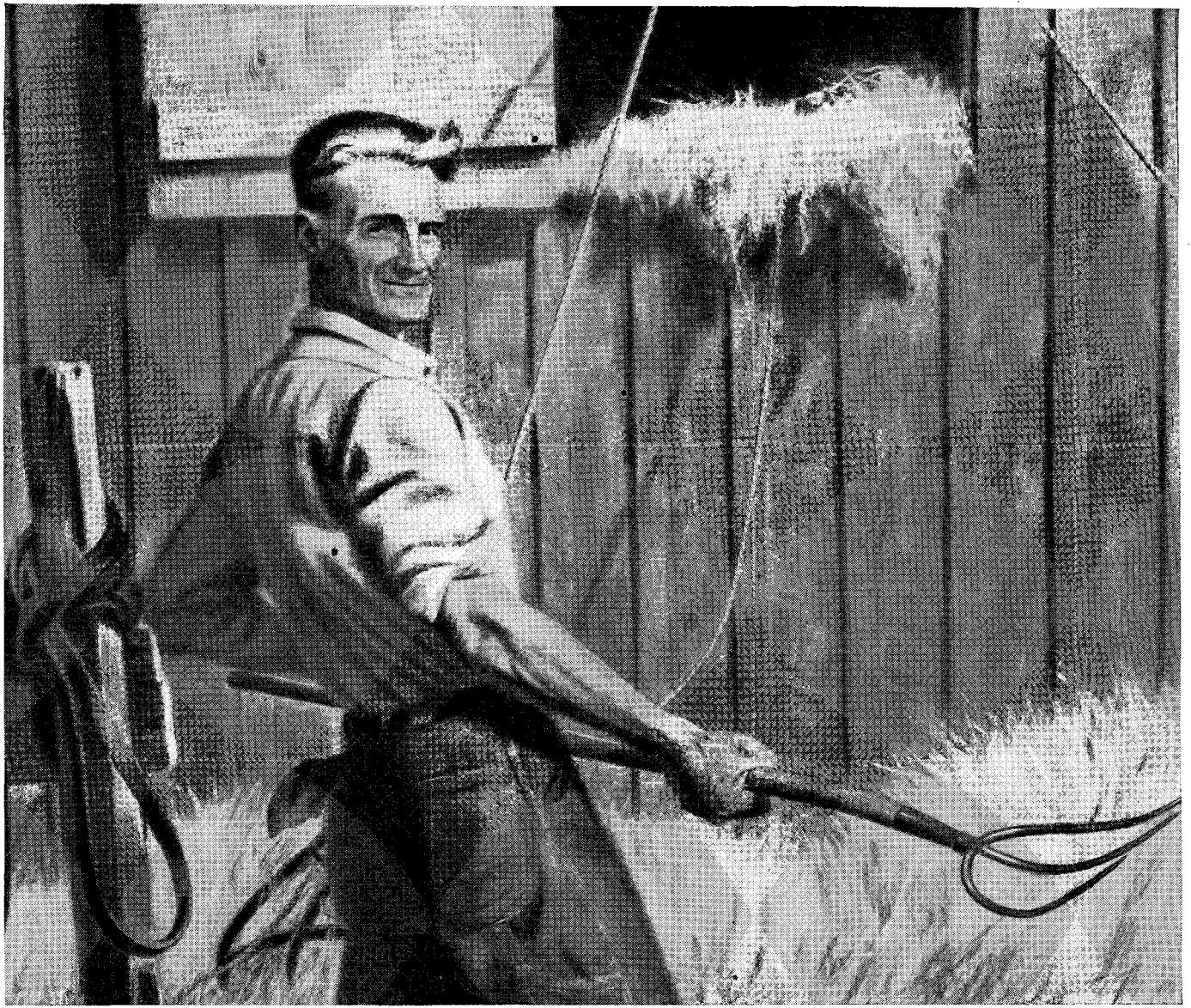
A settlement which enabled a union leader to point to greater gains than those achieved by rival unions or leaders has been regarded as more important than a settlement which conserved good will between the parties and furnished a solid foundation for good relations in the future.

Protecting the public interest

The railroad strike compelled us to face squarely the question of how the public interest may be protected against strikes or lockouts in key industries, which threaten to shut down all production. In years past, the country has had powerful monopolies in oil, tobacco, glass, aluminum, salt, anthracite coal, and other industries. But never has the country had a monopoly which could force such sweeping curtailments in all industries as have the coal miners and the trainmen and locomotive engineers. These unions, with two or three others, represent an all-time high in monopolistic power.

The public realizes that negotiated settlements have great advantages over forced settlements — that a forced "settlement" is to a considerable extent a contradiction in terms. The public has had a wholesome desire to refrain from forcing settlements. Even employers have opposed forced settlements.

Nevertheless, the unpleasant fact has to be faced that the supply of a few essential commodities and services can be completely shut off by unions. The country has been extremely reluctant to consider this question. Even the coal strike, despite the curtail-



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ment it involved in railroad service, steel production, and automobile production, aroused little interest in the general question and evoked no proposal from the President.

The community must decide whether to permit any group to dictate terms to the community or whether to provide the government with effective instruments for defending the public right to a continuous flow of essential services. The seriousness of the issue is matched only by the country's unpreparedness to consider what should be done about it.

Legislation is needed to prevent strikes in vital services from reaching national dimensions and to make unions and management behave in deference to the public interest first of all. It is at this point that the experts disagree on a solution. The dilemma is likely to continue.

Hemispheres of influence

When Secretary Byrnes took Senators Vandenberg and Connally to the Paris Conference of Foreign Ministers, he came in for some criticism, because the absence of the two solons meant the weakening of the group favoring the British loan in the Senate. It was certainly a risk. But the loan made the grade, and Vandenberg and Connally came back from Paris echoing Secretary Byrnes and eager to buttress in the Senate the stand he had taken.

Russia's prime foreign policy is to try to run the world as a Russo-American condominium without regard for any other nation. This is the main division between Moscow and Washington. From time to time word comes from Moscow to the effect that since no other nations count but the Soviet Union and the United States, why not accept the reality and translate it into policy? But Secretary Byrnes is against a foreign policy which is alien to our institutions and an uncertain basis for lasting peace.

Streamlining government

The reform that would bring our oxcart Congress closer to the atomic age is embodied in the La Follette-Monroney bill, which is now being discussed in Congress. The business of Congress would be speeded up by the enactment of this measure. With the establishment, as contemplated in the bill, of majority and minority policy committees, the lawmakers would be enabled to fulfill party obligations. The gulf separating the executive branch of our government and the legislature would be bridged by a joint Legislative-Executive Council. These two provisions in the La Follette-Monroney bill would supply urgently needed modernization.

But the La Follette-Monroney bill is a compendium containing all manner of improvements. Perhaps the item that may bother the most people is the

proposal to increase Congressional salaries to \$15,000. Such an increase, however, is long overdue. One former Congressman remarked, "Congress is composed of two classes of people: those who are not worth the money they are getting and those who have to depend upon their private means to maintain themselves." The increase in salary should improve the general level.

There are significant omissions in this bill for the streamlining of Congress. The filibuster, for instance, is left untouched. The Senate can maintain its prerogative of unlimited debate, which, added to the unlimited delays permissible in the archaic committee system, means procrastination and minority government.

Reorganization is not contemplated for Congress alone. A plan has come from the President for a house cleaning of the executive branch. The principal recommendation is the assembling into a Department of Welfare of all the Federal agencies that are concerned with "the conservation and development of the human resources of the nation." Into this department would go all the government's health, welfare, social insurance, and educational activities.

This would deprive the regular departments of many agencies and bureaus which have been set up since government turned social worker. Naturally they don't like the proposed divorce, nor do the agencies concerned relish leaving their present departments. In particular the Children's Bureau, which is in the Labor Department, is raising a storm of protest.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The mood of the Capital, which rose to the challenge to national unity during the railroad walk-out, has returned to its preoccupation with the claims of the pressure groups. These are more numerous and more insistent than ever.

Ways to keep the pressure groups in check were considered by the La Follette-Monroney Committee. The problem is difficult because the right of petition is involved. It was therefore decided that Congress should be invited to call for the registration of organized groups and their agents who seek to influence legislation and that such registration include quarterly statements of expenditures made for this purpose.

The President's mistake in connection with the labor draft was realized as soon as passions had cooled off. What effect the Presidential intervention may have on his political future is problematical.

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The Far East

IN Asia men have been fighting and dying, in large numbers, since what we complacently call "the end of the war." And these men have made history. Freedom has been won in Asia to an extent that has changed the components of power politics.

In Indo-China the nationalists, especially among the Annamese, would not take the French at their word, and fought to make the French take them at their word. As a result the French, who, like all colonial rulers, would have preferred to win a cooling-off period at no more cost than a high-minded statement of good intentions for the vague future, were compelled to recognize the Viet Nam Republic as part of the Indo-Chinese Federation.

In Indonesia the nationalists also fought to make the Dutch and British take them at their word. It is interesting that Dr. J. H. A. Logemann, Netherlands Minister of Overseas Territories, has admitted that Dutch willingness to concede limited recognition to the Indonesian Republic is influenced by the Viet Nam precedent. Neither Indo-China nor Indonesia has won full freedom — but neither of them would have won much freedom had they not gone beyond willingness to fight.

By fighting, they seriously damaged a cherished European-American myth and greatly strengthened a new Asiatic standard of performance. The myth — and it was a beautiful myth while it lasted — was that the rate and degree of emancipation among subject Asiatic peoples should properly be determined by the paternal wisdom of Western overlords. The new standard of performance is the proof that Western wisdom will sleep interminably unless jolted awake.

As so often happens, the British, whom Americans too frequently shrug off as slow on the uptake, have

wakened to the rumble of time's winged chariot more promptly than anybody else. When Prime Minister Attlee sent his cabinet mission to India, he broke one precedent by stripping the seven veils of circumlocution away from the words *freedom* and *independence*, which never before had been seen unclothed on India's coral strand.

He broke another precedent when he admitted that nationalism has now permeated the Indian military forces. Previously it had always been taken for granted that there would be enough armed Indians who would be willing to earn their pay by suppressing the political manifestations of the unarmed.

To grasp the significance of their new policy, we must realize that the British have decided to forget the Indian Mutiny, when they successfully put down a national rising by force, and have chosen to remember instead the American Revolution, when they failed to put down a national rising by force. By so doing they have won a cooling-off period that really amounts to something.

Kuomintang versus Communist

In China, the question of civil war still dangles precariously between negotiation and fighting. It will take time for the Chinese to eliminate from their politics the irritations left by a hundred years of almost colonial subordination. The Kuomintang often behaves like a colonial government within a nominally free country. It would like to maintain the theory of paternal wisdom against the growing numbers of the people who insist on the right of participation in politics.

China becomes easier to understand if we recognize that the partial success of the Communists in establishing the right to political life very closely resembles the partial freedoms won by the Viet



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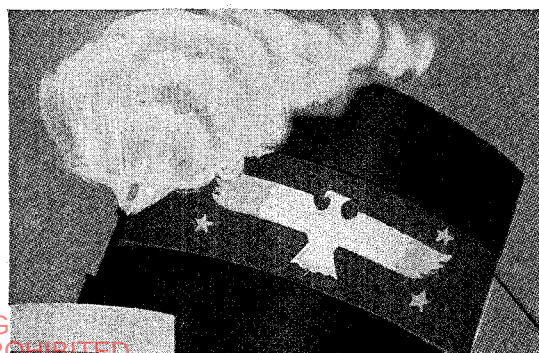
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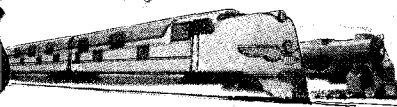
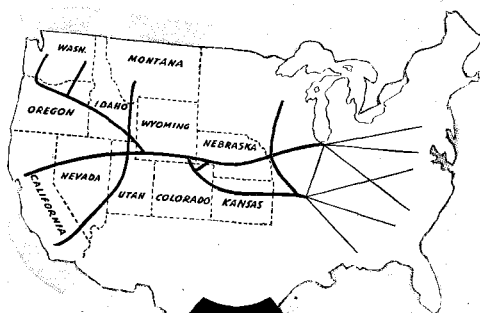
a bowl of glowing embers

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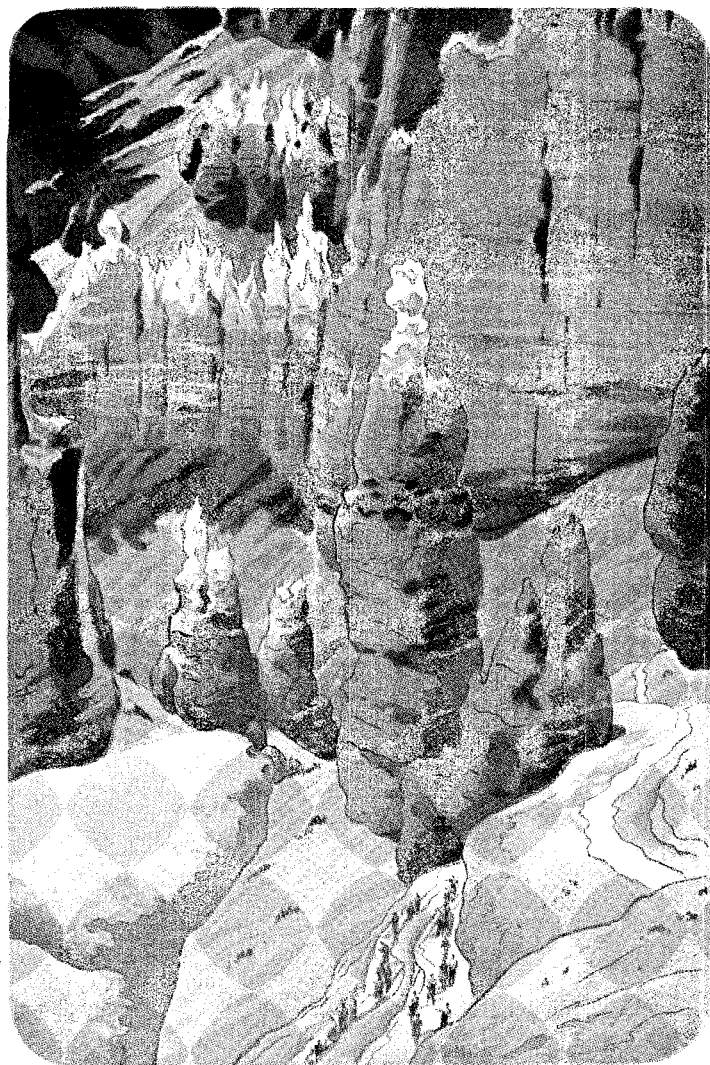
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Nam Republic and the Indonesian Republic. As a corollary, the danger of further military action by the Kuomintang very closely resembles the danger of renewed military repression by the French in Indo-China and the Dutch in Indonesia.

A glimpse into the inner workings of the Kuomintang helps to explain the alternating drama of resort to force and willingness to negotiate. The Chinese, like the Russians, are prone to summarize their politics in slogans; but while the Russians prefer a flat-footed and frequently platitudinous slogan, the Chinese incline to cryptic slogans which sometimes have a "Confucius say" twist to them.

There is a hard core within the Kuomintang which admits that civil war against the Communists without American support would be disastrous, but still clings to the hope that, if it hangs on long enough, it can get a civil war with American support. The slogan of this hard core is "Loose at the center, tight at the circumference" — which, being interpreted, means "Be obliging in all negotiations with General Marshall, but be quick on the trigger in all dealings with Communists out in the sticks."

The Communists, being just as Chinese as the Kuomintang, have retorted with maneuvers which are equally Chinese. Having moved into Manchuria more quickly without Russian transportation than the Kuomintang with American transportation, the Communists at first demanded an unconditional truce. The National Government countered with the demand that Changchun, which as the capital of Manchuria has great symbolic value, must be occupied by its American-trained, American-equipped, and American-transported regulars, a course which would advertise to the people of Manchuria the importance of the Government's American backing.

Implementing its demand, the Government advanced on Changchun. The Communists' reply came in two parts. First they fought very stiffly at Szeping-kai, at the same time harrying the Government's long lines of communication, to show how costly the conquest of Manchuria could be made. Then the Communist government evacuated Changchun without a fight — in this way, with Chinese indirectness, indicating that it would not insist on an unconditional truce, and at the same time, with Chinese courtesy, making a bid for negotiations. The way was thus opened for President Chiang Kai-shek to satisfy honor by making his first visit to Manchuria since the end of the war.

General Marshall's finesse

General Marshall has not yet been given the very great credit he deserves for his part in all this. While pessimistic reports were prophesying the

complete collapse of his mission, he accommodated himself to looseness at the center and tightness at the circumference by a counter move of looseness at the circumference and tightness at the center. He made this move by publicly denouncing both the Communists and the Government for double-dealing.

The dexterity of his action was more quickly appreciated and admired by Chinese than by Americans. Its significance lay in the fact that the denunciation of the Communists was purely routine. Nobody ever negotiates with Communists without accusing them, or at the very least suspecting them aloud, of double-dealing. The Chinese instantly understood, therefore, that the real meaning of the statement was that the intransigents in the Kuomintang were being warned that Marshall knew what they were up to and would not stand for it.

Even the Chinese who were thus rebuked appreciated Marshall's delicacy in saving their face by this form of rebuke. They knew that the damage would have been hard to repair if, instead, he had reminded them that he had the whip hand, represented by his ability to delay the extending of American credits by withholding his approval.

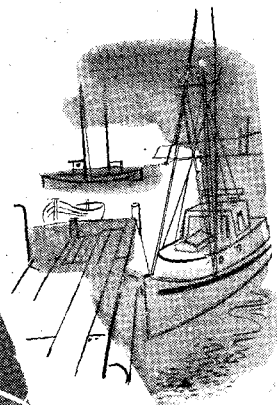
"So sorry, General Makassaru"

While General Marshall has been slowly working his way out of a morass onto firmer ground, General MacArthur, who has stood foursquare on firm ground ever since he occupied Japan, has been reminded by a series of tremors that in Japan even the firmest ground is volcanic.

General MacArthur inaugurated in Japan a program that was genuinely American. He has had the sympathy and the backing both of the American government and of the American people. He has had the immense advantage of having all Japan, and every phase of Japanese life, completely centralized under his own one-man control. He has had no interference and almost no criticism.

Yet somehow things are not going quite right. General MacArthur is being forced to crack down more and more. The real source of trouble does not seem to be among the Communists and other radicals whom MacArthur let out of jail and whose parades and demonstrations he has since curbed. More serious is the fact that he has given the conservatives a generous opportunity to redeem themselves, and they have double-crossed him.

Instead of cleaning house, the reactionaries seem to have no shame in trying time after time to see how much dirt MacArthur will let them sweep under the rug. No rebukes have shamed them. They are always willing to try once more.



Washington

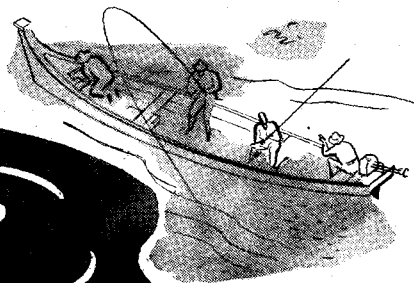
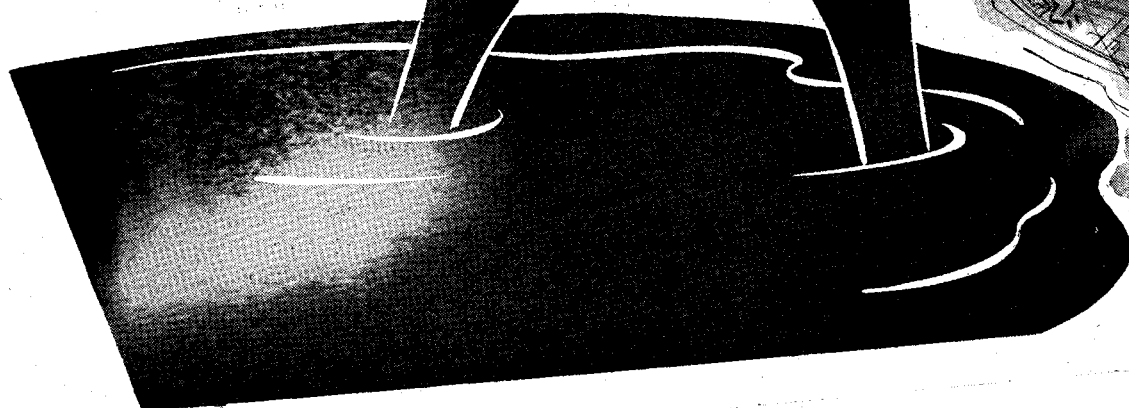
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These conservatives, the Shideharas and the Yoshidas and the rest of them, and the Emperor too, become more unprepossessing as the months pass. They always posed as moderates. They always claimed that they were against militarism. They always said that what they wanted was to negotiate a place for Japan in the community of nations, not to conquer a place in the sun. From time to time their feet slipped and they expressed admiration for Mussolini and Hitler, or disillusionment with democracy, but they say now, with that embarrassed Japanese giggle, that that was because some uncouth militarist was shoving them.

Yet now that they have their chance, they are crowding MacArthur, instead of using the opportunity he has given them in the spirit in which it was offered. Every shift of top personalities, every discussion of cabinet possibilities, involves names whose mere mention is pure impudence, seeing that they belong, and belong beyond dispute, in categories affected by MacArthur's purge directive.

Sometimes they try to wheedle MacArthur, asking him if he can't make an exception, as in the case of Shirose Nasu, brain-truster for the military of a system of streamlined serfdom for peasants in North China, whom Yoshida, ominously enough, wanted as his Minister of Agriculture. Sometimes they just slip the man in and hope he will get by, as in the case of Hatoyama, who financed his own campaign and got himself and a lot of followers elected, and was doing nicely until the newspapermen caught the whiff of that old familiar fishy odor, and Headquarters cracked down.

Bowing all ways

MacArthur is not inept, but he is handicapped by the fact that he represents an America which is still living in the age of innocence. Perhaps the Americans in Japan have been misled by the servility of the "responsible leaders" among Japanese civilians. They forget that these men will bow to American wishes as far as they have to, because they long ago learned the knack of bowing, as far as they had to, to the Japanese militarists. Such resistance to the militarists as there was in Japan always came from the nameless, unorganized common people more than it did from the well-known and respectable "responsible leaders."

And since these eminently respectable conservatives served militarism without making a moral stand, and are serving democracy only part time while the Americans are in Japan, it will not be surprising to find that they are using the rest of their time in preparing to bow to reaction once more if the Americans ever go; and if not that, then at least to cajole the Americans into tolerating a little reaction right now.

The American innocence carries over into Korea, where we have failed to see, right under our noses, an ideal opportunity to deal with the Russians on terms which might set the precedent for breaking deadlocks in several other parts of the world. The Russians have failed to see the same opportunity.

The Mongols and the Russians

One country in which the Russians seem to have an absolutely sure touch is Outer Mongolia, now officially recognized by China as well as by Russia as the Mongol People's Republic. For this, Marshal Choi Bol San, the Mongol premier, is perhaps largely responsible. The Mongols have confidence in him because he is a moderate in Mongol politics and has never gone in for leftism for the sake of leftism. The Russians have confidence in him because, although a moderate, he has always been the leading advocate of friendship with Russia.

The long-standing friendship has been sealed in a curious way. Back in 1934 Mongolia and Russia made a gentlemen's agreement, the obvious purpose of which was mutual defense against Japan. The existence of this agreement was revealed by Stalin in an interview with Roy Howard, which made headlines at the time. (This interview, incidentally, has recently been recalled by *Pravda* in an editorial — which is just one more reminder of the importance of the press in Soviet diplomacy.)

In 1936, the gentlemen's agreement was converted into a written protocol, to run for ten years, ending in 1946. A few days before it expired, Russians and Mongols got together and wrote a new treaty of friendship and mutual assistance which word for word repeats the protocol it replaces.

This is a poker-faced answer to the speculation that Mongolia, after its independence had been recognized by China, would be annexed by Russia. The principal clause in the treaty, psychologically, is the one which specifies that "troops of one of the parties stationed by mutual agreement on the territory of the other party [for purposes of mutual defense] . . . will be withdrawn from the territory concerned immediately the necessity for it ceases — similarly to what took place in 1925 with regard to the withdrawal of Soviet troops from the territory of the Mongol People's Republic."

The fact that the Russians withdrew as they had promised has always been the bedrock foundation of Mongol confidence in Russia. The fact that they withdrew in 1925 was greatly facilitated by the improvement in relations at that time between China and Russia. On both counts this clause in the old protocol, repeated in the new treaty, seems worth thinking about in 1946 — and not for Russians and Mongols only.



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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



London

IT IS time for American political commentators to make up their minds about the British Empire. Many of them have long been demanding that Britain give India her freedom. They have been asking pointedly what British troops are doing in places like Egypt. They have been pillorying the white man's "poona mentality" in the colonies. Some are still talking as if a Dominion were a colony. The Dominions are free states joined in a voluntary association under the Crown, with the right to secede from the Empire whenever they wish.

The British Labor Government has now told India that after more than one hundred and fifty years of subserviency she can have complete independence. This is by far the most important decision the Labor regime has yet taken.

Prime Minister Attlee has also offered to withdraw British troops from Egypt, where they have been stationed for sixty-four years. The colonies are being advanced more rapidly than ever towards self-government; and during the transition, a high priority is being given to education, medical services, and social and economic betterment.

Yet American commentators who denounced the survival of Victorian imperialism are now gloating over what they describe as "the Empire in retreat." Is it the poor memory of the American public on which these critics are relying when one day they cry, "Quit India," and the next day, after Britain has offered to withdraw, declare, "We told you so. The British are scuttling the Empire." Are they blind to the meaning of the changes occurring before their eyes? Or is it just that any old stick is good enough to thump the lion's rump?

This is not to say that, in less than one year of Labor Government, Britain has shed all the evils

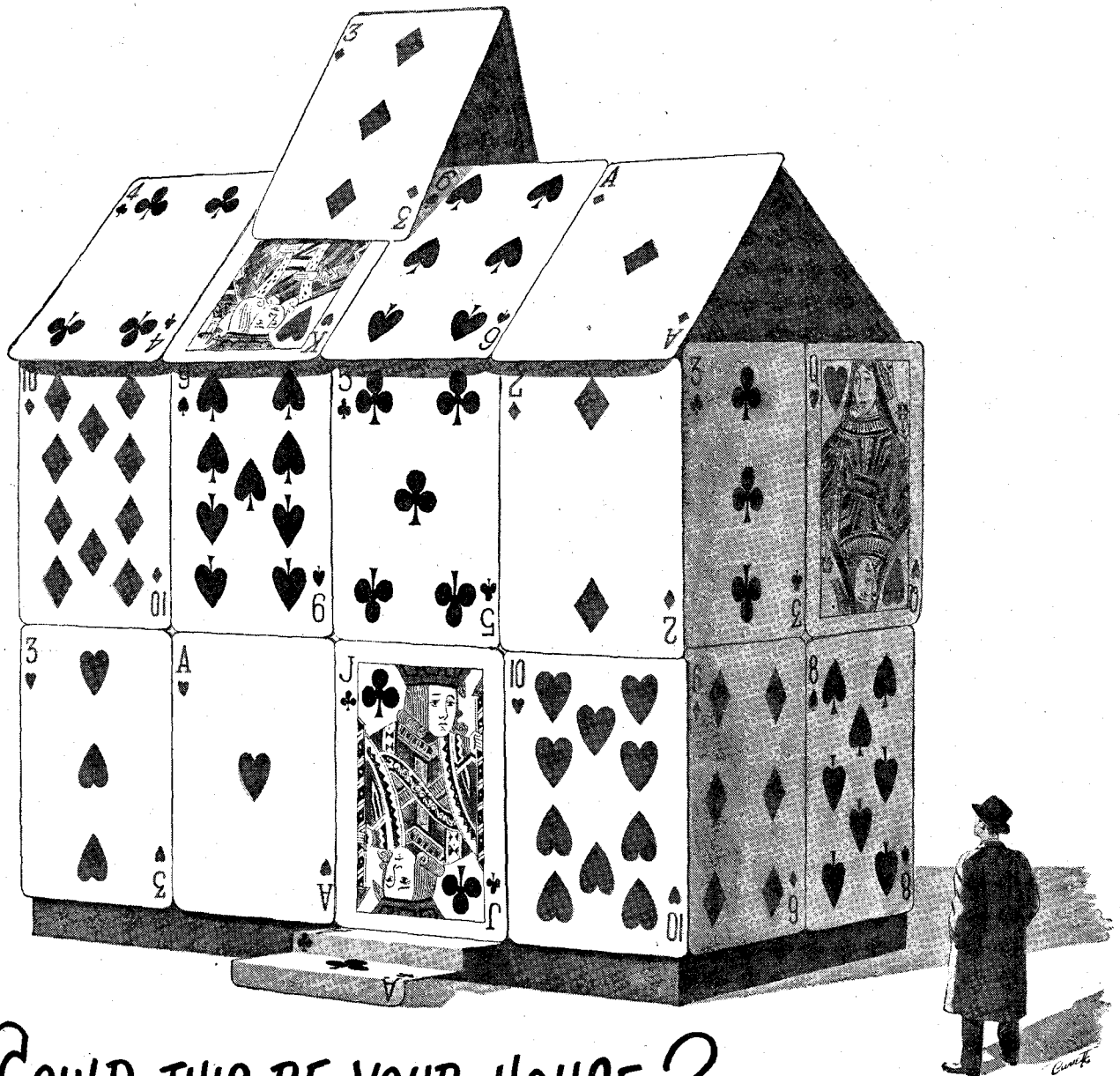
of imperialism. Black spots remain in the colonies and elsewhere. But the conscience of the present British government is alive to them and there is a will to do something about them.

Honest American critics must draw a distinction between the Labor Government's more progressive policy inside the Commonwealth and its lagging, standpat attitude in certain fields of foreign policy — towards Royalist Greece and Fascist Spain, for example. One can reasonably criticize the reactionary and snobbish men who pervade the diplomatic service and yet acknowledge the difference between the old and the new in British imperial policy.

Mr. Churchill's little stick

In any event, necessity has caught up with and passed righteousness. The plain truth is that Britain today lacks the manpower and money, even if she had the will, to police a large segment of the planet. The imperialistic attitude of Winston Churchill and of the Conservative Party, of which he is the leader, in attacking Labor's policy towards India and Egypt, not only fails to express the national feeling but is no longer practical. It is beyond the deftness of the slickest Tory conjurer to transform a wagging finger into a club.

British Labor has always believed in the Commonwealth. It has never been a "little England" party. No less than the Conservatives it appreciates the life or death importance of the Empire to British foreign trade. In the first quarter of 1946, roughly one half of Britain's exports still went to the Commonwealth and British possessions. South Africa, India, and Australia remain Britain's largest markets. The Commonwealth is Britain's equivalent of the immense land masses, free of tariff restrictions, which the United States and the Soviet Union possess.



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Those who deny decent impulses behind Labor's approach to India and Egypt might ask themselves whether the new departure is not wiser than the old stuffies' alternative. Are British interests more likely to be uprooted in India and Egypt if those countries are free and friendly or if they are subjugated and surly?

Many are saying, "The nationalist movements are tidal waves and the British would have been swept out anyway, wouldn't they?" That is true. But is it immaterial for the future whether the British quit India and Egypt with good grace or are booted out? The "if" may be prejudged, but the "how" is vastly important.

The struggle for world power

To say that Attlee's Cabinet favors self-government and better economic and social conditions and is against camouflaged slave labor among the semi-dependencies and colonies is not to deny the large factor of self-interest in Labor's Empire policy. Commercially Britain hopes to gain by this enlightened method.

The Labor Government is outspoken also in calculating British strategic advantages. What Russia may do colors Britain's attitude toward India as well as every other aspect of British overseas policy. It is also a consideration for most Indian leaders.

The Red Army could drive across Afghanistan to India's Northwest Frontier Province. Extension of Soviet influence through Persian Azerbaijan into Teheran is causing concern not only to Britain but also to Indian Social Democrats like Nehru — and much more to India's big financiers, the steel, cotton, and jute millionaires who stand in the right wing of the Congress Party. Soviet moves towards the Persian Gulf are upsetting to the wealthier Indian industrialists and bankers and to the princes.

The British government has declared candidly that military reckoning is the most powerful single factor prompting the British rejection of the Indian Moslems' demand for a separate state (Pakistan) and leading to the British "award" of a united federal India. The Indian Army is today the fourth-strongest in the world, inferior only to the American, Soviet, and British Armies. Its twenty-five divisions are well armed and mechanized.

It is Britain's intention to conclude with India and Egypt alliances under which both those countries will maintain airfields, keep in good shape their military and naval stores and installations, and engage British officers to train their national forces. The new treaties will provide for mutual assistance so that in war the British could use Indian and Egyptian bases.

The potential adversary in these British reckonings is not hard to guess. Answering Tory critics in the House of Commons, Foreign Secretary Bevin said, "I will be no party to leaving a vacuum in Egypt." This sentence would have been more complete if Bevin had declared that he would never leave a Middle Eastern vacuum into which Soviet power would seep.

Where will security be found?

There is a sharp difference between the Labor and the Tory method of looking after the Empire's security. Churchill insists that Britain ought to keep her garrison in the Suez zone and make Egypt sign on the dotted line. He further declares that the Labor Government misplayed its hand by entering the Cairo negotiations with an offer to withdraw all British forces from Egypt instead of using partial evacuation as a bargaining chip in an Oriental poker game.

Instead of such a transparent attempt to renew the British protectorate, the Labor Cabinet preferred to open the Cairo discussions with a practical gesture of friendship to the Egyptians by recognizing Egypt's status as a sovereign state.

Criticized by Churchill for sending Viscount Stansgate, Labor's Air Minister, as head of the British Delegation to Cairo, Bevin replied, "It is better that a friend should go to Egypt than a gentleman with spurs." Churchill said, "Gratitude is the only sentiment becoming to the government of Egypt."

The Dominions decide

Britain is a little disappointed at her failure to achieve closer collaboration with the Dominions when Dominion ministers met Prime Minister Attlee in London. Defense in the Pacific was the most important topic, and in this matter Britain suffered a setback. She had proposed a Joint Chiefs of Staff committee for the whole Commonwealth, but the Dominions said no to any such centralization.

Another British suggestion was received more sympathetically. Plans are to be considered for building munitions industries in Australia. These would be available, with existing engineering and aircraft plants in Canada, if a few atomic bombs were to blow British production to shreds in a future war.

But where are the skilled workers and funds to be found to industrialize Australia? Britain can ill afford to let any of her technically trained workmen and engineers emigrate to Australia for this purpose. So the transformation of Australia into a great munitions factory will have to wait.

The conference of Dominion leaders illuminated the difference in Britain's relations with each Do-

minion. Canada was most firmly opposed to a centralized empire with its hub in London — mainly because United States economic and military might is supreme in the Western Hemisphere, but partly also because Mackenzie King, Canada's Premier, is out of tune with British socialism.

Field Marshal Smuts, who once led South Africa in war against Britain, surpassed the other Dominion leaders in his pro-British attitude at this conference, but he is closer to Churchill's Britain than to Attlee's.

Herbert Evatt of Australia and Walter Nash of New Zealand — Labor men, old personal friends of British Labor ministers, speaking the same social and economic language — have been creating a governmental unity which is closer than British relations with Canada and South America.

The Dominions have moved away from the parental roof and are jealous of their prowess as housekeepers. But Britain remains guardian over the colonial Empire. In parts of the colonies the Labor Government has to brush away ancient cobwebs.

The colonial territories under British rule vary enormously in development, character, and size. They range from the Crown colony of Gibraltar, which has an area of 2 square miles and a population of 20,000, to Nigeria, which is larger than Britain, France, and Belgium combined, and has a population of 22,000,000.

Old-time colonialism

Long after the American War of Independence, taxation without representation was continued elsewhere. Even today some colonies are ruled autocratically with local power in the hands of British governors and white traders and with almost no natives on the legislative councils. As late as 1942 the ease with which Japanese forces overran Malaya, captured the Singapore fortress, and conquered Burma was viewed less as proof of strategic ineptitude than as evidence that British colonial administration had failed to take root in the life of the peoples.

Evils survive especially in the West Indies and certain British African possessions. If you pop the names Trinidad and Jamaica at somebody, he will probably react with the words "poverty" and "squalor." In the one third of Kenya that is habitable, 17,000 Europeans own the good soil in the highlands, while the rest of the country is "reserved" for about three million natives. About four times as much is spent on roads, bridges, and other improvements in the European districts as is spent in the other areas. In Southern Rhodesia, Africans are forbidden to buy land in the best farm regions because the British have settled there.

These outworn practices are preying on the minds of British Labor ministers now shaping colonial policy. They are unable to advance everywhere at the same pace and with equal vigor. There is a tendency to recoil from overdue reforms of land tenure in Kenya and Southern Rhodesia. Absence of boldness in challenging the entrenched privilege of white settlers is combined with a more pardonable anxiety lest the agricultural backwardness of the Africans might turn rich farms into wastelands.

Enlightened colonialism

In most of the dependencies British Labor is infusing its administration with a new regard for human needs. Where others were overcautious and laggard, Labor is doing something about mass education, social and economic development, and greater political freedom. There is a stronger tendency to plow back into the colonies the wealth produced there.

Profits of more than twenty million dollars accumulated during the war from cocoa sales by the West African Produce Board are to be used first as a cushion to bolster price levels in Nigeria and the Gold Coast; secondly for research into cocoa production; and thirdly to relieve the peasants' indebtedness. Direct taxes have been increased in a number of colonies to hold down import duties which would otherwise raise the prices natives must pay.

All British colonies have been ordered to prepare ten-year plans for social and economic development, and these projects are now arriving at the Colonial Office in London. The Labor Government has begun a survey of all colonies to ascertain their mineral and other natural resources. Funds have been earmarked to train a new generation of colonial civil servants. The Colonial Office is perfecting schemes to reduce mass illiteracy among the natives, and new universities for black students are being founded in Nigeria and Jamaica. Native courts are being encouraged; and as a starter, two black judges sit on the Gold Coast bench.

One of the first important acts of the Labor Government was to push through Parliament a bill creating a \$480,000,000 colonial development and welfare fund to be spent in less than a decade. This money will go to build roads, to construct harbors and hydroelectric stations, for agriculture and housing, and for the steady betterment of health and education.

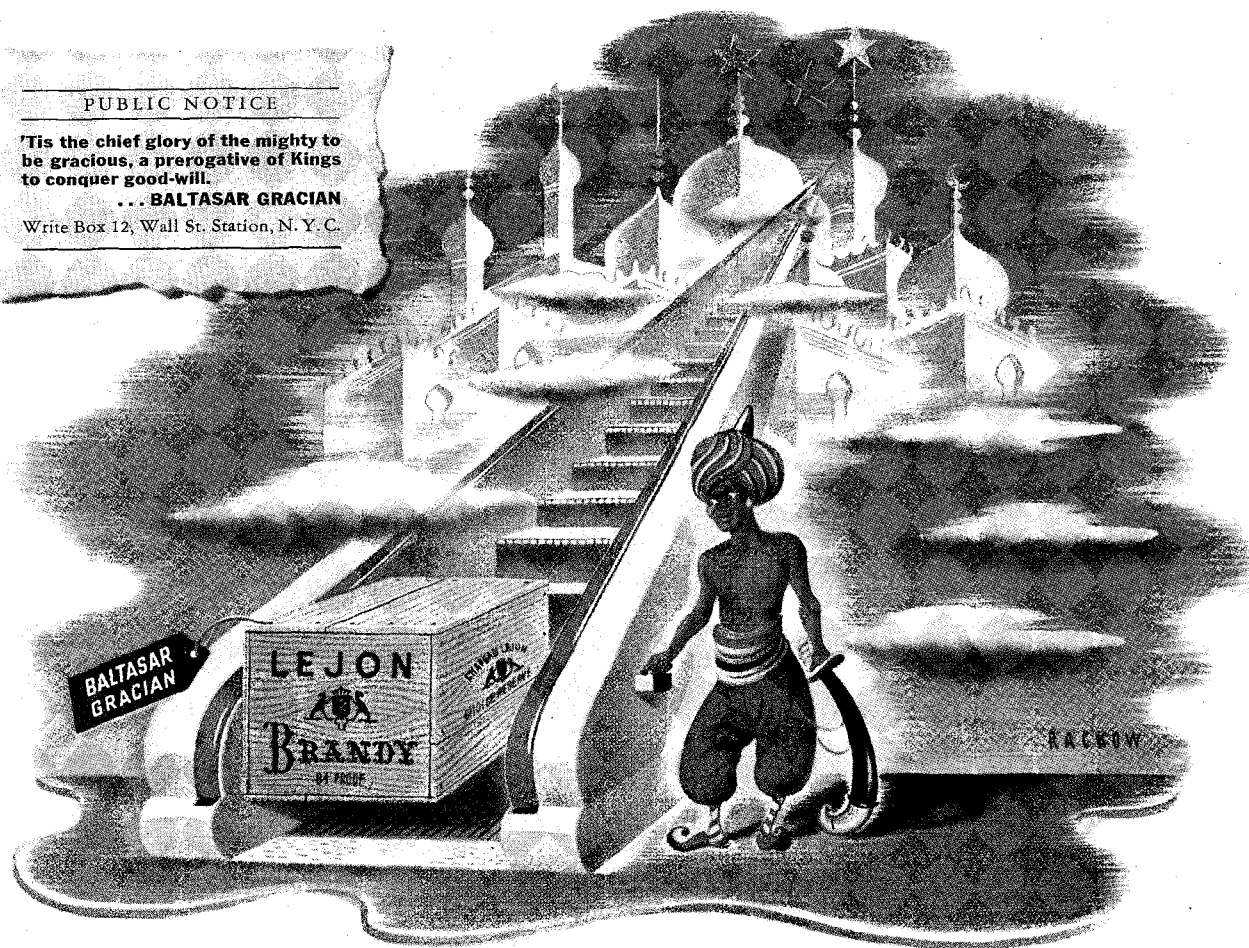
Without underestimating the importance of the colonies, of relations with the Dominions, and of the solution of Imperial security problems in Egypt and the Middle East, it is in India that the British Labor regime faces its greatest test of Empire policy. India is the watershed.

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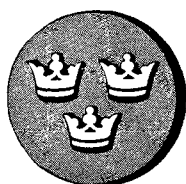
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On behalf of the Government of the United States I take pleasure in attesting the abiding gratitude of America to the Gripsholm and her complement.

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James F. Byrnes
Secretary of State

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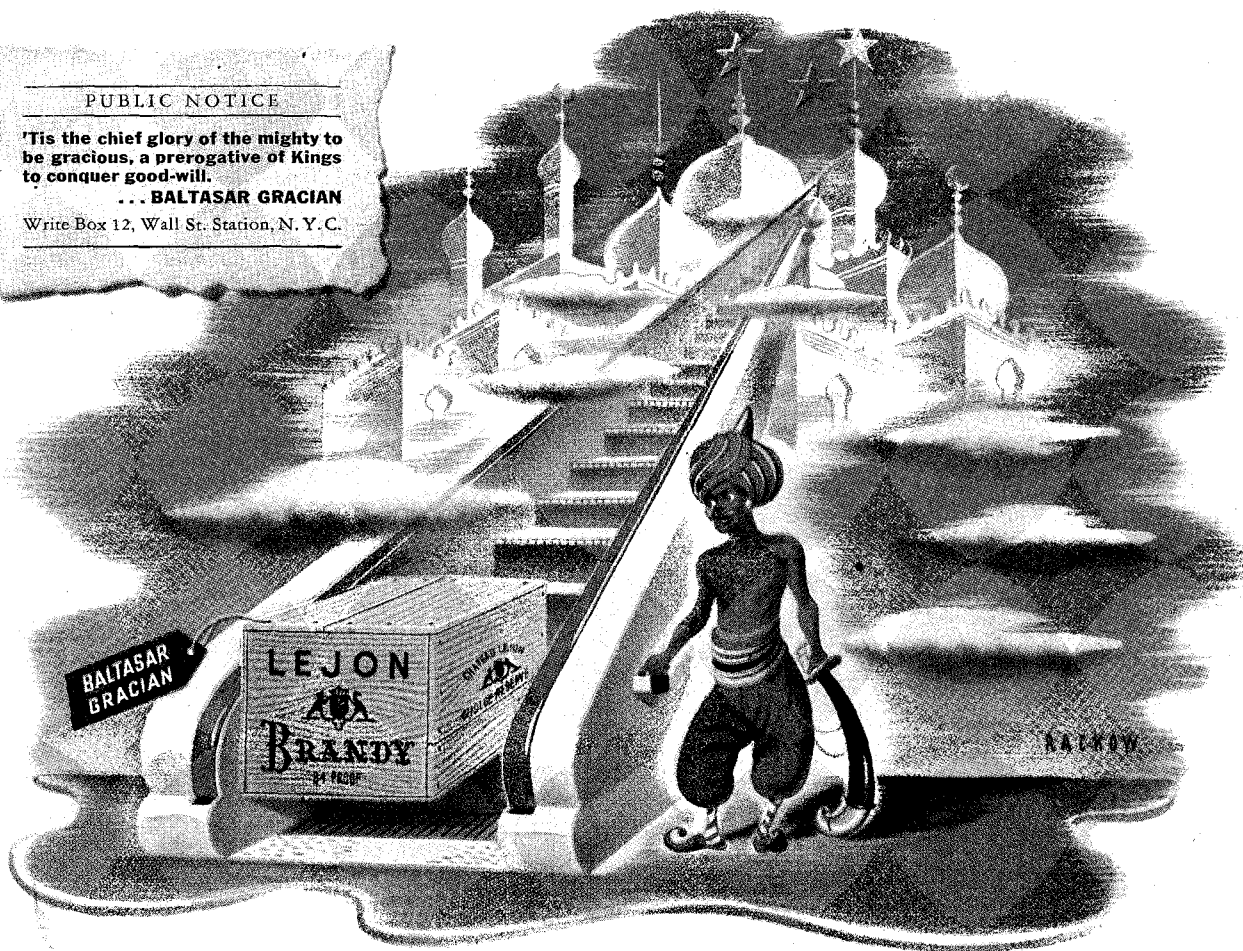
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Paris

COMMUNISM has lost its immediate chance in France. A post-war series of referenda and elections has failed so far to produce a Fourth Republic or even to show what the French want as the permanent form of their future government. But it has shown what they do not want — totalitarian government of the left.

The majority of the French seem very proud of this feat. By rejecting a system which they did not like and which really did not suit them — despite pressure from the two largest political parties, the Communist and the Socialist — they feel they demonstrated to a sometimes doubting world that they still possess those qualities of independence, logic, and political awareness for which they have always been famous.

The referendum whereby a Socialist-Communist constitution was turned down May 5 emerges as a miracle of modern politics. All calculable evidence favored adoption of the constitution. Last October, an apathetic electorate had authorized the Constituent Assembly to draft a new law of the land and had sent a Socialist-Communist majority to the Assembly.

The document that resulted from six months of deliberation, although supported only by Communists and Socialists, was adopted April 19 by the Assembly. The Popular Republican Movement, the third party in the Cabinet, disavowed it but did not have the courage to quit the government. The document was submitted to the people with a strong campaign for approval based on the slogan "We must get over being provisional."

Every public poll and prophecy indicated that the constitution would be accepted by 54 to 56 per cent of the electorate. The result — a majority of more

than a million, or 53 per cent, opposed — was one of the most startling upsets in the political history of France where trends can usually be foreseen quite accurately.

But even the worst enemies of the constitution generally acknowledged that the time and effort spent on the document were not in vain. It contained many fine provisions, some nobly expressed ideals, and a well-organized outline for the institution of a Fourth Republic.

The outstanding feature of the post-referendum election campaign was an outburst of Red-baiting anti-Communist propaganda, indulged in even by Socialists, such as has not been seen in France since the Communist Party became respectable in the war-time resistance movement. The Socialists, who had refused to conduct a joint campaign with the Communists but made parallel efforts, plaintively accused the Communists of having converted the referendum into an attempt to take power, thereby leading them to joint defeat. The more conservative parties brought up all the old anti-Comintern charges of pre-war and early war days.

Old quarrels fester

The nastiest of all the arguments concentrated on Maurice Thorez. The rightist press revived the allegation that the secretary general of the Communist Party was a deserter, having quit his Army unit and taken refuge in the safety of the Soviet Union in 1939 when France was at war and Russia was still a friend of Germany. Among those who leveled this charge was André le Trocquer, Socialist Minister of the Interior, and co-member of the Cabinet with Thorez, who was Vice Premier.

The campaign assumed such proportions that the Communist Party was forced to take formal cogni-



Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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In the next two years many men and women will have their first try at writing fiction. Some of them will have returned to college from the services; some of them will be in business; some will be venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. In 1946 and 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of \$1500, the second of \$750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at \$5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts

zance of it. The party issued for the first time an official account — signed by Jacques Duclos and Benoit Frachon, secretaries of the party — of what it called “the national activity of Maurice Thorez in 1939.”

They said that after the Communist Party was outlawed in 1939 and a number of Communists were arrested, they became convinced that the Daladier government was attempting to deliver France to fascism. “We took the responsibility,” they asserted, “both in the name of the central committee and with the approval of all militants who could be consulted, of ordering Maurice Thorez to leave the unit in which he had been mobilized in order to come and take his place at our head in the combat that we had waged against fascists abroad and at home. . . . It was because we acted thus that Maurice Thorez was able to work at our head in clandestine leadership of our party.”

The apology was ineffective. Everyone knew that Thorez spent the war years not in the underground but in Russia; and it was obvious what the Communist Party would have done if it had been in power in time of war and the leader of the opposition group had left his post because he disagreed with its policy. The only apology in such a case would have been a post-mortem.

There were serious rumors that Thorez had become a heavy liability to his party in its losing struggle and that he would have to resign as secretary general. Jacques Duclos, author of the letter which altered the line of the Communist Party in the United States from support of the government to old-fashioned dissidence, and the man who tried to assume responsibility for the weak wartime record of Thorez, is now the outstanding figure of the party.

Why de Gaulle quit

One man who was not surprised by the development of the provisional regime was Charles de Gaulle. Having resigned as president in January without any adequate explanation, he remained in retirement at the presidential hunting lodge in Marly-le-Roi outside Paris. But he predicted accurately the result of the referendum. De Gaulle, who has an unusual faculty for judging events of the day with perspective, confided to friends his belief that the Communists now could never come to power in France.

De Gaulle reasoned along these lines: the Communists had two opportunities to take over power. The first was the illegal opportunity of August, 1944, at the moment of the liberation of Paris, when the Communists were the only armed party and might have seized control by force. They were forestalled by the early arrival of General Leclerc's Division and by the

appearance of de Gaulle with a ready-made government.

Their other opportunity was the legal one of May 5, 1946, when approval of their constitution, which provided an all-powerful Assembly, would have given them, as the largest political party, the right to lead the government.

The rejection of the constitution, de Gaulle felt, justified his departure from the presidency in January. When he arranged for the referendum of October 21, 1945, to revise the Constitution of 1875, it was with a provision for a second referendum to pass on whatever the Assembly should do. This, as he put it, was a tin can he tied to the tail of the Communists. In January he realized that the constitution then being drafted would bring the Communists to power. If he remained as chief of the government, he felt that the people would approve the document. By resigning he had defeated the constitution.

With an electoral system of national proportional representation, little decisive change was then to be foreseen in comparative strength of the parties, no one of them having sufficient following to obtain a majority. For an indefinite period France would have a government composed of three or four parties, including the Communists, but without a Communist premier.

Such a government, however, could not make fundamental decisions; it could only reach compromises acceptable to each of its component parts. General de Gaulle foresaw the time — perhaps in six months, perhaps in two years — when decisions avoided by multiparty cabinets would have to be made. At that time he expected to be called back as president to make those decisions.

De Gaulle was willing to concede that he failed twice in his life — in 1934, when he could not convince the French High Command that the next war would be mechanized; and in 1940, when he could not persuade Paul Reynaud to go to Africa as premier to keep France in the war. He resigned as president in 1946 realizing that he could not direct the destiny of France and refusing to accept another failure. But he remained confident of success if he should be given another chance. This, of course, was prejudiced prophecy, for de Gaulle wanted to come back to power. But it is worth remembering in view of his astonishing record as a prophet.

L'affaire Passy

Until the results of the referendum were known, a conviction that their hero was being persecuted prevailed among de Gaulle's followers. They complained that he was being kept out in the cold, virtually isolated and under a guard that amounted to police

surveillance. Several of them reported minor indignities — such as the interruption of his telephone service and discourtesies on the part of servants — which added up to major proportions. This feeling reached its height on the day of the referendum, with the report that Colonel Passy, former chief of the Gaullist secret service in London, had been arrested.

The Passy affair combined several fascinating elements: espionage, millions of francs, and dark hints of higher-ups being involved. On the day of the referendum, de Gaulle's followers feared he too would be arrested. The government quickly denied that the affair had any political implications. Gradually charges emerged that Passy and his associates, in handling secret funds of espionage and counter-espionage, had stowed away some ten million francs for themselves. The story degenerated into one of a weak young man, tempted beyond his powers of resistance, succumbing to the selfish use of powers entrusted to him by an unsuspecting chief.

De Gaulle towered above any suspicion of implication in the affair, beyond the natural one of not having exercised sufficient supervision over his associates. He was invited to join the representatives of the government on May 12 at the Arc de Triomphe in reviewing of the parade commemorating Joan of Arc Day and the first anniversary of the Allied victory in Europe.

The parade, despite drizzling rain, was a brilliant performance. President Félix Gouin was accompanied by a dazzling array of dignitaries. At his left was the King of Cambodia, a small province of Indo-China; at his right, the foreign ministers of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union, who took the day off from their discussions of peace treaties for Europe. The Army produced all the pre-war units — spahis, *Chasseurs Alpins*, tanks, trucks, and artillery — with something new added in battalions of American and British MP's, which incidentally drew the loudest applause.

Many Frenchmen lined the Champs Élysées for the show. The skeptical realized that it could not be considered a demonstration of force, for this force had failed France in 1940. And it could not be enjoyed as a thing of beauty, for traces of ugliness of war were not far distant. But as a circus it was splendid. When President Gouin drove away afterward, there were shouts of "Vive de Gaulle!"

De Gaulle's private journey

But de Gaulle was not there. He had chosen that day instead to make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Clemenceau, World War I premier, near Mouchamps in La Vendée. The visit was purely symbolic. De Gaulle had given a propaganda promise on November 11, 1941, to go to the tomb some day to tell Clemen-

ceau he could sleep in peace, that France was again saved. He went without political entanglements.

The pilgrimage had its farcical side. Leading correspondents in Paris, both French and foreign, deserted the capital and drove the 300 miles to La Vendée on a hot tip that de Gaulle was going to make an important pronouncement — perhaps proclaiming his start toward a comeback to power. They listened impatiently to his non-political speech at the tomb, played hide-and-seek with him across the countryside, and finally caught up with him at the château of Michel Clemenceau, son of the late premier, only to hear in complete disappointment that de Gaulle had nothing to say.

France rebuilds

Much as any Frenchman would hesitate to admit it, things were really going better. No over-all economic indices or statistics could be found to support the contention, but it was an apparent fact. It could be seen in numerous small improvements — electricity and gas were functioning normally; pre-war bus lines were being resumed; taxis were again circulating; hotel rooms once more were available. Twenty-nine days passed in Paris without the report of a single major crime to the police. Rain drenched the fields which last year were blighted by drought. Factories were turning out products for a population still famished for consumers' goods.

Reconstruction progressed steadily. Of 1,424,000 war-damaged buildings, 400,000 had been restored and 750,000 partly repaired. Work on 25,000 new dwellings was under way. Of 1,000,000 acres of mine fields, 800,000 had been neutralized by removal of 12,000,000 mines. Time and work were having their healing effect, little as day-to-day progress was apparent.

The principal complaint was about food — not so much about the supply as about the way it was being distributed. About 85 per cent of the national food production was estimated to be escaping government controls and passing through the black market. Those who depended on ration tickets were not receiving even the minute quantities of fats, meat, and bread to which they were entitled. But for those who could pay there was plenty. Generous Uncle Sam, with his new interests and commitments in Europe, figured largely in both the economic and the political situations. The Soviet Union had sent some wheat and Poland some coal to France, but the United States offered ships and, above all, dollars.

The Socialist former premier, Léon Blum, who went to Washington as special ambassador to arrange the loan, came back the most popular man in France. And the United States was without doubt the most popular of all countries.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY



Latin America

THROUGHOUT large regions of Latin America, industrial development is considerably greater than is commonly supposed. Argentina's 1943 industrial production was 4 per cent greater in money value, for example, than its agricultural output. In Brazil, war conditions have greatly accelerated the trend toward industrialization, and industrial production rose from 35 per cent in 1937 to 60 per cent in 1945.

In Chile, a third of those gainfully employed are industrial workers. In Mexico, 22 per cent of the national income in 1942 came from manufactures. Here and there an "underprivileged" republic like Haiti struggles along with a bare million dollars invested in a few rum distilleries and oilseed crushing mills. But even the smaller tropical countries register more industrial activity than they did a dozen years ago.

Large or small, most Latin American industries confer economic benefits on the domestic hinterland by using mainly domestic products as raw materials. Brazil's textile industry — Latin America's largest — processes chiefly Brazilian cotton. Similarly, the textile factories of Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile process native wools. The tropical countries refine their own sugar and operate their own distilleries.

Only domestic ores are used in Brazil's considerable pig-iron output. They will be used almost exclusively in the coming 300,000-ton per year operations of the "big-steel" plant now building at Volta Redonda near Rio de Janeiro.

Most of the cattle-raising countries have reached, or are approaching, self-sufficiency in the manufacture of shoes. Moans still can be heard, in certain shoe-manufacturing centers in the United States, because all of the large and many of the smaller

republics have established self-sufficiency in shoe production. In the course of the years, the United States has, in fact, lost its market for shoes in Latin America. But from the standpoint of Hemisphere economy, there is another side to these laments.

Today cheap shoes of domestic manufacture are being worn by millions of Latin Americans who, when they were dependent for footgear on expensive imports, wore no shoes at all. Also, by escaping hookworm and ground-carried diseases, they live longer, produce more efficiently, and have more money to spend in inter-American markets for many things besides shoes.

Cement and building materials are produced almost everywhere. Furniture is manufactured from domestic lumber. Small and large glass-making and bottle-making works have grown up around the canning and the brewing industries in fully half the republics. Since the 1930's, domestic pulps in half a dozen countries have been used increasingly in paper manufacture.

Higher wages in Brazil

For both the national and the over-all Latin American economies the industries are increasing purchasing power in proportion as industrial labor is paid higher wages than are paid to agricultural labor. They are increasing national production, basically important in countries with a low standard of living and an inadequate supply of goods. In practically every Latin American republic, they are taking workers out of the glutted pools of agricultural labor.

Brazilian textiles are a case in point. A relatively large industry, Brazilian mills have about two thirds of the spindles in use in Latin America. And yet, by United States standards, it is a low-wage and low-efficiency operation. Brazilian operators tend only

LATIN AMERICA (continued)

about one third of the machines tended in the United States, and Brazilian loom-tenders, until recent wage adjustments were made to inflationary war prices, earned on an average only 75 cents a day.

Even with wages as low as 75 cents a day, families with several members employed in factories are better off than the average Brazilian farm family, which has an income of less than \$200 a year. They are in the market not only for a considerable range of Brazilian farm and factory products, but for a few imported articles for their convenience and comfort. Such families are no longer on the land, where they would further depress the price of farm and plantation labor.

Furthermore, expanding industry needs more customers. Each new processing or manufacturing plant is interested in the establishment of other industries, whose employees will be better able to consume its products than rural workers living off the land, with a few dollars a year thrown in for "store groceries."

In building her Volta Redonda steel mill, Brazil, for instance, is seeking outlets for steel rails, steel plate, and construction materials in the neighboring South American republics as well as in the domestic markets. The São Paulo plants began manufacturing light machinery on a considerable scale during the war, and even experimented modestly with machine-tool production with an eye to future exports to Uruguay, Argentina, and the West Coast countries.

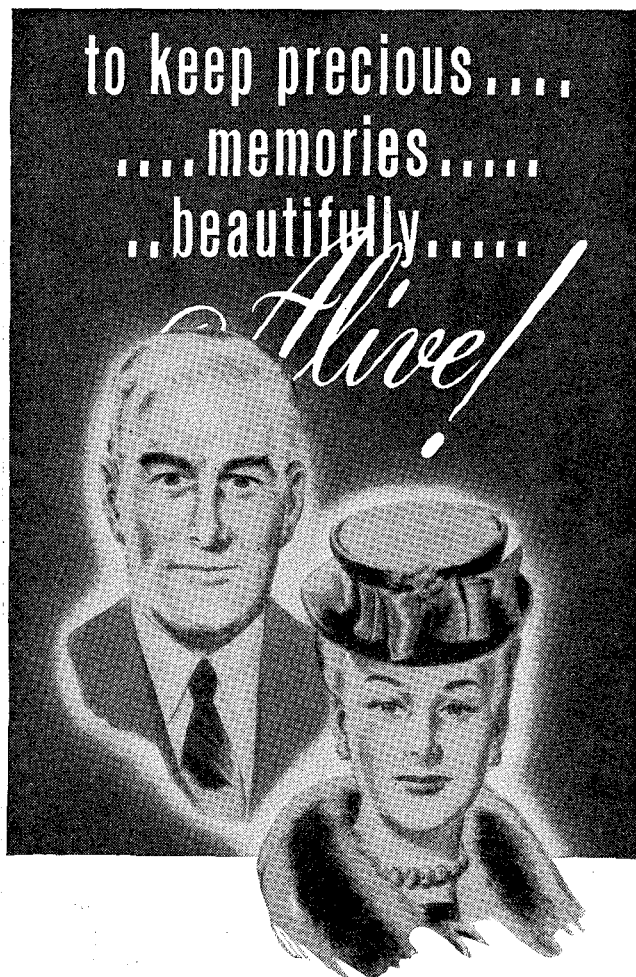
Power plants and public health

Wherever industry has developed on a large scale in Latin America, its requirements have a direct bearing on the major social and economic deficiencies of the republics. Illiterate labor is inefficient labor, and for most technical operations something considerably better than grade school literacy is required of the worker. Hence, generally speaking, public education ranks highest in Latin America's industrially advanced countries, like Argentina and Chile, and in such communities as Mexico City, Brazil's São Paulo, Colombia's Medellín.

Sick labor, too, is inefficient labor, and factory hands work so close together that contagious diseases must not be allowed to spread. So Latin American industrial plants often set regulations for health and sanitation which are adopted by governments as basic public health policies.

The strongest pressures for power development and for the improvement of backward transportation systems come from industries in search of greater productive capacity and better access to markets. Industry develops the taxable resources to pay for power, railroads, highways, and also educational and public health facilities.

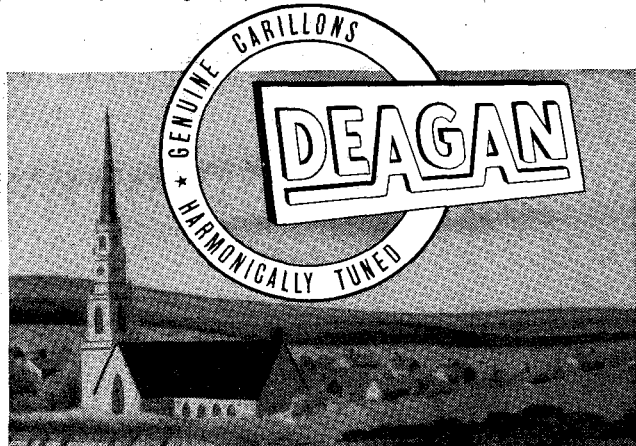
If, during its recent flood of war profits, Brazil had had a revenue-producing system approaching



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the rigors of United States taxation, it could have financed a highway linking its northern commercial ports with Rio de Janeiro; and the TVA's it needs might already be out of the blueprint stage.

Pressures toward economic development do not come exclusively from "big industry" in the recognized industrial centers. The settled regions of Latin America are dotted with hundreds of small towns and cities, having from 2000 to 40,000 population, which serve their immediate regions as trading hubs far more exclusively than do towns of similar size in the United States.

Suppose one of these towns acquires a small power plant, and in its wake two or three small industries — a canning works, perhaps a crude woodworking and furniture shop, and a tannery. Immediately, the community leaders become interested in passable roads into the surrounding area, so that supplies and customers may come in and deliveries can move out without interruptions. Or they start building a passable road to the nearest trading centers. Then, sooner or later, they want an all-weather feeder road connecting with a national highway or railway, so that local products can be sold regionally, or even nationally.

But the outstanding service which industrial development can render to the modernization of the Latin American economy is financial. In proportion as it increases property values, profits, purchasing power, volume of business, living standards, and wealth of goods, industrial expansion will increase the taxable wealth of the republics as a whole. It will provide them with resources of cash and credit to pay for social and economic improvements, from school-houses to power dams — improvements which they desperately need in order to compete with industrial nations on equal terms.

Colombia and Bolivia move to the right

No new major political tensions have arisen, but there has been little progress toward relieving existing ones. In Colombia, Mariano Ospina Pérez, Conservative Party candidate in a three-cornered contest with a divided Liberal Party ticket, was elected President. No old-fashioned "Yanqui"-baiting Conservative, Ospina Pérez at once proclaimed his friendship for the United States and announced his intention of visiting Washington before his inauguration in August. The Liberal split and the election of Pérez were considered in our State Department as symptoms of a Latin American rightist trend.

In Bolivia, the government installed by an Argentine-Spanish-Nazi "putsch" two years ago last winter has begun openly playing politics on the side of the Perón regime in Argentina. In a controlled by-

election early in May it brought about the election to Congress of Major Elias Belmonte, notorious Nazi agent in the 1943 coup and in other South American intrigues. Now it is proposed to return "Deputy" Belmonte from Spain to Bolivia under "legislative immunity." Meanwhile, the government has crushed an attempted "liberal" coup.

Can we do business with Perón?

The United States has been under increasing pressure to compose its quarrels with Perón. A few weeks before his inauguration, Perón called John M. Cabot, American chargé d'affaires at Buenos Aires, for a conference, insisted that he was no fascist, but a good practicing democrat, and frankly proposed that the United States and Argentine governments bury the hatchet in order to unite the Western Hemisphere for the coming Anglo-American war against Soviet Russia.

Even stronger pressures were being exerted on the home front. In their increasing policy consultations with the State Department, top generals and admirals have been taking a firm hand in discussions of Argentine relations during the spring. Their advice, too, has been that ideological differences and even the failure of the Perón regime to coöperate in the war should be forgotten for the sake of patching up the Hemisphere's defensive unity.

Against these combined currents the Truman administration appeared to bend a little. The State Department and its military advisers have gone openly to work drafting American proposals for a mutual military assistance treaty with the Latin American nations, Argentina included, to be considered by the next Inter-American Conference of Foreign Ministers.

In May the President sent a special message to Congress urging passage of a bill to make up-to-date American military equipment available to the Latin republics. A "trial balloon" proposal was released by the Inter-American Defense Board in Washington, suggesting reciprocal use of military bases in emergencies.

Whatever the objectives of these conciliatory gestures, Washington soon knew the results so far as Argentina was concerned. President Juan Perón's personal newspaper in Buenos Aires, *La Epoca*, denounced the Truman arms program as a wicked "imperialistic" scheme of the "Yanquis" to dominate the Hemisphere by military power, and declared Argentina should have nothing to do with it.

The United States, after all the omens and pressures and attempted concessions, was back where it started. It had been told once again that it could have Hemisphere unity — on Perón's own terms.



Winner of the \$1000. Prize

One day last winter a visitor called at the *Atlantic*. He had come to secure a set of the rules governing the contest which the *Atlantic* was running in conjunction with the General Federation of Women's Clubs for the best paper on **THE MODERN WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE HOME.**

It was a friendly visit. We have met many club women, but it was particularly pleasant to meet the other half of the equation. The name of our visitor did not come up in the conversation, but this did not deter us from discussing many subjects, ranging from attendance at church to the other problems of the day. As we escorted our visitor to the elevator, the thought occurred, "How interesting if we were sending the rules to the prize winner!"

We were.

Since sending the good word to our prize winner, we have found that it was Dr. Earl Cranston who paid us that pleasant visit.

Now it is difficult to say to just what this all adds up. Other contestants may reflect, "If my husband had been as interested, perhaps I would have been the winner!" In any event, it does suggest that the *Atlantic* has much to offer men and women who are eager to discuss the fields of literature, science, politics, and the arts.

There is no lack of zestful conversation at the family table when the new *Atlantic* arrives.

Mrs. Earl Cranston

Woman's Club

Hanover, New Hampshire

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**For details of the ATLANTIC-G.F.W.C. 1946-1947 CONTEST send a postal to
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ATLANTIC *Repartee*

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

● "My Boyhood in a Parsonage" by Thomas W. Lamont, which appeared in the May *Atlantic*, has evoked a wide response. Of the many letters that have come to us and to the author, we have selected these representative few. — THE EDITOR

Sir:

I have just turned the last page, read the last line, of the May *Atlantic*. I found "My Boyhood in a Parsonage" so moving, so exquisitely and beautifully written, that I could not resist writing you of my appreciation. It is a very eloquent contribution to American literature.

Holding, as it does, all the nostalgic magic of early memory and the Hudson River valley, — Claverack, which we live so near, and Cossackie and the surrounding countryside that I have come to know well in these last ten years, — it is doubly dear.

MRS. ELLSWORTH FORD
Old Chatham, N. Y.

Sir:

I have just been reading "My Boyhood in a Parsonage." As my own boyhood paralleled Mr. Lamont's, except that it was spent in North Dakota and my parents were very religious farmers, it has been a delightful renewal of those early years.

His extraordinary memory of the books he read has my unbounded admiration, for I can remember none of those on our own bookshelf, though they must have been much the same as his, for both my mother and my father were teachers before they took up the farm in Dakota Territory.

Thank you for a delightful evening.

LOREN N. WOOD
Bound Brook, N. J.

Sir:

I read your magazine each month with pleasure and profit. May I draw attention to one error in the account of his "Boyhood in a Parsonage" by

Mr. Thomas W. Lamont? He states that the Wesley brothers started the Methodist Church in this country.

John Wesley died a priest of the Church of England, begging his people never to leave that church. His mistake was in laying his hands on the head of the Reverend William Coke. When he sent him to America to be Superintendent of Methodist Societies here — they were not called churches then — the Reverend William Coke imagined he had been consecrated a bishop and proceeded to establish a church against the wishes of the Reverend John Wesley. The Reverend Charles Wesley heartily disapproved of this and wrote: "Thus easily are Bishops made by man or woman's whim. Wesley, his hands on Coke hath laid."

But, who laid hands on *him*? It requires three *bishops* to continue the descent from the Apostles. The present so-called Bishops in the Methodist Church are merely Superintendents. Every year we have Methodist ministers coming into the Episcopal Church, their Mother, who is glad to have them back in the fold.

I am a retired priest of the Episcopal Church nearly eighty years of age.

REV. G. WHARTON McMULLIN
Kings Park, Long Island, N. Y.

Sir:

The *Atlantic* in introducing "My Boyhood in a Parsonage" states that the salary of Mr. Lamont's father was approximately \$1200 a year. The statement is misleading, and in all fairness to the Methodists it should be understood that that denomination usually provides its ministers with free rent, fuel, and light in addition to a salary. Moreover, Mr. Lamont thinks his father should have been a financier because he "managed to keep in the black" on such a small sum. As we respect Mr. Lamont's views on financial matters, it can be assumed that in the 1880's the woods were full of promising bankers, for then the average income was approximately \$600 a year and

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many a respected citizen managed to support his family and educate his children on that amount, or even less. The quarter of beef Mr. Lamont scorns as a gift was, at the time of which he writes, a provision against the hard cold winter ahead, in every thrifty household.

HARRY J. McCLENAHAN
New Dorp, Staten Island, N. Y.

Wolf Children

Sir:

As a matter of fact, I *don't* believe all I hear. I don't believe the next to last sentence in Professor Bergen Evans's article "Wolf! Wolf!" (May *Atlantic*), in which he makes the somewhat glib statement that the veracity of the Midnapore wolf-child story has never been questioned. It has been questioned almost from the moment of its release, and currently enjoys no status as scientific datum whatever. I am concerned with its scientific status only, not its popular; Dr. Evans fails to make a distinction.

In five recent psychology books on my desk — two general, two child, one abnormal — the story of the Midnapore wolflets is mentioned in one. That one (L. E. Cole, *General Psychology*, McGraw-Hill, 1938) points out, in concluding the report on the alleged facts, that "such, at any rate, are the accounts which we have. . . . There is some question as to the facts themselves" (p. 195).

In five years of undergraduate and graduate psychology study I have been exposed to two discussions of such "evidence" on the nature-nurture problem. Both of these discussions went to some length to develop the thesis that the facts would be significant *if* they were facts. I remember the phrase "interesting legend" as having been applied in justification of even mentioning the Midnapore "study."

Dr. Evans's articles are in style delightful, and in purpose laudable. But aren't there enough legitimate data for a legend-blasting work without a misrepresentation of a scientific investigation — an investigation which, without extra-professional help, bethought itself in good time to evaluate its data? It seems to me that Dr. Evans is guilty of the very thing he condemns in the popular press: exploiting preliminary scientific or technical investigations before they have yielded results or been subjected to professional criticism and evaluation.

F. LOREN SMITH
Oberlin, Ohio

● Of course the veracity of the Midnapore wolf-child story has been questioned. I questioned it myself, vociferously, in the *New Republic* in 1941. Wayne Dennis questioned it, in the *American Journal of Psychology* and the *Psy-*

chological Bulletin, later in the same year. Dave Mandelbaum questioned it, at a meeting of the Oriental Society, and very cleverly, I am told. And I suspect that thousands of people questioned it the minute they read it.

Dr. Smith is right in saying that I am concerned with the popular status of the story, and equally right in saying that I should have made some distinctions. What I meant was that it was never questioned publicly by anyone of the standing of Dr. Gesell, or refuted in any magazine that the common man reads.

Dr. Smith's implication, however, that the story has been discarded from the textbooks and was not accepted by men of good professional standing is not true. It was so accepted. It is so accepted. And it so appears, right now, in many, many textbooks. I have listed them in my book. Certainly, in 1938 the textbooks were skeptical. But not in 1942 and 1943! That's the point of my article.

The statement that scientific investigation bethought itself in good time to evaluate its data without extra-professional help is tommyrot. Lukas was not "evaluated" by the psychologists, but by the police. And the wolf children of Midnapore were first *correctly* evaluated in print, if I may say so, by a teacher of English. — BERGEN EVANS

British Policy

Sir:

I find that the Atlantic Report in your excellent magazine is open to criticism on points which I am able to check.

For example, in your March, 1946, issue, page 13, you state: —

This fact plays an important part in British policy in the Middle East and explains the firmly held view of the Colonial Office that industrialization and economic development in the region on any scale promising to raise living standards for the masses would be ruinous to imperial interest.

What is your authority for this statement? It seems to me that the work of carrying on much of the Boche and Japanese propaganda is now taken over by our allies.

As to your reference on page 7 to the "bridge of trusteeship," I do not see what good can be done by arranging for a former Tammany Hall politician to poke his nose into purer and more efficient systems of administration than any he has known.

ERNEST R. TROUGHTON
London, England

Our correspondent replies: —

● Mr. Troughton's complaint should be directed to Chatham House, which published last fall a very careful and able study of factors entering into the policy base of the Empire in the Middle East. That analysis was made by

Atlantic Repartee

the best British authorities on the spot and was strongly hostile to programs for economic development in the Middle East because these would upset the ruling groups through whom Britain's policy operates.

May I also refer my correspondent to the *New Statesman and Nation*, which carried an excellent article by H. N. Brailsford on India last March. Mr. Brailsford, who presumably knows Middle East policy, remarks: "British policy, from the days of the East India Company onwards, has checked its [Indian industry] development with such jealousy that there is not yet in the whole Peninsula a single plant capable of manufacturing an internal combustion engine."

As for Mr. Troughton's reference to "a former Tammany Hall politician," just whom does he mean? I had no idea any such creature was trying to "poke his nose into" the trusteeship question in Southeast Asia, where goings-on in Siam and Sarawak suggest he isn't needed as an instructor anyway.

Mr. Gaige's Cookery

Sir:

Mr. Crosby Gaige has made me a very happy woman. For some months I have taken the probably naïve attitude that it really mattered to Mr. Gaige whether or not I tried out his recipes. I insist this is the fault of his prose style and not of my gullibility. Since I not only did not try any of them, but indeed did not want to, for fear of emerging at the last with nothing in my mouth but a quotation and a clove of garlic, I have felt a little guilt in reading each successive article.

In the May *Atlantic* he freed me of all sense of guilt. In the last sentence of his effusion on summer soups, he says, "What you yourself add is no affair of mine." Since reading that line, I have enjoyed a wonderful sense of relief, indeed of reprieve, for I know I am released and can go my own culinary way without any reproaches from Mr. Gaige.

I am glad I do not visit at Watch Hill Farm. The course of garlic and onion eating to which the guests are subjected would seem to be amazing. I have always averred that garlic is the least needed herb in American cooking. Its chief purpose in the older countries of the world is to cover up a flavor more disagreeable than itself—necessary where proper refrigeration is unknown and bully beef must take on a dozen disguises. I can take a piece of well-trodden Spanish shoe leather, cut from the sandal of a peasant sleeping off an overindulgence in Gazpacho, chop it in neat one and one-half inch cubes, — there will be no fat to trim off, — add to it two well-pounded cloves of garlic, drench it with sour red wine, add a pinch of basil and, in the last few mo-

ments of cooking, the skull which we keep in the pot of basil for romantic associations, and the connoisseurs, whose mouths are mealy with too much Vichyssoise, will flock to my table.

We have not come to the porterhouse steak. When Mr. Gaige embarks upon that theme, I must stop my ears and bow my head. I simply could not bear what he is liable to do to a two-inch thick prime porterhouse. Whether he smothers it in garlic, drenches it in sour red wine, or smears it with sauce Lucius Beebe, the sacrilege is more than I can bear.

I turn away, dropping emerald beads of tears upon the ivory bodice of my new summer dress, and pray that a final puff of garlic will blow out the works of his typewriter!

ELIZABETH ILIFF FEEMSTER
Cambridge City, Ind.

Sir:

For many years I have read your magazine from cover to cover and have always found myself in complete accord with what it has to say. In fact, so completely sold am I that I find myself agreeing with both sides of your controversial articles.

However, I ran into trouble with your April issue, in which Mr. Crosby Gaige gives a recipe for Hungarian Goulash. In this he states: "When the fat gets good and hot, in go the cubes of steak, to sizzle, with occasional turnings, until all four sides are seared."

After very considerable trouble and a spot of black marketing, I collected all the ingredients mentioned by Mr. Gaige, and with the pot all scoured I started to sear the cubes of steak. But Mr. Gaige wants only four sides seared and here I ran into difficulty, for my cubes had six. It is a long time since I went to school, but the number of permutations of four out of six is almost infinite; so I gave up and had bacon and eggs instead. I found that the ale went splendidly with this dish — later I drank the brandy.

Would Mr. Gaige be good enough to advise me which four sides have to be seared? For ready reference we could mark the cubes like dice. In this case I would suggest leaving Snake Eye and Little Joe out in the cold.

R. A. POOK
LaGrange, Ill.

The Nuremberg Trials

Sir:

To a prospective legal eagle's eye, Judge Wyzanski's con makes merriment of Mr. Phleger's pro on the Nuremberg Trial ("Nuremberg — A Fair Trial?" by Herman Phleger and Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., April *Atlantic*). The temptation to add a clincher is irresistible.

Mr. Phleger's contention (that impartial justice is being rendered) implies that the German people should be allowed to indict Allied war leaders before this court for war crimes (Nuremberg Indictment 3) committed by Allied forces, which we so sanctimoniously ignore. For example, the violation of hos-

Atlantic Repartee

pitals during the saturation bombing of German cities. To deny this would appear partisan to a German mind and hypocritical to a fair mind. The fact that no such indictment would be allowed demonstrates this trial to be perversion of legal forms for the accomplishment of worthy political (and humanitarian) ends. Other means could have as well attained these ends. To taint international justice with partisanship in this global time is to invite future conflicts.

This letter is not a criticism of our *expedient* bombing policy or the punishment of Nazi criminals who fully deserve it.

LT. MACVICKER SNOW, USNR
Newport, R. I.

Sir:

My humble congratulations on the important service to future peace you have performed in publishing articles on the pros and cons of the Nuremberg trials.

In my opinion, the trials have not only the disadvantages mentioned by Judge Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr. In addition, they draw a red herring across the needs of effective world law before aggressive war can be defined and universally treated as a crime: (1) a strong, permanent executive arm, (2) positive outlawry of war by specific treaty or international convention, and (3) an alternative solution to war for settlement of international grievances in arbitral tribunals and a world court supported by sustained public opinion.

SHELDON D. CLARK
Cleveland, Ohio

I Personally —

Sir:

I realize that you take no part in the preparation of advertising carried in your pages. Nevertheless, I've just read something in the April *Atlantic* which is likely to be swallowed as legitimate history by younger readers. It's in "Listen: April 1, 1946," the CBS page. It reads: "It was Inaugural Eve. Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge were ready to take the official oath of office. A few weeks earlier the first ship-to-shore telephone conversation had been completed when someone on Catalina Island talked to someone 3000 miles away on a vessel off Long Island."

This would therefore be in March, 1921.

We had had wireless *telegraphy* for many years. My first personal experience of it had been aboard the U.S.A.T. *Logan*, Manila bound, in 1909. The operator sat in a darkened cabin built on deck, and every time he touched his key an eerie blue light illuminated the cabin. Sparks also shot off the aerials.

In 1911, when I was stationed with the harbor defenses overlooking the Golden Gate, a group of

strange soldiers built a hut and a high mast with aerials near our guardhouse. The day came when feverish efforts were made to converse between this station and our target tug beating back and forth just outside the Golden Gate. Then all was dismantled, and the word was passed that there had been no success.

In 1916, when I was a Marine serving aboard the battleship *New Hampshire*, a lighterful of heavy boxes was brought aboard our ship at Hampton Roads, accompanied by a crowd of very brainy-looking civilians. The big boxes were unpacked, and strange protuberances were built onto our bridge. We got under way for the Delaware Capes, where we remained several days. And there's where the first official ship-to-shore telephone conversations were a pronounced success.

I was Captain's Orderly, remaining with the Captain at four-hour stretches, and the Captain was right on the scene of action. So, naturally, I was somewhat on hand myself. The Captain talked to his wife in Washington, and also with President Wilson. That part I know. Naturally the technicians did a lot of previous talking with their associates in Washington. As I say, this was in 1916, not later than September 25, for on that date I was transferred to shore duty. This was more than four years before the Harding-Coolidge inauguration.

LEE ROBINSON
Webster, Mass.

Sir:

I have just finished reading Dixon Weeter's article, "The Aussie and the Yank," in your May issue.

As one who has seen five years' residence in widely separated parts of Australia, including army service at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane in 1942-1943, I'll give my opinion that Dr. Weeter has drawn a remarkably accurate picture of the Aussie-Yank relationship. He has, furthermore, rightly gauged Australian political vagaries and interestingly brought out the feeling that exists among most Australians toward their British compatriots.

INSLEE B. GREENE, JR.
Yakima, Wash.

Sir:

If Mr. Weeks had spent his early business years as a market gardener, as I did, leaving home at from 2.30 to 3.30 in the morning several days a week, to deliver his produce to the Boston Market for sale, he would not have any trouble getting to sleep (May *Atlantic*, p. 150).

In winter, bundled up warm, I not infrequently slept most of the eight miles to Boston on the wagon, while the capable horse did both the hauling and the driving. In summer, when the load went in the night before, I always paid my fare when I got on the night car, and never woke till we reached Bowdoin Square.

When I got back home in the afternoon, if there was time to sleep, which there seldom was, with so much work on the farm to be done, I lay right down

on the floor in my bedroom, so as not to dirty my mother's clean white sheets, and was off to sleep in no time.

Later, reading to my small daughter from the Thornton Burgess nature stories, which I found unreal and dull, I would drop off in the middle of reading a sentence aloud, to be brought back to my duty by her mild reproof and insistence, "Go on, Papa."

With a truck finally taking the place of the intelligent horse, I ran into trouble. Once, I know, I went asleep driving down Washington Street in Boston, and only woke with a start as the front wheels grazed the curb in front of the *Globe* office on the curve in Newspaper Row.

When I changed my occupation from actual farming to farm organization work, there were many night meetings, with long late drives, often at times when I was very tired, and again it was necessary to fight sleep. I found that the only real specific was to turn off the main highway a little distance, curl up on the seat, make up my mind to wake in five minutes, and sleep until the next heavy truck or wedding party went noisily by on the main road. Sometimes it would be three minutes, sometimes twenty, but when I waked, the sleepiness was gone.

Insomnia for a market man was more serious even than it might be for an editor, or at any rate it might well be more ruinous financially. I have known only one gardener who was troubled with insomnia. He tried all sorts of cures without result. Finally some old doctor gave him a cure which he claimed worked perfectly. It fits right in with what Mr. Weeks claims about the effect of a midnight snack. "Before going to bed," the old doctor said, "make up a sandwich of two slices of bread and a good thick filling of raw onion, and eat it, and you will sleep like a baby."

HOWARD S. RUSSELL
Wayland, Mass.

Sir:

I have just completed the third installment, in the June *Atlantic*, of Thomas Heggen's "Mister Roberts" series and cannot resist the urge to congratulate both you and the author on this splendid job.

As a former Naval officer (who looked at things with pretty much the same kind of squint as Douglas Roberts) I have felt for some time that stories about World War II were missing an important side of the conflict—the attitudes, reactions, foibles, rebellions, and surrenders of the men at sea. In the Navy, manning battle stations against Kamikazes or haunting U-boats on the Atlantic sea lanes was not the whole of life. The feeling of the boredom, the petty tyrannies, and the stultifications have been captured perfectly by Mr. Heggen.

ROBERT LUBAR
New York City

Sir:

"The Books Nobody Reviews" by Philip M. Wagner in the May *Atlantic* especially interested me because recently I conducted what perhaps is the only lay investigation of book reviewers. I had the temerity to send a questionnaire to some fifty of them. It was designed to determine the cause of their indifference to my book, a first novel.

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Atlantic Repartee

The thirty replies ranged from a kind three-page letter to a candid statement of dislike from a reviewer suffering from hyperacidity.

I gathered that book reviewing was a highly individualistic profession. One managing reviewer boasted of a sympathetic reading of all books received. Another had them dumped on a table where anyone from the office boy up could try his hand. One reviewer stated that it was physically impossible to look at more than 10 per cent. Others said they could examine one third to two thirds. Only two felt equal to 100 per cent. Striking jackets and maps lured them not at all, although a challenging title might.

In one respect they were agreed. A well-known publisher would receive preferential consideration, and work by a familiar name was sure to be reviewed. An unknown publisher and an unknown author got exactly nowhere.

On the whole the answers convinced me that reviewers are like other people, with perhaps a slight leaning to aspirin, and are entitled to sympathy, forgiveness, and the best bifocals that money will buy.

S. EDWARD ROSE
Elmira, N. Y.

Sir:

Like J. J. O'Malley, who wrote "Au Revoir, Mr. Chips" for the May issue of the *Atlantic*, I went to a college in which I made singularly little impression. But, unlike Mr. O'Malley's reaction, the brief academic span of life filled me with a profound sense of gratitude for four years passed in a rare and unique atmosphere.

Let the mails deliver a rain of appeals if thereby one can share in perpetuating the life of even one of those little oases of learning that are characteristic of many New England towns. I should count it a privilege to be able to walk again along the quiet streets of Northampton, Amherst, Wellesley, Exeter, Groton, or Andover, see the classrooms shaded with lovely elms or beeches, have tea with the charming folk whose lives are such beautiful expressions of their environments, and hear again the play of ideas between minds that have what the late Professor James Ford of Harvard described as education: breadth times depth.

CAROLINE SHILLABER
Beverly, Mass.

Sir:

Mr. Jones's article, "They Knew Not Joseph" (April *Atlantic*), was provocative to the extent that I searched my schooling and realized that my contacts with culture fell right in line with what he said; the "gusto" that could have been applied to learning was completely oppressed by overemphasis of the

cultural aspects — until I went to Bennington College.

My high school contact with Shakespeare is memorable mostly for the fact that our English teacher had a defect in speech and whistled here and there through *Romeo and Juliet*. This made the whole class regard Shakespeare uncomfortably; for if we'd tried to enjoy the text, the teacher might have misunderstood.

This leads me to say that Mr. Jones's college-age Young would have been more intelligently receptive to literature — and all forms of art — if their previous education had been more gustily bestowed on them. Even at Bennington, my first two years were indeed solemn ones — and I was horrified to discover that one of my favorite teachers drove twenty miles one night to see a Laurel and Hardy movie.

It so happened that the Laurel and Hardy fan was the one who showed me that "culture" does not necessarily require mental strain to the point of indigestion, with furtive reading of comics as a mouth-sweetener. The class was obediently staring at a painting of a woman in the rich brocades of old masters' days, when this teacher suddenly put a third dimension to it by remarking how hard it must have been to keep clothes clean then. This idea startled me so much that, before I knew it, I was reading with "gusto" books that weren't on the required list. In my search for the method of cleaning clothes, I quite thoroughly covered that period's conventions, habits, customs, history, and economics.

My strongest reaction to Mr. Jones's article was a wish that I could shake off ten years and enroll in his courses. To me, he sounds right up The Young's alley.

MRS. V. R. MONTANARI
Austin, Tex.

Sir:

A few nights ago I read "Heavy Water?" by Walter O'Meara, in the April *Atlantic*. I had a similar experience antedating his by perhaps seven or eight years. I paralleled his experience even to the extent of running across Mackenzie's comment.

I was paddling stern and was under the impression that one of my jokester companions had tied a stone to our canoe.

I understand that the explanation is that solid matter in suspension does the trick. The movement of the paddles and the canoe stirs up the top layers of the solid matter and impedes or slows down the free adjustment of the water when it is displaced by a boat.

I recall that the speed trials of new warships, years ago, were conducted off Rockland, Maine, because a stretch of water near Rockland was very deep. I was told that a warship with a depth of 25 feet would be noticeably slowed down, according to test instruments, when the water was even 100 feet deep.

THOMAS H. BLODGETT
New York City

From Holland

Sir:

I hereby wish to express my utmost gratitude for your kindness to have my letter, asking for sending copies of your monthly to me, inserted in your April issue. I am really touched by the overwhelming quantity of kind letters and magazines pouring in, day by day, amounting already to several hundreds. Still, the end of it is not to be seen.

Of course, I consider it as my duty to transmit as much addresses as possible to friends and relatives, who are delighted, just as I am, to receive those wonderful American periodicals, among which, I think, yours stands first as regards thoroughness and intellectual level of the contents, the more so as it is at this moment nearly not possible for us poor Europeans, entangled in all kinds of economical restrictions and difficulties, to get nice things from abroad.

But, you readily will admit, it would be a bit of a job for me to thank each of the hundreds of American friends individually and personally for the spontaneous way in which they would render me the service asked for. Therefore, I kindly beg you once more to have this letter inserted in your next issue in order to be able to thank the various senders, who have not yet received a personal letter from me or from my friends, for their kindness we never shall forget.

I am availing of this occasion to thank the American people too for the support they gave us, both morally and materially, to have the intruder expelled from our small country, and I'm sure I'm speaking in the name of all my countrymen. I never shall forget how excited I got and how grateful I felt each time when I secretly tuned in and heard: "This is the voice of America, one of the United Nations."

M. TH. LAMERS
Egidinsstraat 85 III
Amsterdam W., Holland

Calling All Anglers

● In the June *Atlantic* one of those things happened which blanch the raven locks of editors. Not since the historic occasion when the *Atlantic* presented the "views" of St. Francis as the "wives" of that holy man has our face burned more brightly. In the manuscript of his good article "The Salmon Rise," Mr. Jack Russell referred on three separate occasions to young salmon in their bobby-sox period as "smolt," an entirely correct appellation. And on the three separate occasions in the printed version of that article "smolt" appears as "smelt."

It made no difference that three editors and the author read the galley proofs: "smelt" sneaked by their glazing eyes three times. The page proofs brought forth a telegraphic SOS from the author, alas too late. The edition was off press.

Our deepest apologies to Mr. Russell. We hope that not too many impassioned salmon fishermen will take pen in hand to tell him how ignorant he is. He may — if he chooses — refer them to us. — THE EDITOR

1945

1946

Atlantic Prizes

to

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The Atlantic Contests for High School and Private School Students for 1945-1946 (*closing date April 10*) were open to all students using the Atlantic in a course during some part of the 1945-1946 school year.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

Paradox in the Nucleus, by Ernst Jochen Meyer, Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia; *H. A. Dominovich, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

An Army Brat Looks at War, by Elizabeth Chadwick, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Florence E. Wolfe, Instructor.*

This Country, by Susan R. Eddy, Rutland High School, Rutland, Vermont; *Mabel Morrill, Instructor.*

Portrait of a Little Girl, by Jean Brown, Central High School, Minneapolis; *Lulu B. Utley, Instructor.*

Story Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

The Brown Mare, by Sally Page, Germantown Friends School, Philadelphia; *H. A. Dominovich, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Dulcy's Elephant, by Lorinda Reid, Roosevelt High School, Seattle; *Edna Breazeale, Instructor.*

Birthday, by Mary Hartigan, West High School, Minneapolis; *Wanda Orton, Instructor.*

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—\$25.00

The Frankenstein of the Atoms, by Louis Konoff, New Haven High School, New Haven, Connecticut; *Marion C. Sheridan, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Silent Night, by Else Schilling, Katherine Delmar Burke School, San Francisco; *Lelah C. Brown, Instructor.*

Home-Coming, by Carole J. Foster, Northfield School for Girls, East Northfield, Massachusetts; *Lillian MacDonald, Instructor.*

Southern Lynching, by John P. Scott, Deerfield Academy, Deerfield, Massachusetts; *Bartlett W. Boyden, Instructor.*

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JULY, 1946

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STOPPING THE ATOMIC ARMAMENT RACE

THE Acheson Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy, which some have called the most important state document of our time, will provide the source material of the American proposal which will be put before the Atomic Energy Commission of the United Nations. This Report has been evaluated for us by three leading Americans: David E. Lilienthal, Chairman of the State Department Board of Consultants on Atomic Energy; the scientist Dr. Henry DeWolf Smyth, author of the Smyth Report; and Cord Meyer, Jr., a spokesman for the veterans and world peace. — THE EDITOR

WHAT WE PROPOSE

by DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Chairman, State Department Board of Consultants
on Atomic Energy

THREE months after the annihilation of the city of Hiroshima by a single atomic bomb, the United States pledged itself to the proposition that, by some form of agreed international action, atomic weapons should never again be used in warfare. By thus taking the initiative in seeking to eliminate atomic warfare, this country assumed a certain responsibility to advance specific proposals to that end.

On March 28 Under Secretary of State Acheson made public *A Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy*. This Report embodied the elements of a specific plan, and one that is admittedly novel in international affairs. In his Foreword, Secretary Byrnes says that this is "a suitable starting point for the informed public discussion which is one of the essential factors in developing sound policy."

We who wrote this Report offer it "not as a final plan, but as a place to begin, a foundation on which to build." We laid down fundamental policies but did not seek to spell out the last details of a world charter. We did not hold out a plan that at a single stroke would cure all inter-

national ills. We did not seek to devise a plan that might work if the peoples of the world had already fully developed habits and practices of world coöperation. We did try to develop a proposal, built upon conditions as they exist in the world, that would afford security against the surprise use of atomic weapons, would create deterrents to schemes of aggression, and would promote the beneficial possibilities of this new and revolutionary force.

I believe that this plan does offer a unique *opportunity* to begin the building of the edifice of peace. I believe the opportunity lies not in the fact of universal fear of the atom bomb, but rather in the faith that fraternity among men will ultimately develop out of *working together* on tangible undertakings of common and mutual benefit to all mankind. There is just such an opportunity in the international coöperative development and control of atomic energy, and this is the heart of our plan. "We are even sustained by the hope," we said in our Report, "that it may contain seeds which will in time grow into that coöperation between nations which may bring an end to all war."

This Report was developed and written as the joint thinking of the following five men, designated as a State Department Board of Consultants: Chester I. Barnard, President of the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company and a leading author-

ity on organization; Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, one of the world's great physicists, who had the responsibility of the bomb plant at Los Alamos, New Mexico; Dr. Charles A. Thomas, Vice President of Monsanto Chemical Company, a leading industrialist and a famous chemist; Harry A. Winne, Vice President of General Electric and an engineering administrator of exceptional talents; David E. Lillenthal, Chairman of TVA.

We read our entire report aloud for criticism by another group of men, also of widely varying experience, the Acheson Committee, consisting of President James B. Conant of Harvard, Dr. Vannavar Bush of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, General Leslie R. Groves, head of the Manhattan District, — these three men were outstandingly identified with the bomb, — and two experienced and wise public servants: former Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy and Under Secretary of State Acheson, the chairman.

We were heartened to find a great measure of agreement on all the essentials of an admittedly drastic proposal. But we were fully aware that this was only a beginning; that only if the plan was widely discussed around the family dinner tables, at the soda fountains, in the corner stores, in the schools, the churches, the lodges, and the unions of America, and there understood and there generally approved, could anyone feel that real progress had been made.

As we began our work on January 23 in a dismal hide-away on 16th Street in Washington, we had two objectives: (1) security against atomic war, and (2) promotion of atomic energy's great benefits to mankind — weapons against cancer, against drudgery, as a tool of research of incalculable consequences in the life of man. These two uses — one vastly destructive, the other unimaginably beneficent — are interdependent. The beneficial applications of atomic energy become possible only if the operations fraught with destructive possibilities first occur. Here is the rub; but, as we concluded after weeks of study, here is the opportunity, too.

The dire consequences of an actual atomic war have been painted in graphic terms by men who know what they are talking about. That has been a public service, because it is essential that we have some idea of these things. But knowing how dangerous an atomic armament race would be, and how disastrous an atomic war would be, is not enough.

The important question is: What are we going to do about it? Admittedly the problem is one of the very greatest complexity and difficulty. Admittedly nothing we work out will be 100 per cent fool-proof. But whatever we devise, it had better be good, and we had better be getting at it.

My four associates and I shut ourselves up for two months to develop some proposal that might

be useful. Here, very briefly, is a summary of our conclusions.

We agreed that the dangerous aspects of atomic energy would threaten world security *if left in the hands of individual nations* and their citizens, despite the most carefully phrased international "agreements" or "conventions" against their use in war. No system of inspection to enforce such agreements, no policing methods alone, could be effective so long as nations could lawfully develop these dangerous uses. National rivalries would make policing of agreements against wartime uses quite unworkable.

The essence of our recommendation was, therefore, that the peoples of the world, through the United Nations, agree to vest exclusive responsibility for the development and operation of the dangerous aspects of atomic energy in a world-owned and world-controlled agency — we proposed the name "Atomic Development Authority." By placing intrinsically dangerous activities exclusively in the hands of the international agency, the problem of inspection of evasions is reduced to workable proportions. The Authority would be operated by a force of scientists, engineers, managers, and workers recruited from all countries. This international agency would be set up under a detailed charter effective only when it had been ratified by the legislative bodies of the nations, including, of course, the Senate of the United States.

Dangerous activities (hence ones that cannot be carried on legally by nations or their citizens) we define as any activity which offers a solution to one of the three major problems of making atomic weapons: —

1. The provision of raw materials — the ores of uranium and thorium.
2. The production of the materials that go into bombs, uranium 235 and plutonium.
3. The making of atomic weapons.

The Atomic Development Authority, then, set up under the UN, would own or exercise managerial control over all useful uranium deposits, and would build and operate all the primary plants — the dangerous plants; that is, the plants like those we now have at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, and Hanford, Washington, that produce materials out of which bombs can be made. The power and heat produced as a kind of by-product of these primary plants would be sold in the country in which a world plant was located, in accordance with the policies of that country. Such plants would in time be built by the Atomic Development Authority in various parts of the world, to develop a worldwide geographic and strategic balance.

But there would be no international monopoly in the non-dangerous aspects of atomic energy. The line between dangerous and non-dangerous aspects of atomic energy — necessarily subject to redrawing in the light of new knowledge and circumstances — permits the decentralized use of atomic

energy by nations and their citizens, in research, in medical and biological fields, in industry, and in the production of heat and power. The only monopoly would be in the dangerous aspects, and that monopoly would be an international one.

The fissionable materials, product of these world plants, could be supplied under license to nations and individuals, *but in a denatured form*. This denaturing, plus international supervision and technical aid, would render the materials safe in the sense that they could not effectively be used in that form for atomic explosives but they could be used for beneficial purposes, in private industry and in other ways. Any illicit "monkeying" with the doctored materials to make them into atomic explosives (that is, to take out the denaturant) would require very extensive plants — so extensive as to be readily detectable by the forces of the world Authority. Any meddling with the dangerous primary plants, such as an effort to smuggle out some of the dangerous material, would be detectable as soon as it was tried.

Any act by a nation to seize one of these plants would, of course, be an act of aggression of war, and there would be time, before the seized material could be made into bombs, — this would require more than a year, — for the other nations to take separate or international action. Thus, even if the plan failed because a nation violated world law, surprise attack would not be possible.

The plan proposes that it be adopted as a whole but put into effect on a stage-by-stage basis, but the details of such progression and our disclosure of secret information that this involves is left for international negotiation.

The Atomic Development Authority would not be a mere international detective force, but, as its proposed name implies, a development agency engaged in operations and extensive research. To provide security the ADA must *know*. New developments in this field will come rapidly. The agency entrusted with control must know as much as anyone in the world about such new possibilities — or perhaps more. For how can an "inspector" intelligently look for a plant or process if he is unfamiliar with the principles of its design?

There is an even more important though perhaps less obvious reason. "To be genuinely effective for security," our Report states, "the plan must be one that is not wholly negative, suppressive, and police-like. We are not dealing simply with a military or scientific problem but with a problem in statecraft and the ways of the human spirit. Therefore the plan must be one that will tend to develop the beneficial possibilities of atomic energy and encourage the growth of fundamental knowledge, stirring the constructive and imaginative impulses of men rather than merely concentrating on the defensive and negative. It should, in short, be a plan that looks to the promise of man's future well-being as well as to his security."

WHAT WE ARE UP AGAINST

by DR. HENRY DEWOLF SMYTH

*Chairman of the Physics Department, Princeton University,
and author of the Smyth Report*

DURING the past year the scientists who worked on the atomic bomb have made a great effort to explain the importance of atomic energy. They have told the American people and their representatives at Washington that the release of atomic energy is a revolutionary development with great potentialities for evil and for good, that atomic bombs are cheap and incredibly destructive, and that there is no defense against them. These statements, which had to be made again and again, were too general to offer a basis for practical action.

The practical problem of controlling atomic energy needed to be defined in a more limited and immediate fashion so that legislation or treaties could be drawn. Such a definition involves political and psychological factors as well as scientific knowledge. During recent months definition has been repeatedly attempted in discussions among industrialists, engineers, natural scientists, political scientists, and men in public life. Anyone who has taken part in such discussions can appreciate how great an advance toward definition and solution has been made in the Acheson Report.

The problems of setting up international control of atomic energy are both technical and political. On the technical level it is necessary to consider what knowledge and what powers must be available to the controlling body. Once these are determined, we must estimate how many men and what kind of men are needed to gain the knowledge and to maintain the control. For example, is it necessary to inspect and control merely the mining of uranium, or must inspection and control cover all activities contributing to the use of atomic energy for any purpose? If such a broader program is required, will it not logically lead to control of every industry that furnishes essential parts for plants such as those at Oak Ridge or Hanford? If atomic energy can be obtained from "common" materials, is there any part of our economy that can be left free? Or must all science and most of industry be rigidly controlled merely to ensure safety from atomic bombs? Does adequate control of atomic weapons really mean giving up peacetime uses of atomic energy?

If there is inspection, must it be by scientists? And if so, how can good ones be found to do the job? Granted the technical feasibility of inspection and control, and granted that it is not impossibly difficult or too expensive, how can it be achieved politically? What degree of plant inspection will our own industrialists accept? What kind of international organization will be adequate and will gain the adherence of diverse, suspicious, and fearful nations? Who will be the inspectors and what their loyalty? Can an adequate control body be

set up under the UN charter, leaving intact the sovereignty of the member nations, or must some measure of sovereignty be relinquished to an international authority?

These are the kinds of questions which must be answered before we can have atomic energy under control. Naturally they cannot be completely answered by an advisory committee to the United States State Department. Yet I believe the Acheson Report goes a long way toward answering the principal technical questions and makes many wise suggestions about the political questions. It is a brilliant report and should be read by every citizen.

Partly because of secrecy limitations and partly because of the technical nature of atomic energy, there has been much uncertainty about its future possibilities. In the popular press we have had prophecies of bombs made from a handful of clay, and ocean liners fueled for an Atlantic crossing by a cup or two of water. The Acheson Report defines what we do know and do not know. It explains clearly why uranium and thorium are the key materials and the only materials whose control is important at present, and probably for many years to come. Furthermore it points out that although uranium and thorium are distributed throughout the world, they are of little commercial value and are thought to occur in high concentration only under very special geologic conditions. Thus, by confining control of raw materials to uranium and thorium, the necessary measures are so limited as to interfere very little with normal industry and science.

Since the use of thorium is discussed for the first time in the Acheson Report, a word of explanation may be appropriate here. We know that in the Hanford plant a chain reaction converts non-explosive uranium 238 into a new chemical element, plutonium, which is an atomic explosive. The Report indicates that a chain-reacting combination of uranium and thorium can also make an atomic explosive; so thorium must be controlled too.

Further to clarify the problem of control, the Acheson Report evaluates the two main probable peacetime uses of atomic energy: for scientific research and for development of power units. Based on an unpublished report prepared for an earlier Committee of the Secretary of War, it rightly emphasizes the use of radioactive by-products of the fission process both for the treatment of such diseases as cancer and for research in biology, medicine, chemistry, and physics. One can hardly overestimate the effect that these new tools may have in increasing our knowledge of disease, of life processes, and of basic scientific laws. In their value to all branches of science, radioactive elements from atomic fission are properly compared to the introduction of the microscope.

The Acheson Report is properly conservative about the development of large-scale power units

using atomic energy. The report concludes that such power units can be developed but that their characteristics are such as to make them supplement, rather than replace, existing power sources.

Evidently the peaceful applications of atomic fission are not so spectacular as some would have us believe; yet they are potentially very great. Certainly we should not readily forgo their development even for the sake of controlling atomic bombs. Even if we agreed to a prohibition of further research in this field, such a prohibition would be stultifying and extremely difficult to enforce. How then are free research and development going to be reconciled with adequate control? The Acheson Report makes a bold attempt to answer this question by distinguishing between "safe" and "dangerous" activities.

In brief, the Acheson Report proposes that all "dangerous" activities shall be monopolized by the international Atomic Development Authority but that "safe" activities may be carried out by individuals, by national authorities, and by the international authority. Some activities are clearly dangerous: (1) production of the raw materials uranium and thorium; (2) production in quantity of atomic explosives; (3) manufacture of atomic weapons. Certain other activities are clearly safe: (1) use of small quantities of radioactive material for research or therapeutic purposes; (2) use of small nuclear reactors containing fissionable material of such poor quality, or in such small quantity, as to be useless for bombs, and operating at a power too low to produce dangerous quantities of fissionable material.

To these activities that are clearly safe the Report makes the very important addition of high power-level (100,000 kw.) reactors. Though admitting that these are "more marginal from the standpoint of safety," the reporting Committee regards them as safe if they use "denatured" U 235 or plutonium and if the installations contain no additional uranium or thorium. Unfortunately the Report does not explain the denaturing process. It merely states that "such denatured materials do not readily lend themselves to the making of atomic explosives."

A later press release of the State Department, dated April 9, 1946, specifically states that "denaturing is accomplished by adding to the explosive an isotope which has the same chemical properties. These isotopes cannot be separated by ordinary chemical means. The separation requires plants of the same general type as our plants at Oak Ridge, though not of the same magnitude." This release appears in the Doubleday & Company edition of the Acheson Report, which also contains a preface by Dr. I. I. Rabi, saying that "the [denatured] mixture cannot be used directly to make a highly efficient bomb by any process known today." Evidently the denaturing offers only relative safety — probably to the extent that it would take a year or so to convert a high-power denatured chain reactor to a

producer of atomic explosives. Essentially the public must today depend on the members of the Acheson Committee for the assurance that such large-scale power-producing units can be safely developed by private corporations. We should certainly agree with the Report in requiring "reasonable supervision of their design, construction, and operation."

There are two further valid points made in this section on "safe" and "dangerous" activities. First, that there can be no safe activities without parallel dangerous ones, since the primary material production is dangerous. Second, — and this stipulation is very important, — that "safe" and "dangerous" must be constantly redefined in terms of advancing techniques.

Americans, recalling the Prohibition era, are not likely to be optimistic about inspection and control of anything. To be sure, the analogy is poor. Most citizens never heard of uranium before last August and are never likely to encounter an international uranium inspector. Yet the difficulties of getting qualified men for such jobs and having them acceptable to various mines, plants, and laboratories in various countries seem almost insuperable. The Acheson Report suggests a simple and effective solution to these difficulties.

It proposes that an international Atomic Development Authority be set up which shall have not only the negative functions of inspection and control but the positive function of mining, manufacture, development, and research in the whole field of atomic energy. Furthermore, the international Authority would be the only body permitted to engage in "dangerous" activities. Thus the scientists and engineers of the international body would be the only group working without restriction in the field of atomic energy. Presumably they would have the function of learning all that can be learned about atomic energy and disseminating this information.

The men on the Atomic Development Authority might well become the elite of the scientific world. Able men devoted to the traditional ideals of science, and men eager to contribute to the increase and dissemination of knowledge regardless of national boundaries, will be glad to join this group. Only the pressure of war makes scientists willing to work in secret, for the destruction of their country's enemies, instead of in the open, for the benefit of all men. In peacetime, able men will rebel against conditions so contrary to their beliefs and will turn toward the international Authority as one place where they may be able to work freely. Furthermore, when the emissaries of the international Authority go on "inspection" tours, we may hope that they will be welcomed as visiting experts instead of being received reluctantly as policemen.

Turning to the more specific regulatory functions of the proposed international Authority, they are of

three kinds: leasing of materials or equipment; licensing of "safe" activities; and inspection. The three go naturally together, but there are difficult problems. Consider one of the simplest: mining. The Report suggests that the international Authority should own all the uranium and thorium mines, but does not mention mines where uranium is a by-product — such as the vanadium mines. Should the Authority own and control the vanadium mines, which are important for alloy steels, or should it merely take over at the point where the uranium has been separated from the vanadium?

Then there is the question of the location of the production plants, essentially atomic explosive plants. The Report speaks of a "strategic balance" between nations. This sounds like straight power politics, necessary perhaps in the present state of the world, but not likely to make the task of the international Authority easier. In fact, all through the Report I find a conflict implied between the powers needed by the international Authority and traditional ideas of unlimited national sovereignty. The Atomic Development Authority, if it is to succeed, will have to be backed by something stronger than a set of treaties between nations retaining unlimited sovereignty.

The last section of the Report discusses a whole category of questions concerned with the transition period from the present condition to full establishment of the international Authority. These are not only the most difficult questions facing us, but they are questions that must be worked out in concert with other nations.

Obviously it is unsafe to release all information before the international Authority has been completely established. Yet we must remember that there is no "secret" in principle and that we ourselves pay heavily in scientific stagnation for every week that we keep new scientific knowledge from our own research workers. We must remember that our stock pile of bombs may be of little use to us but irritating to others. The great danger, as I see it, is that we may try so hard to keep "our present advantage" that we shall hamstring the international Authority by failing to give it sufficient power and sovereignty to make it effective.

The invention of atomic bombs is scientifically revolutionary, but the political issues it raises are not new. They are the age-old issues that lead to war. Prevention of war itself must be the objective of those who wish to control atomic bombs. It is the only real control. Considered in this light, the Acheson Report is primarily a political document, not a scientific one. Judging it from this point of view, and speaking as a citizen, I believe it is a farsighted state document. It clears the foreground and points the way. It will be criticized as impractical — so was the development of atomic energy. Yet it is a document that lifts the heart and stirs the mind. It has the boldness and vision that are needed in times like these.

WHAT ARE THE CHANCES?

by CORD MEYER, JR.

Former Marine, Bronze Star and Purple Heart, and Aide to Governor Stassen at the San Francisco Conference

THE basic outline of the plan designed by the Board of Consultants, composed of Mr. Lilienthal and his four associates, should be familiar to all who have not yet resigned themselves to the inevitability of World War III. It proposes an international monopoly of the raw materials and industrial processes without which atomic bombs cannot be made. This monopoly is to be vested in an Atomic Development Authority representing all countries and responsible to the United Nations. Through its exclusive control of the mining of uranium and thorium and of the industrial plants which can be converted to bomb manufacture, the international Authority will be able to prevent the construction of bombs, while at the same time developing the peacetime uses of atomic energy.

I readily agree that this coöperative development of atomic energy, once established, will be of enormous benefit to mankind. But I should like to raise what seems to me the all-important question concerning the proposals outlined in the Acheson Report. Can they bring to an end the mounting competition for bombs and assure security against surprise use?

The Report contains a tentative outline of the transition period during which the United States is to transfer by gradual stages its present monopoly of the atomic arts to the international Authority. The Board deliberately leaves the definition of these stages vague. In its letter of transmittal to the Secretary of State, the Acheson Committee, to which the Report was submitted by the Board of Consultants, clarifies the Board's suggested schedule and lays more particular emphasis upon the separate stages of transition than upon any other portion of the Report. Whereas the Board's attitude toward this transition scheme is tentative and acknowledges that any schedule will have to be adjusted to the needs of other nations, the Acheson Committee defines each stage in some detail and stresses the importance of these particular steps to the security of the United States. The significance of this difference in attitude becomes evident when the nature of the transition process is understood.

According to the Committee's clarification of the Report, it is proposed that the United States should transfer ownership of its operating plants *after* the Authority had established exclusive control of raw materials throughout the world and should only as the last step permit control of its stock piles and bomb-making facilities. The Committee further warns that United States membership in the Authority would not commit this country to discontinuing bomb manufacture either "at the outset or at any specific time."

From the American perspective, such a gradual

transference of our present monopoly may appear eminently reasonable and right. In return for surrendering the product of our scientific and industrial genius to the world, we ask only to be protected in the process. If the nature of the transition arouses some hesitancy in other nations, their doubts are to be allayed presumably by our reminding them of "the historically established reluctance of the United States to take the initiative in aggressive warfare." But how must this step-by-step surrender seem to other nations, which have never shared the traditional American belief in the inviolable honesty of American motives?

When the proposition is viewed from the other side of the Atlantic, it assumes an entirely different shape. There are two objections which must occur to any foreign government. Firstly, all nations are supposed to transfer ownership of *their* uranium and thorium deposits to the Atomic Development Authority, while the United States retains its stock piles of fissionable material and the ability to manufacture more bombs. This amounts to demanding of other countries that they surrender the only means through which they can manufacture their own atomic weapons in return for the assurance that we will not employ our preponderance of force either in diplomacy or war and will *eventually* surrender control of our bomb-making facilities.

Secondly, even in agreeing to an exclusive international control of their uranium and thorium, other nations will not gain a definite commitment as to when or if the United States will discontinue bomb production. They are to be given only the promise that at some indefinite later date the question of terminating our bomb monopoly will be decided, in the words of the Acheson Committee, "by our government under its constitutional processes and in the light of all the facts of the world situation."

I find it impossible to believe that Britain, Russia, France, or any other nation will ever agree to such a transition period. If the other nations of the world had as much trust in the United States as this scheme presupposes for its success, there would be no atomic armament race today. In commenting on this aspect of the Report, Albert Einstein remarked with mild understatement: "It seems to me that the proposed measures for the interim period are not quite appropriate to bring us nearer to the goal or to induce the confidence of other nations in the loyal intentions of our foreign policy."

It must be clear by now that other nations do not regard our bomb monopoly as the exercise of a sacred trust, but as an imminent threat to their existence. Until the United States ceases to manufacture and own bombs, foreign governments can be expected to spare no effort in constructing their own weapons. It would be unfortunate if the steps of transition so particularly emphasized by the Acheson Committee should be entirely unacceptable to foreign governments and therefore serve to perpetuate the

very armament competition the Report is designed to prevent. It would be even more unfortunate if a proposal including these interim provisions as defined by the Acheson Committee should be used as a test of the peaceful intentions of the U.S.S.R. A rejection of this transition process would demonstrate nothing but the understandable reluctance of other nations to give up their means of making atomic weapons while the United States continues its monopoly.

Apart from the impossibility of obtaining agreement to such a sequence of events, does not the essential nature of the plan itself prejudice the chances of its general acceptance? In stating that the problems of negotiation "are separable from the nature of the objective of the negotiation," the Board makes a claim that is open to serious doubt, as an exploration of the security provisions of the plan will indicate.

When the Atomic Development Authority has been fully established, the security of each nation is supposed to be assured by a number of factors. The Authority, being subordinate to the present United Nations, will have neither the police power nor the legal authority to enforce its rules against the five major nations in the Security Council or against the smaller nations which the Big Five may choose to support. It will rely for its success on the good faith and voluntary coöperation of the sovereign nations which form its membership.

The Report recognizes this situation in stating: "It is not thought that the Atomic Development Authority could protect its plants by military force from the overwhelming power of the nation in which they are situated. Some United Nations military guard may be desirable. But at most, it could be little more than a token." Once the ADA is in operation, however, its monopoly on the dangerous aspects of atomic energy is expected to prevent all nations from constructing bombs so long as there is no national interference with its functions. If and when such interference takes place and a nation seizes the plants and stock piles within its territory, this seizure is supposed to be a clear danger signal to the other nations. Presumably, they will then seize the facilities within their respective territories and begin to construct their own bombs for the inevitable atomic war.

In the event of such a breakdown of international controls, the plan offers two safeguards to protect all nations from the advantages an aggressor might gain from seizing the initiative or from having a superior number of plants and larger stock piles with which to enter the atomic armament race. In the first place, the plants of the Authority will be designed to be as little adaptable to bomb production as possible, and stock piles of dangerous material will be kept small and rendered unsuitable for bombs by a special denaturing process, whose existence the Report revealed for the first time. The Board estimates that these precautions will delay a nation

a year or more in converting its seized plants to effective bomb production, and one must accept this hopeful conclusion of men qualified to know.

Secondly, no nation will enjoy any superiority in plants or stock piles, because the original Charter of the ADA is to contain "a systematic plan governing the location of the operations and property of the Authority so that a strategic balance may be maintained among nations." Unanimous agreement on this "strategic geographic division" is obviously a prerequisite for the initial adoption of the whole scheme and an inseparable part of the negotiations which must precede the establishment of the ADA. What are the chances of achieving such an agreement between the nations of the world, if the Charter of the United Nations is to remain unchanged? They are so small, in my opinion, as to be nonexistent.

Even when the ADA is in complete operation, each nation must continue to rely on its individual armed force for the protection of its rights against others and for defense against the seizure by any nation of atomic plants and stock piles. Therefore, the number of plants and the size of the stock piles of fissionable material which a nation has within its borders will be an essential factor, though not the only one, in its national security.

If nations were politically unconnected units of equal size and economic strength, one could imagine an equal distribution of this vital element of power which might be acceptable to all concerned. Nations, however, do not resemble children's building blocks, but vary in every conceivable way and are connected by a network of treaties, alliances, and mutual assistance pacts. Any attempt to achieve a strategic balance of atomic facilities in an anarchic world where military strength continues to be the price of national survival will inevitably clash with the contending claims of existing power blocs.

For example, if the U.S.S.R. believed that the United States and the British Commonwealth would be allied against it in future wars, it could hardly agree to equal division of atomic facilities among the three; nor can I imagine either the United States or the Commonwealth consenting to a balance which would give the U.S.S.R. as many plants as they owned together. The number of plants the United States might agree to allow France would depend entirely upon the orientation of French foreign policy, and a change in French government would require the United States to demand a revision of the strategic balance or to face military inferiority when the first attempted interference with the ADA precipitated the atomic armament race and war.

Paradoxically, the original distribution of plants would have to be in perfect balance in order to win the acceptance of all nations. But the more nearly the balance of power between nations approaches equilibrium, the more dangerous becomes any change, political, economic, or social, which shifts that balance, since it provokes the losing side to use

force before its chance of winning the war disappears completely. In the past, peace based on a balance of power between sovereign states has proved to be a brief, uneasy interlude of armed truce. A peace based on a nice balance of atomic power is not likely to be any more stable or enduring, whether that power exists as bombs ready for use or as plants capable of conversion to bomb manufacture.

The problem of arriving at unanimous consent to a particular distribution of atomic facilities is further complicated by the impossibility of separating one element of military strength, atomic energy, from all the other factors that affect the warmaking ability of nations. For example, the high level of industrialization, the technological skill, of the United States and our special experience with atomic energy would place us at a distinct advantage in any sudden attempt to convert to bomb production. Other countries might well hesitate to agree to a plan which, upon the first attempted interference with the international authority, will commit them to an atomic armament race which they have little hope of winning against the technological superiority of the United States. They may prefer to continue unrestricted and secret competition for atomic weapons, in the belief that an inferior supply of bombs is more protection than no bombs at all if another nation can construct them with greater speed than their own industrial efficiency permits.

Essentially, the Report proposes a system of voluntary disarmament in the limited field of atomic weapons with the added device of an Atomic Development Authority to ensure that any attempt to rearm will be unmistakably evident to all. Nations have often paid lip service to the principle of disarmament, but with few exceptions they have proved unwilling to put the principle into practice, because they have had no assurance that without armaments they can be secure against attack or protected in their rights. The creation of an ADA will not touch that fundamental source of insecurity. The only recourse it provides against aggression is large-scale warfare, and nations must, therefore, continue to make military power their first and overriding objective.

Armaments are the symptoms of anarchy and, until enforceable laws have replaced the struggle for the means of violence, attempts to limit the scope of that struggle are likely to prove as abortive as they have in the past. Before nations can be expected to give up weapons as decisive as atomic bombs, they must have a more reliable guarantee of their security than is provided in an international control of atomic energy, which must degenerate into war at the first attempted evasion, and which leaves uncontrolled the continuing competition for other types of weapons.

But, let us assume that the provisions for the interim period are changed until they are acceptable to other nations, and that a distribution of plants is agreed upon despite the obstacles I have tried to

indicate. Still there remain omissions in the plan so serious as to compromise its underlying purpose. When the Atomic Development Authority is in full operation, the Board states, "the danger of the surprise use of atomic weapons" will no longer exist. It is true that there will no longer be competition for atomic bombs, but every other preparation for war will have to be continued in view of the inability of the United Nations to enforce the ADA's regulations and the consequent possibility of a breakdown of the entire system. These preparations will include decentralization of vital industries and urban populations, because a nation whose industrial strength is concentrated in a few major cities is peculiarly vulnerable to atomic attack. The few months which may intervene between the breakdown of international controls and atomic warfare will not allow time for this decentralization.

The struggle to perfect existing weapons and develop new ones will go forward. An example of what is possible in fields other than that of atomic energy was the announcement in Congress on May 23, 1946, by Representative Thomas. He stated: "We have something far more deadly than the atomic bomb today — not tomorrow — and, furthermore, it's in usable shape." His statement was substantiated by others, and there are indications that the weapon may consist of incurable diseases which can be spread by spraying specially developed bacteria on the cities and countryside of the enemy. Similarly, competition will continue for long-range rockets and larger air fleets with which to deliver the incendiaries and block-busters that devastated Japan and Germany.

Superimposed on this struggle for power, the ADA will be built on explosive foundations and cannot be expected to endure unless, simultaneously with its creation, radical changes are made in the anarchic relationship of the sovereign nations. The Board's assumption that seizure of atomic plants by any nation would permit "a substantial period of time for other nations to take all possible measures of defense" presumes an incredible stupidity on the part of the aggressor nation. Instead of seizing the plants in its own territory and thereby politely announcing its intention of waging war some months later, a nation bent on aggression would attack its enemies with weapons other than atomic bombs — with bacteria, incendiaries, and block-busters — while at the same time expropriating their atomic plants. The knowledge that such an attack was always possible would hardly contribute to a general sense of security.

There is one common denominator behind all the doubts concerning both the acceptability and the operation of the international monopoly. The assumption throughout the Report is that a workable system of control can be agreed to and put into practice without any change in the basic structure of the United Nations and in the independence of sovereign states. The Board has constructed its entire plan on

the conviction that the problem of an armament race for atomic weapons can be solved apart from the problem of preventing war itself. The serious defects of the plan result from this unwillingness to recognize that nations will never cease to compete for every weapon of war until they have a reasonable assurance that war itself is not possible and until they are given another method of resolving their inevitable differences.

An international development of atomic energy for man's peaceful needs promises a wider future than men have dared to wish for, but that hope can be realized only by fundamental change in the relationship of nations. When they no longer depend on military might for survival, their citizens can begin that coöperation which this Report hopefully anticipates. Not only atomic bombs but man-made epidemics and all the weapons of mass destruction must be prohibited to national governments and their citizens. The United Nations, through amendment, must be given the legal authority and the actual power to prevent the ownership of these weapons and the recourse to violence by its members. I suggest that this may be done effectively and justly by conferring on a world assembly in which the nations are equitably represented the power to make laws binding on individuals as well as on governments. This involves more than a mere change of the voting rules in the Security Council and an elimination of the veto power.

Large nations cannot be expected to grant the authority to make laws binding on their citizens to a world body in which nations, large and small, have equal voting power. A compromise on a system of representation appears to be necessary, which takes into account both variations in the size of populations and perhaps other factors such as industrial strength. Behind the laws, the United Nations must have the preponderance of force necessary to ensure obedience. The disarmament of national governments will never be accomplished unless it is accompanied by sufficient armament of the central authority to provide each member with a reasonable assurance that an attempted resort to violence by other nations will be swiftly met and effectively punished.

An Atomic Development Authority is a necessary part of such a structure both to prevent bomb production and to provide for the coöperative development which can do so much to enlist the higher loyalty of varying nationalities.

Within the security established by these enforceable laws, the ADA can function without being swept away by a continuing competition for military power. The difficulty of achieving a strategic distribution of plants is resolved once national survival is guaranteed by the world authority and no longer depends on each nation's degree of armed force. Disregard of the ADA's regulations or seizure of atomic plants will no longer be a signal for a devastating war between nations, but will be met

by arrest of the individuals concerned by the world police, followed by trial in the tribunals of the United Nations. Large-scale national revolt will be extremely unlikely against the modern weapons available to the world police alone.

Then also, the dilemma of the transition period is reduced in difficulty by the cession of superior force to the United Nations. Both the desire of the United States to protect its security and the doubts of other countries concerning our intentions can be more easily satisfied by the act of vesting the power to prevent violence in a single central body than by a series of steps toward a delicate balance of power in the face of continued preparations for war.

At first consideration, the deeper changes that I advocate here seem less capable of achievement than the limited proposals of the Board, which leave intact the institutions of national sovereignty. But as I have tried to indicate, the ADA can never succeed in its purpose except as a part of this political transformation.

There is both reason for hope and danger of illusion in the Report. In its favor, one cannot read its careful prose without a renewed conviction that with honesty and intelligence a third world war may yet be avoided. This feeling grows from the attitude of the Board itself. Here are five men in an official capacity who frankly recognize the irretrievable disaster into which the government of the United States is allowing the world to drift by pursuing a bankrupt policy of peace through power. Here is an admission that secrecy concerning atomic energy and continued bomb production by the United States can only accelerate the drift toward war; here is a warning that delay must intensify the difficulties of any escape from the cycle of suspicion which feeds on suspicion. There is ground for optimism also in the assurance of the Board that, under the conditions it has defined, the danger of undetected evasion is negligible. Finally, there is enduring hope in the Board's original conception of a coöperative international development of atomic energy.

Hope is dangerous illusion, however, in so far as it is inspired by the Board's contention that the atomic armament race can be halted without radical transformation of the United Nations Charter. The establishment of an international control of atomic energy and the creation of the institutions which can make and enforce world laws are mutually dependent. They are inseparable parts of the only chance we have of averting the unimaginable catastrophe of another war. As the Report suggests, the initiative lies entirely with the government and citizens of the United States, while our atomic monopoly lasts. When a number of nations have their own bombs and installations, the problem may be both technically and politically insoluble. It will be too late then to remedy the ignorance and inaction of today.

HOW BLACK IS OUR MARKET?

by LEON HENDERSON

The price and wage controls which were nationally respected during the war have grown increasingly irksome since V-J Day. Now that the fighting is over, many people think that prices can be trusted to take care of themselves. We know by experience the dangers of a runaway inflation; yet, despite the caution which this risk breeds in us, the men charged with the maintenance and graduation of price control have been under the steady fire of manufacturers, and in every trade the opposition to the OPA has produced a new form of profiteering which is hateful to every honest American. The *Atlantic* has asked LEON HENDERSON, the first Administrator of the OPA and the present Chairman of the Board of Editors of the Research Institute of America, to show us by actual incidents how black is the black market in America today. — THE EDITOR

1

THERE was a time when Americans used to look down on foreigners for supporting a society in which the impossible could usually be obtained with a large enough bribe. Now we are rapidly evolving just such a system for ourselves. Call it a tip, gift, service charge, or what you will, a bribe will get you a steak in a restaurant, a lower berth on a train, tickets to the theater, a white shirt, a room in a hotel, or a new vacuum cleaner. If you make your generous intentions apparent enough, it does not matter how many others are waiting in line ahead of you.

Daily the necessity becomes more urgent to "know someone" to obtain scarce items, and a bottle of liquor slipped into the right hands makes the difference between butter and no butter, the first chance on an apartment vacancy and no chance at all. A dozen rackets have sprung up wherever a potential shortage of goods or services has been discovered. Distrust and avarice, nurtured by wartime shortages, have produced a "gyp or be gypped" philosophy.

Our so-called black-market operations consist mainly of out-and-out profiteering on the part of thousands of persons, from big industrialists to hotel porters, who quickly took advantage of the fact that consumer goods and services were relatively scarce in comparison with demand and purchasing power. Criminal racketeers of the gangster variety have relatively little place in the wholesale chiseling now going on. They do not control our slaughterhouses, lumber mills, textile centers, and automobile agencies, nor do they have any interest in our retail stores and railroads. *Current racketeering is largely in the hands of men and women with whom we have always done business.* Instead of the strong-arm activities of a criminal element, we endure the underhanded conspiracies of cutthroat meat packers, rental agents, railroad ticket agents, and a motley array of fellow opportunists.

No true comparison can be drawn between our

black marketeers and the bootleggers of Prohibition days. The making and selling of illegal beverages in the 1920's was mainly an underworld operation, while the bulk of present-day racketeering involves name brands of consumer goods which are made in nationally advertised factories and sold through time-honored channels. The underworld mobster is a negligible factor in the modern picture.

Professional racketeers were active during the war in the counterfeiting of meat, gasoline, and sugar stamps. They are still making and selling sugar stamps. They have been involved in small-time bootlegging of meat to restaurants and night clubs, and they have financed certain aspects of the textile black market. Two gangs have taken over large-scale used-car operations. One of these, funneling illegal sales from Detroit to six Southern and Southwestern states, has already been broken up, and the other will be shortly. Such in brief are the activities of the criminal element in our black market.

The black marketeer in the United States is the grocer who lets us have butter in return for special favors, the office girl who gets us nylons for our wives at a "slight" extra charge, and the automobile dealer who puts our names at the top of the list for new cars but does not give us the full allowance on our trade-in. The American black marketeer is anyone who exploits his possession of scarce commodities to reap unwarranted cash dividends, and the sooner we recognize him for what he is, the sooner we can wipe out illegal trading, tie-in sales, preferential service, and under-the-counter hoarding.

Our failure to recognize the black market as the gouging of the public by formerly reputable business concerns has been reflected in the leniency of our courts toward price ceiling violators and in the reluctance of our district attorneys to prosecute known illegal traders. The courts have become tougher in recent months, especially as they have been con-

fronted by the reappearance of violators whom they let off lightly the first time, and prosecutors have been more cooperative; but the OPA, which cannot handle its own criminal cases, still encounters both public and official indifference, plus Congressional interference. A typical example in recent months involved a Georgia meat slaughterer who informed his retail customers that they could continue to buy from him only on the condition that they kick in four cents a pound on the side.

The Georgia slaughterer sold his meat on the books at ceiling prices, but he collected several thousand dollars a week in excess, undeclared profits. On the affidavits of half a dozen of his victims, he was found guilty of price violations, convicted, and fined \$2000, which was only a fraction of his take. On the ground that he had violated his agreement with the government, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation withheld \$26,000 in subsidies which had been going to the slaughterer to make it possible for him to keep prices down and still make a reasonable profit. As soon as this occurred, the slaughterer went to his Congressman, who blasted the OPA for picking on a highly respectable citizen who had been doing business in Georgia for thirty years without reproach. The Congressman in this case does not appreciate that the black market, which he wants wiped out, consists of men like his precious slaughterer.

2

THE most vicious and persistent type of black-market operation at the consumer level involves tie-in sales and cash-on-the-side deals. In nearly every instance the transaction is an outright attempt to gouge a needy purchaser, because the seller could make a reasonable profit legally.

Scores of greed-inspired tie-in sales have been reported to the Office of Price Administration; a plumber in Akron, Ohio, was happy to locate a truck he needed and at the right OPA ceiling price, \$1000. His jubilation faded, however, when he found that he also had to buy the owner's cat, which slept on the truck. The cat cost \$500.

A fruit and vegetable dealer in Detroit felt lucky to get from his wholesaler a bag of scarce onions for his customers — until he learned that he had to buy five crates of rotten lettuce to get his onions.

A housewife in Springfield, Massachusetts, seeing plenty of margarine in her grocer's refrigerator, asked for a pound. "That will be 26 cents," said her grocer, "plus 49 cents for this lovely plastic margarine molder. We only sell them together."

Probably the tie-in sales that hurt the most, because they gouge people with virtually no bargaining power, are those concerned with the renting of rooms, apartments, and houses. A homeless veteran in Los Angeles, upon being told that a sunny furnished room was only \$6 a week, said quickly, "Fine, I'll take it." His enthusiasm cooled when the landlady

added, "And there'll be \$9 extra each week for rent of the garden out back." The OPA found the garden to be an alley full of refuse.

The most common dodge is the must-buy-furniture requirement. A prospective tenant in Chicago, to take a somewhat extreme example, found a six-room apartment which he could rent for its proper OPA ceiling of \$75 a month. But he was informed that there was one slight detail which had to be arranged before he could sign the lease — the furniture had to be purchased for \$15,000. A landlady in Norfolk, showing two Navy officers a moderately priced apartment, announced that to get the apartment, the officers would first have to buy her paintings, a bargain at \$300 each. Other forced sales concern kitchen furnishings, bathroom fixtures, supposedly rare plants, and the ubiquitous cat.

Not all the furniture and furnishings sold by landlords represent illegal transactions. In legitimate cases, the OPA does authorize the sale of furniture at ceiling prices to tenants, in conjunction with the renting of an apartment or dwelling. But unless a landlord can show written proof of having been granted the OPA's specific permission to sell furniture, a forced purchase of any type of household furnishings is a tie-in agreement and a clear violation of rent control. The purchaser may bring suit through the OPA and collect three times the amount of money illegally taken from him.

A second tie-in trick of the landlord is the requirement that tenants rent or buy other property to get the desired apartment or house. The owner of an apartment house in Connecticut recently asked each of his tenants for \$30 extra a month, above their OPA rent ceilings, as payments toward the purchase of some building lots which OPA appraisers found were swamp lots worth at most \$50 apiece. The owner was convicted and fined.

There are many other such cases. A government worker in Arlington, Virginia, renting a small cottage, was compelled to pay \$25 a month extra to rent the pocket-sized yard which bordered the house. A schoolteacher in Boston, trying to find a home for herself and for her husband, due back shortly from the Pacific, was asked to rent a vegetable garden plot before she could lease a certain house. The vegetable garden, when she asked to see it, turned out to be a city dump.

Forcing tenants to pay for mythical services is a third variation of the tie-in sale in the rental business. A Federal grand jury in Michigan recently returned indictments against an apartment house owner and caretaker for overcharging twenty tenants a total of \$3000, which included not only above-ceiling rental rates but also the extraction of \$2.50 a month from each tenant for linen service which was never provided. Charges for nonexistent maid service, telephone service, and even baby-sitting service have been uncovered by the OPA or reported by harassed tenants.

Other rent violations include non-registration of

rental rates and subsequent increases; the requirement that new tenants make security deposits and bonus payments; and the gradual elimination of services for which fees have been added to the rent. Perhaps the newest racket was discovered the hard way by a homeless reporter in Washington. He was given the opportunity to rent a small apartment on the guarantee that he would spend \$600 on improvements during the coming year. To clean out these abuses, the OPA urges tenants and honest landlords alike to report all evidence of rent-control violations to their local OPA rent office for enforcement action. *No tenant can be evicted for refusing to make illegal tie-in payments.*

Tie-in sales have been noticeable in retail trade. A prominent hosiery company which sells chiefly through door-to-door salesmen was offering nylon stockings to its customers early this year — provided that the customer placed a ten-dollar order for other goods. In their complaints to the OPA, housewives reported that the salesmen were extremely blunt about their proposition. "How would you like to buy a pair of nylons?" was the opening sentence of the sales talk. After receiving the expected affirmative answer, the salesman then said, "All you have to do is buy ten dollars' worth of other merchandise, and I'll sell you a pair."

A Detroit store — the same thing has happened in other cities — was also found guilty of using nylons as bait to increase sales of other women's wear. This particular store announced that any woman buying a coat, suit, or dress for twenty dollars would be allowed to purchase nylon stockings. The management's intent was obvious. Every customer should realize that any such tie-in arrangement is specifically outlawed under price-control regulations and that the OPA will take appropriate action against any individual or firm attempting to violate the act.

Avaricious wholesalers and jobbers often force grocers and dealers to take quantities of unwanted or worthless merchandise in order to stock a few special items. When the wholesaler puts an illegal squeeze on the retailer, the local merchant has these alternatives: to forgo handling fast-selling items; to pass the tie-in combination on to the consumer; to write off the unwanted or worthless articles as a complete loss; or to charge the consumer above-ceiling prices for the scarce commodity.

Besides outright cash-on-the-side deals, small-time black-market operations are greased with fixed bets and phony card games. A slaughterer goes to a farmer and says, "I'll bet you \$500 you won't sell me a hundred head of cattle at ceiling prices." The farmer wins the bet. Or the owner of a lumber mill will say to a prospective buyer, "Sure, I'll let you have 5000 board feet at the ceiling price. But why don't you bet \$1000 I can't jump over that crack in the floor?" In the prearranged card games, held before completion of a sale, the prospective buyer loses anywhere from \$100 to \$5000 to the man with whom he wants

to do business, often in a single hand of poker or one cut of the cards.

Any such trick means that the seller gets more for his product than appears in his invoices, but OPA enforcement officers have a hard time proving it. The buyer rarely complains, unless the racket works too great a hardship on him, because he can subtract a part of his pseudo-gambling losses from his income tax, and the rest he can pass along to his own customers. Although the OPA has experienced setbacks in the courts through penalties too light to fit the crimes, the Collector of Internal Revenue, following at a more leisurely pace, also has a marked interest in dealers who are banking more money than they are supposed to be making.

The big-time black marketeer corners his sources of supply through much more subtle means than trumped-up bets and card games. Instead of slipping extra cash to a cattleman, the rich slaughterer may rent a small barn or feedbin from him for thousands of dollars a month — on the condition, of course, that the cattleman will sell only to him. Or a national liquor distributor may engineer a fake purchase of one or more small distilleries. The distributor does not buy the property outright, but gives the owner large sums of cash for a one-year option to buy. It is understood at the outset that the option never will be taken up, and that, as a consequence, the distiller can pocket the cash advance.

The OPA is certain that fake sales, options, and rentals are today netting as high as \$100,000 in a single operation for the owners of small slaughterhouses, distilleries, grain elevators, lumber mills, and small manufacturing plants of all kinds. A case currently on its agenda concerns one of our largest corn products companies. The company has been offering this bargain to the owners of grain elevators: "We will buy all your grain today at ceiling prices and will pay rent for your empty elevator for the rest of the year!" It is obvious that this practice either stops or makes much more costly the normal flow of grain to food-processing plants and to the producers of cattle, hogs, and poultry in this country and abroad.

3

IN MANY areas, the forced tie-in sale between wholesaler and retailer is the black market in meat. Butchers are compelled to overstock their refrigerators and shelves with brains, pigs' feet, beef extracts, and other unpopular meat specialties in order to acquire a few good cuts of beef and lamb. Often the hapless butcher is stuck with pounds of inedible slaughterhouse trimmings, which are fit for nothing except resale to a renderer of fat, at a great loss. Rather than raise a fuss and be black-listed by meat wholesalers, the butchers too often try to recoup their losses through devious selling tricks. While the majority remain honest, an indeterminable number sell choice meats only to those customers who tip them gener-

ously, or who don't question prices, or who don't watch while the meat is being weighed.

Tie-in sales of meat products have taken a fancy turn in recent months. One slaughterer told his retailers that he would go out of business unless they bought stock in a "coöperative" he was organizing. To continue to do business with him, each retailer was hooked for substantial cash contributions, and the money was used to bid illegal prices for live cattle. The capital of the bogus coöperative kept running out, necessitating the sale of more shares to the retailers. An OPA investigation revealed that the retailers in the long run were paying from 100 to 200 per cent more than the ceiling price for their meat. Taken to court, the case resulted in an injunction against the slaughterer and a \$100,000 damage suit against the phony coöperative.

In another case, retail butchers bought "stock" in slaughterers' firms, and the additional capital was employed to purchase livestock at fantastically high prices. The butcher obtained his share of the meat at rates which would seem beyond all reason, but he sold it to knowing patrons who were willing to go as high as \$10 for a pound of sirloin steak.

Still another packing company told its retail butchers that they would have to lease their premises to the company and, in effect, make themselves employees of the company, rather than customers. The retailers were to get all the revenue from their own stores, except "administrative plus 10 per cent." Although the accounting processes were complicated, involving phony salaries to the retailers and a percentage of profits, the net effect was simply that the retailers had to pay 10 per cent over the ceiling price for every pound of meat they bought. And so did their customers. The OPA secured a \$20,000 damage settlement and a judgment against the packing house which restrained further violation.

The meat situation in this country is typical of the American black market in general. The major portion of the racketeering is not being done by racketeers who have moved into the business, but by well-established members of the industry itself. The uninitiated gangster would make little headway in competition with the black-market packer. The honest meat packer and the conscientious butcher are equally hard pressed to stay in business. The above-ceiling operators can get more meat because they are willing to pay cattlemen terrific amounts of "black" cash for it. As the meat passes through regular channels, the slaughterer, wholesaler, and retailer all reap their extra dividends and increase the cost to the final consumer.

Spokesmen for the meat industry have utilized the popular conception of a black market as a red herring to draw attention away from the unscrupulous operators in their own ranks. They have wailed, "Don't pester us about tie-in sales. Go after the black market, which has all the meat." Extremists among them have maintained that the mythical black market has bought up all the livestock, leaving

only 2 per cent of the normal supply for the honest packers. Yet United States Department of Agriculture reports show that for the entire year of 1945 more cattle were killed in federally inspected slaughterhouses than in 1944. Of all cattle killed during 1944, 72.1 per cent were slaughtered in federally inspected houses, and the percentage for 1945 was 71.7, a drop of only four tenths of one per cent. This means that the bootleg slaughterers, about whom the meat industry has raised such a hue and cry, have to confine their activities to less than 30 per cent of the livestock being slaughtered.

The bootleg slaughterhouses, while they multiplied by the hundreds when controls were lifted, actually handle only a fraction of that 30 per cent supply and are the least of the OPA's worries. We have always had in this country a number of farmers and small-time slaughterers who have cut up meat without benefit of federal inspection and sold it to neighbors or consumed it themselves. But while this practice has increased somewhat, it represents only a small percentage of the black market. When slaughter controls are operating, more than 70 per cent of the meat is always in the hands of the established industry, and therein lies the black market.

We want to save the honest meat packers and butchers who are trying to treat customers fairly. We have plenty of meat in this country. Whereas the average yearly meat consumption in the period 1935-1939 was 120 pounds per person, today there are 165 pounds a year available for civilian consumption per person. But the honest trading in meat is being restrained by unfair and often illegal competitive practices, and the consumer frequently pays unnecessarily high prices. While many butchers are taking advantage of the public by charging too much for too little, the plain fact cannot be disregarded that the fault very often lies not with the butcher but with the slaughterer and wholesaler.

4

THE black market in used cars is not so extensive as rumor would have it, although approximately a million cars a year, one fourth of the total annual turnover, are sold at above-ceiling prices, with overcharges ranging from \$100 to \$400. Whereas used-car lots have sprung up throughout the country, most of the new business is being done by men who have been in the automobile game for many years. The bulk of the new lots are operated by former automobile salesmen who lost their agency positions when the production of new automobiles was stopped in 1941. Many of them are shrewd traders who thrive without violating price ceilings.

The unscrupulous used-car dealers find a dozen ways to cheat the unknowing buyer. The most common violations are side payments of cash, and the sale, at a warranted price, of a car which is not in good operating condition. Other gouging tactics

are: not allowing reasonable value on a trade-in, requiring a trade-in as a condition of sale, and not making necessary repairs to put a warranted car in good operating condition. Returns from questionnaires sent out to persons who purchased used cars in St. Louis and Oklahoma City reveal that from 35 to 50 per cent of them paid more than the legal price for their purchases.

The new-car dealer is in an excellent position to make easy money without detection. Most people getting new cars today are preferred customers; and being on friendly terms with their dealers, they hesitate to complain about being held up for extra cash to complete a sale. The price ceilings on new cars are established by the manufacturers and the OPA at levels high enough to assure the dealer of a good profit. Yet cases have been reported in which dealers have sold new cars at ceiling prices but have accepted as additional side payments such "gifts" as a \$2000 city lot, a \$500 diamond ring, and numerous cases of liquor.

The purchaser of a new car may not realize that he is being cheated when the transaction involves the allowance to be made for his used car. The reasonable value on automobile trade-ins has been established by the OPA, and the prospective buyer of the new car should check the price lists before completing a trade-in proposition. When a purchaser pays \$1000 for a new car but receives only \$100 on a trade-in valued at \$400, he has actually paid \$1300 for his new car. The price violation on the part of the dealer is as willful as though he had sold the new car outright for \$300 above ceiling.

The black market in lumber was of no great consequence until V-J Day, but with the launching of our post-war building program, the profiteering has begun in earnest. The newcomers in the field are the truckers who buy from a mill and sell to the highest bidder, either a distribution yard or a contractor. They operate mainly in the Southern producing areas, since trucking out of the Northwest is hampered by mountains. In some cases the truckers are men who formerly worked for distribution yards and know the business. They haul directly from the mills to their former employers' customers. In other cases, however, they are itinerant drivers who haul black-market lumber into agricultural areas, sell their load, and return to the lumber-producing area with black-market farm produce.

The remainder of the black market may be traced to regular businessmen who employ false invoices to cover up over-ceiling prices. The most common trick is upgrading or misrepresenting the quality of the lumber being sold. It may appear from the invoice that a sale was legal, whereas actually a poor grade of lumber was purchased at the ceiling price of more expensive material. Because of this, many new houses are being built of either green or markedly inferior timber. For example, one lumber retailer reports that green lumber in his area is being sold by mills at \$60 per 1000 feet. The distributors, who usually

allow lumber to season properly, are being by-passed by contractors who buy directly from the mills. As a consequence, the green lumber costs the eventual home owner from \$80 to \$90 per thousand feet, or at least as much as high-grade timber.

5

THE possibilities for black-market operations depend largely on the nature of an industry. In a closely organized industry, like steel or tires or drugs, there has been very little violation of price controls. In a diversified, loosely connected industry, illegal prices multiply as goods pass from producer to jobber to wholesaler to retailer to the nearly defenseless public, which shoulders the bills.

Next to food, this is particularly true of the textile and wearing apparel industries. Between the manufacturer of fabrics and the buyer of a dress there exists a horde of essential middlemen, including converters, dyers, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers, and an untold number of persons who supply buttons, belts, and trimmings.

The use of fictitious invoices by dishonest jobbers and manufacturers became a racket in the textile and apparel industries, after the OPA had been particularly successful in breaking up cash-on-the-side transactions by tracing marked money. The manufacturers had to have some evidence of their expenditures in order to compute their taxes and fill out their OPA forms. Cash on the side was a "business expense" which they could not prove without papers.

So now the racket works in this way: a black-market textile jobber sells to a garment manufacturer at above-ceiling prices. Instead of putting the manufacturer's name down on his records, the jobber makes out an invoice to a fictitious buyer. Instead of paying cash, the manufacturer makes out a check to the fictitious name on the invoice. The jobber cashes the check through a professional check casher who has a cut in the game. The check is cashed with no questions asked, providing the manufacturer's credit is good. As a result no record exists that the manufacturer bought from the jobber. Since the invoices are easily rigged, investigators cannot discover whether the sale involved satin at the legal price of \$3 a yard, or merely rayon that should have sold for \$1.10 but was actually sold at \$3.

Seeing the huge sums to be made in the textile black market (one pair of scoundrels cleaned up more than \$1,500,000 in six months), hardened racketeers with criminal records have moved into the field in the New York area within the year. The criminal rings finance cash transactions with mills, set up dummy office space, hire brokers and runners, and underwrite their phony check cashers. The check cashers often have to pass out hundreds of thousands of dollars a day in cashing checks made out to fictitious persons. Current investigations are uncovering old-line criminals who have brought back Prohibition

days with night clubs set up to provide a blind for their operations and to furnish a ready spot to arrange pay-offs and get rid of hot money. The profiteers were so blatant in one instance that they used the name of the head of the New York OPA enforcement staff as their fictitious buyer.

The largest illegal inflation of clothing prices results from violations at the manufacturing level and from violations in the textile production fields. The black market depends basically upon the fact that manufacturers of clothing operate on a cost-plus basis and therefore must pass on the cost of their illegal textile purchases to the consumer. Cotton and rayons are the principal goods being black-marketed, and the violations usually begin with above-ceiling sales of these goods to manufacturers or jobbers who in turn pass the additional costs, plus heavy personal dividends, along to the consumer.

With no holds barred, the wily garment manufacturers fight to get a lion's share of available fabrics. Often they force the retailers to compound their violations or get out of business. The main sources of black-market goods were established during the war, when no priorities were given to the manufacturers of nonessential items. The most prevalent type of wartime black marketeer was the manufacturer who had a legitimate priority for textile materials, but who diverted a portion of his supplies at high prices to manufacturers without priorities. The willful diverters of priority supplies included bandage makers, hospital supply firms, and the manufacturers of bullet powder bags and shoe linings.

To cite a few cases of willful diversion for personal profit:—

The manager of a large concern which manufactured bandages and adhesive tape was found guilty of selling 627,281 yards of high-priority bandage material to manufacturers of doll dresses, curtains, and other nonessential items. The material involved was a low grade of cheesecloth, normally worth from 6 to 10 cents a yard, which he sold through a broker at 30 cents a yard. He was sentenced to six months in jail and fined \$7500. The fine was later rescinded when it was discovered that he was without funds.

A retired doctor who invented a new type of bandage was given a top priority to obtain a high-grade cheesecloth for Army bandages. By using a sob story about "bandages for our boys overseas," the doctor talked textile mills into selling him thousands of yards of material which he did not need for his legitimate business. He sold his surplus, at double its value, to manufacturers of infants' wear, handkerchiefs, and bed linen. With his profits he bought a hotel in Florida and other real estate. The OPA caught him through a tip from a girl who worked in the office of one of his customers. The girl had a fiancé overseas and was opposed to black-market dealings. The doctor received a \$100,000 fine and a three-year jail sentence.

Another black marketeer, whose case has not yet been taken to court, is known by the OPA to have

started with \$500 in capital and worked it into more than a million dollars of clear profit. He was a small manufacturer who obtained a high priority to buy material for bullet powder bags. Because he had authority to use any kind of high-grade fabric in his manufacturing process, he is believed to have obtained up to 20,000,000 yards of satin, rayon, and cotton. Working with a dozen or more conspirators, he sold a large portion of this material at high prices to thirty or forty textile jobbers.

A nationally advertised brand of cotton slips has this background. The manufacturer paid 55 cents a yard in the black market for a cheap grade of cotton lawn which was worth only 22½ cents a yard and was suitable only for 10-cent handkerchiefs. The transaction was made through the use of phony invoices and a coöperative check casher. Despite the sleazy nature of the slips, 3000 dozen of them were retailed across the country for \$3.98 apiece, although worth no more than \$1.95.

Rayon lining for coats, a material worth 42½ cents a yard, was found to be selling on the black market for \$1.15 a yard; children's dresses that retailed at \$6 apiece were discovered to be worth only \$3 each. A garment manufacturer reported that he was being asked to pay \$1.90 a yard for material worth 75 cents, and \$1.75 for another type, worth 60 cents. And so it goes — the consumer is paying millions of dollars more than pre-war prices for goods which often are far inferior to those manufactured in the days before we lost our national conscience.

The textile and garment industry is centered in the New York area, and the OPA office in Manhattan has one hundred investigators at its disposal to police illegal trading. This small force was supplemented last fall by teams from the U. S. Department of Justice and the Treasury. During 1944 and 1945, the OPA alone instituted 17,800 formal sanctions against violators of textile and apparel regulations. Concurrently, \$10,000,000 was collected in fines by the U. S. Treasury as a result of these civil and criminal sanctions. A special grand jury investigation, started in December of last year, has so far brought eleven new indictments against mills, jobbers, converters, and manufacturers. With the entrance of criminal gangs into the textile picture, however, enforcement measures will have to be increased markedly to prevent further inflation and illegal trade practices.

6

SUCH stories do not make pleasant reading; but to date, the public has shown little inclination to stop supporting the thousand and one rackets which plague our society. Most of us know when we are being cheated. The office girl knows it when she pays a fellow worker \$3 for a pair of nylons; the new-car owner knows it when he accepts several hundred dollars less than a fair allowance for his old automobile; the housewife knows it when she has to buy

canned goods to get butter, or stale coffee to get soap chips.

But most of us are currently too indifferent to make an issue of an obvious gyp. We feel that we have to have butter, new stockings, and automobiles, so we pay tribute to the profiteers and keep our mouths shut. Too many of us feel that since we are being cheated, the only thing to do is cheat when it comes our turn to drive a hard bargain. The prevalence of bribery and corruption spreads with epidemic swiftness, debasing the fundamental aspects of our personal relations. *It is only a short step from black marketeering to crime.* Black marketeering generates a social environment in which the weak decide that dishonesty is the best policy. The quest for easy money has already resulted in record crime waves in most of our major cities, and a racket-minded younger generation in slum areas has become a serious post-war menace.

Unquestionably our current labor unrest stems partly from the realization of the workingman that manufacturers and retailers are getting rich illegally, at the expense of working-class consumers. Seeing a great deal of money being made with little apparent effort, the hardworking salaried employee wants his share of the false prosperity. Also catching the same fever, the veteran grows discontented with his white-collar job and starts looking for a chance to get rich faster. Either that or he grows bitter, stops working entirely, and lives on \$20 a week from the government. Because of the unrest among veterans, we have, on the one hand, approximately a million veterans drawing unemployment compensation, and on the other, mounting evidence that veterans are using their high priorities to obtain surplus government property and building materials which they resell at black-market prices.

We are gambling with our futures, believing that an extra dollar here or there will have no marked effect on the purchasing power of the national dollar. In need of butter, or stockings, or a new car and having the money to pay for it, we yield to the natural tendency to say, "I don't care particularly about the cost, if only I can get it." This attitude, while easily justified in individual instances, leads collectively to inflation and its unavoidable aftermath, depression. I was in Germany in 1921, when inflation was just beginning to take hold there, and the average German citizen was just as indifferent as our own public about the dangers of paying too much for too little. Before I left, the German mark, once worth nearly 25 cents, was selling at eighty to the dollar, and shortly afterwards the middle class was wiped out.

Economists say that we are now in the blind spot between sound economy and runaway inflation. While the purchasing power of our dollar is still relatively high, having declined conspicuously only in proportion to the barter value of very scarce items, nothing except price control can prevent further devaluation of the dollar during our reconversion

period. As long as money is more plentiful than consumer goods, we have to keep prices within reach of the average consumer. Otherwise, with the demand far exceeding the supply, the bulk of our essential commodities would be reserved for the highest bidders and the weekly pay of most of us would be valueless in terms of purchasing power.

While the situation does not appear alarming at the moment, nothing can prevent wholesale, uncontrolled inflation so long as profiteering in essential commodities continues. Making only the most expensive articles in a manufacturing line and holding back on the inexpensive items is, if not black marketeering, willful profiteering. The concern that stops production of two-dollar shirts, which the consumers need, and ships out only twenty-dollar shirts, on which a much larger profit can be made, is just as much on strike for more money as the coal miner who puts down his pick.

A variation of the producers' strike has been pulled by a manufacturer of oak flooring. He has stopped making desperately needed oak flooring and is cutting his good oak wood into round seats for baby strollers. He was making a normal profit on oak flooring, but he can make more money by supplying seats to the manufacturers of baby buggies. The OPA cannot touch him, unless it can be proved that he is using his excess profits to buy more oak timber at above-ceiling prices.

7

PRICE controls are not here to stay. We need to put a ceiling on our valuation of consumer goods only during such emergency periods as war and reconversion, when the flow of merchandise to civilian markets is inadequate to meet the demands of a monied public. As soon as our production catches up with our backlog of needs, we shall no longer have any reason to curb inflationary spending. We must realize that between 1939 and 1946 the spendable income of the American people doubled, rising from 69 billion dollars a year to the present rate of 139 billion dollars a year. This doubled income, coupled with our phenomenal production of military equipment, accounts for our current shortages. It may be another year before we can produce enough to meet our accumulated needs, and, until that time, price controls are essential to the equitable distribution of available commodities.

The value of price controls during the war has already been demonstrated. If prices had been allowed to advance during World War II at the rate in which they advanced in World War I, the direct cost of the war would have been increased by an additional 109 billion dollars. Now that the war is over, we all want to get rid of wartime controls as fast as is safely possible. But it is clear that inflationary pressures did not end on V-J Day, any more than they ended with the signing of the Armistice after World War I.

Our military expenditures remain high and are receding slowly. We have heavy foreign relief obligations to meet, and the record amount of wartime savings makes people more willing to spend their money freely. For these reasons, price controls remain temporarily necessary.

Most of us, I am sure, would prefer to have price controls on a voluntary basis. Unfortunately, however, it only takes a few profiteers and free-spenders to start the inflationary spiral in any industry. *To provide a legal substitute for self-discipline, we have our OPA laws, and those who persist in violating them are undermining our national welfare.* Those who buy at black-market prices are just as much contributors to the inflationary spiral as those who do the selling. In some cases the buyer may be an unwilling supporter of tie-in sales and other profiteering practices, but any industry or community by concerted action can clean out the black marketeers in its midst.

To police our 1,700,000 retail and 1,000,000 service establishments, we need many more price enforcement officers, many more aggressive district attorneys, and heavier penalties for the offenders. But most of all we need public condemnation of neighborhood profiteers. It is axiomatic that the black market, without patronage, could not exist. From producer to retailer, the whole chain of profiteering tricks is dependent upon the willingness of the consumer to absorb the extra high costs of living. Once we stop shopping at stores which we know are taking advantage of our temporary period of scarcity, even though we have to go without things within our means, the pyramidal structure of post-war profiteering will collapse. With inflation as the only other alternative, it is imperative for each of us to help keep prices in line during the present emergency. After that, the normal laws of supply and demand can take over our policing duties.



OPERATION CROSSROADS

by LEONARD BACON

From our hideous vantage point
 We watch the frame of things disjoint;
 Feel what once was solid ground
 Quaking underfoot, unsound;
 See humanity unkind
 Of a sudden stricken blind
 By the works of its own mind;
 And the dream of ages slain
 By the process of the brain.
 In Time's dark forward and abyss
 We predict our cataclysm,
 Infer by horrible deduction
 All the details of destruction,
 And feel our narrow souls constrict
 Because of what we must predict.
 Thought enthroned conceived the crime
 "That ruins the great work of Time."
 And the horror she has sown
 Poisons Thought upon her throne.
 Seek no more sweet solitudes!
 There the terror most intrudes.
 Crag and wood and stream but whet
 His grief who labors to forget.
 Rather in the market speak
 With the troubled and the weak,
 The tremulous and timid throng —
 For none hereafter shall be strong.
 You will get no counsel clear,
 Nor any word of courage hear.
 But it is better not to flee
 From that packed Gethsemane
 Where, what Man loosed upon Mankind,
 Man cannot find the art to bind.

SALMON AND PEOPLE

by JACK RUSSELL

1

At the outset, we were faced with the problem of acquiring a staff of guides for our camps on the Miramichi. I had once been told that a good man to select things for the public was a man who could buy things that he did not like himself. I was always partial to a certain type of guide, but I remembered that remark and sometimes hired guides who were not the type I would select for myself.

Some sportsmen like a guide who is quiet, and others one who is companionable and chatty. Some anglers want a guide to help them select flies, give advice, and take full charge of the try for fish. Others — and there are a lot of them — have very definite ideas as to what they want to do, where they want to go, and the way they want to fish. The smart guide lets the sportsman in that class go it alone. But I have known several instances in which the guide could stand the strain no longer. Quietly (or perhaps not so quietly) shoving his canoe ashore, he told the sportsman that he would send out another man, as he did not seem to be getting on well enough to suit.

The guides refer to that type of angler as a “guide from the city.” After all, a guide does have a fund of information about the local conditions — where the fish lie, locations of the pools; particularly, he knows how to handle a canoe on these rivers, where spring freshets change the pools nearly every year.

The old-fashioned guides, who had fished the river for years before we ever came here, were an interesting group as a whole, but few of them had any inkling as to how the sportsman lived in his own home or what he had been accustomed to eat; nor had they had any experience in preparing food as we wanted it handled on the river. But there is one thing that every competent man can do in the north country: he can cook ordinary food to his own liking.

A Canadian, JACK RUSSELL has fished many of the famous waters of the world. In the early twenties he went up to the Miramichi, in New Brunswick, to see if he could tempt an Atlantic salmon with a dry fly. That challenge anchored him for life. With the help of his wife and guides he built a series of famous fishing lodges and brought salmon fishing within reach of the average purse. This is the second of three articles.

These men were good breadmakers and could fry anything that is supposed to be fried. It was our job to teach them that food can be cooked without the use of grease. We laid in a stock of broilers which we had made purposely for outdoor cooking, and we taught the guides how to use them. It was no time at all before we had very fair cooks for the river trip. Some of these same men afterward became such good cooks that one sportsman even wanted to take one of my men home with him to the States as a year-round cook. I am glad that the United States immigration laws prevented such an arrangement, for we should have lost a good man.

I have never come in contact with a more resourceful and dependable lot of men than these Canadian guides. They have a quaint sense of humor and a native wit. I remember once on the Restigouche I had a fine cheese from Montreal delivered for one of my parties. The cheese was the famous Oka, made by the Trappist monks in Quebec; it is considered a great delicacy and it has a strong odor. The waiter was asked to bring the cheese in to the table, but he came back and whispered to me that the cook wanted to see me in the kitchen. I went out, and the cook said that the cheese had spoiled. On being assured that he had kept it in the icebox, I looked at it and found it in perfect condition. Back I went to the table, and when the waiter brought the cheese in, the cook and several guides were peeking through the window to see what would happen. When one of the guests ate a piece of cheese, the cook was overheard whispering to the guides, “By God! They’re eating it!”

One of my oldest guides, Burt Pond, was guiding a lady on the home waters one windy day, and although the lady was a skilled caster, a gust of wind caused her fly to drop on the back cast, and the fly hook bit deeply into Burt’s neck. He grabbed the leader and said, “Hold on — you’ve caught me.” The angler was horrified when she saw how deep the fly was imbedded in his neck, and wanted to land at once. But Burt cut the leader, grasped the fly firmly in his powerful hand, and tore it out, barb and all. He held it up, looked at it, and said, “That’s the first time I’ve riz to that

fly this year!" The lady's horror disappeared, and she could be heard laughing all over that end of the water.

That same guide, who had a party going up-river one night, was waiting at the railway station in Boiestown to load canoes and duffel for the rail trip to the headwaters when a stranger walked by the lamplighted platform. The man had evidently had smallpox, as his face was badly pitted. The sportsman with Burt asked if we had smallpox in this country, and Burt said, "No — why?" "Well," said the sportsman, "that man that just walked by has had it." Burt came back like a flash. "Oh, no," he said, "that fellow is a guide, and those holes are where he has been hooked by sportsmen."

Guides have a philosophy of their own. Fred Clowater told me one day that he never worried about a thing till it happened, and then "the hell with it." There is a lot to that point of view that would help most of us.

Once I wanted to take one of my older guides to the States on a trip, as he had never been out of the woods, but he refused to go. I wanted to know why and he said that people would laugh at him. I assured him they would do no such thing. His reply was that they would, because "I laugh at them when they come here."

Soon after I opened the camps, I had a chap come to us at the suggestion of his father. The lad had been in World War I and had had the misfortune to lose a leg. An artificial one allowed him to walk, but he had some difficulty in getting into a canoe. His father asked me to arrange to have him put into a canoe with an elevated seat in front, so that he could stretch his artificial leg out straight. I was further asked not to mention the arrangement, since my guest was somewhat sensitive about his infirmity.

I sent the young man on the river with old Burt Pond, who, besides being one of my most careful men, is an exceptionally good fisherman. When they came in to lunch I asked Burt if his sportsman was comfortable and happy. He replied, "Sure. Don't worry about him. He took his wooden leg off and let me use it for a gaff handle." No disrespect — just a native wit that one little expects to find in these backwoodsmen, who for the most part have never seen a streetcar, an elevator, or a building over two stories high.

I have seen captains of industry, railway presidents, and men from all walks of life sitting with their guides, chatting easily about things that the guides understand best, and getting a great kick out of being with them. The guide cares not a whit how big the man may be in the business world. If he is a good sportsman, taking the fishing as it comes, the good with the bad, then he has the thing that counts. Once some of my men sat listening to a group of my guests telling where they had spent their honeymoons. Some had been to Europe, one to Japan, and others all over the map.

One of my guides said, "I spent my honeymoon at McGiveny Junction [a railway crossing] and I bet I had as good a time as any of them." It's all in the point of view.

2

WHEN a guide is expecting to go out with a new guest, the guide is naturally curious as to what kind of man he will be with every moment of the following week or more while they are on the river. We generally tell him ahead of time how we have sized up the newcomer.

Every man I have is an accomplished fisherman. It is curious to watch developments when a new man first goes out with the guide. The ability of the fisherman is soon apparent, and if he shows that he can handle a rod, the guide lets him go it alone, spending his time looking for fish and watching every cast, never for an instant taking his eye off the fly as it drops downstream.

I wonder just how many salmon anglers really know how much a guide helps them in killing a fish, once it is hooked. He immediately maneuvers his canoe into position to take advantage of every move the fish makes. If it is a long-running fish, downstream the guide goes, letting his canoe drift very slowly, always in control with his pole (he seldom uses a paddle); and when the fish shows the least sign of tiring, the canoe is backed easily toward the nearest bar, where the final stand is to be made. Many fishermen prefer at that point to get out of the canoe and get their feet firmly planted on the ground, which they feel is an advantage over sitting in a canoe. The guide very slowly takes his position at the water's edge, with either gaff or net ready. It is there that a fish is most likely to be lost.

There is more criticism of a guide at this point than at any other time during a whole trip. The angler is anxious. The fish may be nearly to the point of the kill, but the guide sees that it would be folly to try to take the fish at this time, as it is not ready to be brought in that last few feet or inches. Every movement of guide and angler now counts, and if the rod is being held up with the maximum amount of strain, the fish will slowly give up the battle and be brought ashore.

But alas, how many times have I seen a fight at this point bring disappointment. Many anglers are afraid of their tackle, and do not put enough pressure on the fish to bring him to the guide. The most important part of handling a fish nearing the net or gaff is to lead the fish to the guide, instead of expecting the guide to chase the fish all over the pool. The slightest movement of either person on the shore will start a fish off on a desperate run again. That is the time when the fish can most easily escape, for he is soft-mouthed, and unless he is hooked in the solid part of his jaw, the hook will

keep wearing a larger hole and a roll will disengage it very easily.

Some guides have one habit that I have never been able to correct, and that is letting an angler take too much time in killing a fish. I have heard it said many times that one should kill a salmon in the number of minutes that the fish weighs in pounds. In other words, a fish weighing 20 pounds should be killed in 20 minutes.

I should think that would be a fair average. But I have seen anglers play a fish over an hour, and even two hours. In my opinion that is ridiculous. If you have proper tackle and a good guide, and if the fish has been fairly hooked, he should be killed approximately at a minute a pound.

There are exceptions to this rule, as there are to any other in sport. I have been fast to a 33-pound fish that has taken me well over an hour to land, and I never let up on him for an instant. Using a two-handed rod, on the Restigouche, I tried every way I knew to turn that fish, but he had me just above some rapids, and eventually we had to give way to him, go down through the rapids, and try to stand him just below the fast water. But he had such a start downstream I could not stop him without either breaking the leader or tearing the hook out; so down we went, and it was well over a mile below where I hooked him that we finally gaffed him.

3

THERE are two distinct theories about handling a hooked fish that will always be controversial. One school says to stay above a fish, allowing him to keep downstream, and the other says to get below the fish and you will kill him a lot easier. I am inclined to believe that the latter is the quicker way of tiring the fish.

If you are fishing in a still-water pool, it is not difficult to work your way slowly below your fish and, by putting pressure on him from that angle, to force him to go upriver. He is off balance most of the time, and in an unnatural position. His mouth can be held open more easily, and I find

that the hook is not so easily dislodged. I do not insist on either way, however, because each fish must be handled according to circumstances.

The river trip needs a very capable man, and not all canoemen are assigned for that job. When a new man asks to be allowed to go upriver with guests, I always make the trip with him or send him with one of my more experienced guides. The older guide not only keeps his eye on the handling of the canoe but takes great pains to point out the dangerous rocks and the side currents, which a new man knows nothing about, in that part of the river.

Donald McKay, one of the best-known guides and rivermen who ever handled a canoe on the Miramichi, took me on my first trip running the river, and I was much impressed with his crossing and recrossing at points where there seemed no need for it. He explained to me that he was following the "set of the river." There is a very definite pathway on rivers, and the casual traveler cannot see it.

New men quickly recognize a salmon pool, but there are also many innocent-looking places that hold fish. It takes experience to know them, and accordingly a new guide has this or that rock pointed out to him as the resting place of a salmon that is working its way upstream. It is remarkable how quickly he will store up river lore. Woodsmen have the best memories I have ever encountered. Once a spot is fixed in their minds as a place a fish may be resting, they seldom forget it, even though there are many such in the fifty-five miles of river that the trip covers.

Guides can be depended on to tell guests about wildlife, fish, or the weather, but there is one thing they cannot do and that is to talk much about birds or wildflowers. They do not seem interested in either one. I am reminded of the native who was asked what the inhabitants did for amusement while they were not lumbering or guiding. "Do you have any athletics around here?" he was asked. Studying the question for a moment, he replied, "Well, we used to have a lot of them, but they disappeared when the caribou did."

(To be concluded)

BELOW THE TIDE OF WAR

by JOHN BUXTON

An Englishman, now thirty-three, JOHN BUXTON was reading for his Ph.D. at Oxford at the outbreak of the war. He volunteered for the ill-fated expedition to Norway and was there captured by the Germans in the spring of 1940. For the ensuing five years he lived behind barbed wire, where hunger, the loss of freedom, a passionate longing for England and his wife, and the ceaseless struggle for a sane balance between hope and despair intensified his gift of lyric poetry. During his captivity two volumes of his verse were published in England, *Such Liberty* and *Westward*, and a third, *Atropos*, was sent to press on his return. After his liberation, and in answer to my urging, he wrote for the *Atlantic* this moving essay, the first part of which appeared in our June issue. — THE EDITOR

1

SPRING came again, and we could sit out in the sun and grow brown, which made us look better. A convoy of ambulances crossed the bridge on their way to Yugoslavia. Greece, after her splendid fight against the Italians, was battered into submission by the Germans; and the British had been turned out of the other end of Europe. Hess flew to Scotland. Crete fell, and its fall much depressed us. The bombing of London was resumed.

And then it was summer, and in the morning someone came into the garden where we were sitting in the sun, and called out, "Russia's in the war!" "Good God! On which side?" "On ours." Then there was a buzz of guessing and calculating, ending always with the large question mark which then, as now, seems to conclude any argument about Russia. But at least, after a year alone, we had an ally, and one which, whatever her fighting power might prove to be (and most were not very hopeful), would give us a respite, which we badly needed. We read the papers more carefully now, and with some apprehension as the German armies swept on and on. But at least they were going away from Britain. And in the meantime we were tidying up the African map in a businesslike manner.

That summer a small peninsula, covered with birch and willow trees, which lay between the Salzach and a small stream at the side of the camp, was open to us, and we could lie there in the shade, watching the birds, keeping a record of the wildflowers as they came. Here one of my pair of redstarts nested, and I spent many hours watching them. Here too, listening to the rush of the Salzach, I wrote the "Hymn Written from Prison," which was to be the main poem in my next book. "Westward" was to be published by itself at the end of the year in London, and since I had no further concern with that, I had my next collection of poems much in my mind. It is difficult to shape

a book of short lyrics and sonnets, but this long poem, meditated for many months, might bind it together. For the main themes of my book must be love, and war, and behind these the whole relation of man to this world, which is best concentrated and understood through the experience of love.

Some of the poems written this year (1941) were for songs, and were set to music by a friend in prison; a few were sung at concerts. My "Carol in War-time" was sung in his setting at my village church in England each Christmas of the war after it reached home, and was also sung elsewhere, and broadcast. I felt that I had achieved something if we had made a carol for people to sing in a church I knew so well. Also, I was beginning to get my roots set again, even at this distance, in the soil from which they had been torn.

By the time we moved from Laufen to Warburg, Westphalia, in October, 1941, we had recovered from the first months of starvation, thanks to parcels from home and from friends in Europe and America. We were adequately clothed and had a large number of books in the camp. In many ways we were better off than at any other period of our captivity: the length of time we had been prisoners had not yet oppressed us as it came to do; for we had still scope for thought without the later feeling that our premises were out of date and the opportunities for practical application of our ideas immeasurably remote. We still supposed we might be home by the end of 1942 or at least in 1943; and with the entry of Russia our chances of victory had seemed to increase.

Warburg camp was an abomination of desolation — an expanse of mud and cinders, with wooden huts, surrounded by the usual curtain of barbed wire. No mountains here to delight our eyes, no river, and but five poor apple trees standing in a row beside a ditch. In a neighboring compound some Russian prisoners were kept, starving, ragged,

lousy, dejected, utterly lost, and dying fast in the winter months. When a man died they concealed the fact for as long as they could, and drew his rations. They came into the camp for delousing in our showers, blank-eyed and crushed, and we gave them what we could of our soup, or from our parcels, and smuggled cigarettes to them and some news. For now we had a secret wireless and were supplied with news till the end of the war, and not news only but the speeches of Churchill, and later of Roosevelt.

In spite of the bad conditions, our spirits rose with the change. We met recent prisoners with news of conditions at home, who were all reassuring. There were hundreds of RAF officers whose reckless, contumacious attitude livened us up. There were the prisoners from Greece and Crete — the excreta as they were promptly dubbed — and these brought us a most welcome contingent from Australia and New Zealand, including a few Maoris, whose dash and gallantry had already a legendary fame. Among these new arrivals were several old friends of mine whom I had known at Oxford, in Palestine, while training at Aldershot, or when fighting in Norway.

We had grown stale at Laufen that summer and had come to know too well what each of our companions would say or do in any probable circumstances. We had been getting used to being prisoners of war — a thing that must be avoided; and now we were jolted back to life not only by meeting old friends from before the war, or by reunions with some who had been earlier transferred from Laufen, but (perhaps even more) by making new friends. The camp was far easier to escape from than any other in which I was ever kept, and escaping became the topic of most of our thoughts and plans. This meant that we were concerned with the immediate, practical problem of outwitting the German, and we had therefore the less time to brood, or to build castles in the air that were forever being stormed by our realization of how far away peace was.

Then came the news of Pearl Harbor, and America was in at last, as we had known, since the autumn of 1939 and the days of the "phoney war," that eventually she must be. Perhaps we were malicious enough (remembering that phrase) to get some amusement out of the manner of her entry: certainly it was melodramatic, if that appealed to you, and we had expected something more slick and better produced. We didn't expect quite such a bums' rush onto the stage of contemporary history. Well, everyone was in now, and a previous reluctance to see any spread of the war was replaced almost by delight that the whole world was in arms.

There would be little hope for the world now if the war had been fought out in Europe and Africa alone; and if it is still too soon to say that the suffering of six years will be justified, at least we dare

claim that it may be. Because we were all in the war, we are all in the peace too, whether we like it or not; and there is our best hope.

2

I WROTE less during my stay in this camp than at any other time until 1944, probably because the lack of privacy pressed more closely on us here than elsewhere. Not that we were more crowded — sixteen in a room 15 feet by 25 feet was an improvement on Laufen conditions, and later the numbers were reduced to fourteen in a room. But there were no reading rooms — or only one, and there was usually somebody digging a tunnel from that; and out of doors, where, in prison as at home, I always preferred to write, it was too dusty, the stench of the latrines was too oppressive, and there was no shade but under the walls of a hut.

As always the daily chores of cooking, washing, mending, fetching rations, stealing coal, keeping a watch on the Germans, and much else occupied us. Also the ceaseless and numerous attempts to escape involved extra parades at all hours of the day and night, and more than the usual number of searches. The Germans, frenzied by our honeycomb of tunnels about the camp, took to blowing them up when found; also to filling them with sewage pumped and carted from the latrines. Once they were doing this when a German general was inspecting the camp. On one of the wagons — we had various pungent words for these — someone had chalked "*Deutsche Kultur*." The general turned on his heel and moved off.

The security officer instituted a series of raids (nominally searches) on our huts, usually timed for the small hours of a wet morning, or when we were preparing our meals. Then the Germans would eject us from our huts and would fling all our possessions out of the window into the mud and filth. They even went to the trouble of carrying one boot of a pair some hundreds of yards away from its fellow, and of losing as much of our kit for us as they could. In these conditions we spent not a little time sorting out our belongings and cleaning them. It was not always easy to achieve that tranquillity for writing which some supposed we had.

In the spring of 1942 the pessimism caused by the loss of Singapore was counteracted by the gallant defense of the Bataan peninsula and of Corregidor. The first operations of a new ally are inevitably watched critically and anxiously, and the early months of the Russian campaign had not been encouraging. The dashing raid on Saint-Nazaire prompted wild rumors of invasion; but when these were found to be false, the truth was enough to cheer us. The first RAF raids seen or heard by us since we reached Germany took place, and on some nights we could see flares and fires at Cassel and other neighboring cities.

From time to time newly taken prisoners came to the camp and achieved brief notoriety by wild stories of plans and prospects which we were too eager to believe. The first, swift, terrifying rush of the Japanese was halted; and the Germans, falling before Moscow and suffering incalculable damage in the winter for which they were unprepared, seemed to have reached the limit of their conquests. Their achievement had been amazing, but they were land animals and could only prowl up and down the coasts of Europe, glowering and peering into the West from where their death would come. Even in North Africa it was the sea, and the dogged defense of a devastated island, that kept them from finishing the last lap of their dash to the Suez Canal. It was certain now that Britain would not be invaded and that victory would come. In that certainty the effort of confidence which each one of us had made was relaxed. No longer need we write, a little obviously at times, to show our faith (and it was faith) to the German censors.

The autumn before, some official ass had written from England, saying it was expected that on our return we would need careful watching for pro-Nazi sympathies. It must have required some ingenuity to think out so fatuous an insult: we were their prisoners, not their willing guests, and we were not likely to be endeared to them by the squalor in which they forced us to live, or by the insults and taunts with which they emphasized their mastery. From the first we had assumed that we should win the war, and by a native habit of superiority we at first infuriated but eventually overcame them.

"When are you going to invade Europe?" a German officer asked one of us.

"My dear fellow," was the answer, "you can't expect us to invade till the hunting season is over."

They taunted us with constant reference to the evacuation of Dunkirk, and Greece, and Crete. But when some seventy of our number escaped over the wire, next morning, the Germans found on the ladders that still leaned against it notices that read "Another British evacuation."

At first I had been wholly cut off, without contact with home for six months: the prison life was the whole of my active life. Then letters came, and I could begin to pick up the threads of my personal life, though I could still play no part in the life at home. Soon — in fact before I received any letters, though I could not know that — some of my poems began to appear in papers and periodicals in England. Then a few were published in America. And now a book was published, and reviewed, and read, and I had to that extent re-established myself. This not only helped me to tolerate the prison life, which was almost unbearable so long as it entirely bounded my activities; it also further stirred me to go on writing.

But many of my friends were fighting in Africa or at sea or in the air, and a few were dead. I had so early in the war been removed from any further

active part in it; and that was exasperating. We did not ask for sympathy or charity, but to be regarded as men seeking, by whatever means they could, still to play some part in the life of their country. And if, in the main, we were confined to thought and speculation, we did not regard that as an end in itself, but knew very well that "all thought is for the purpose of action." And so, as far as we might, we were preparing ourselves for the new life to which we should return.

To that end we were being fitted by the astonishing mixture of men of which our society was composed. Nowhere else was one likely to live as I did in a room with four regular soldiers; two engineers — one of whom, at the age of nineteen, had won a British and a French decoration (the latter he refused to wear); a Scottish farmer; a masseur; a professional singer, and an actor; a lawyer, a stockbroker; an undergraduate; a man who had been in the mercantile marine in the last war, and had two sons in the Navy in this; and a classical scholar who was, in peacetime, a civil servant. We had chosen each other's company and, on the whole, did not, in those eleven months, in the least regret our choice. It is some test to live together in those cramped conditions without, at the end, hating the sight of each other. Yet, when in September we moved to our new camp, some of us chose still to live in the same mess.

3

WE LEFT some good friends at Warburg, since the camp was split up and the RAF did not come with us to Eichstätt. Here the camp was in a barracks outside the lovely town, which was rebuilt almost entirely in the eighteenth century; and past the camp, in a valley far too big for it (for it had long ago been the valley of the Danube), flowed the Altmühl. We had no distant views, but the woods across the valley, beech and oak, spruce and larch, were a delight to see after the bleak country about Warburg.

Also, of no small concern to me, there were many trees, nearly all limes, within the camp, and birds were plentiful in the area. Many nested in the camp, among them a pair of redstarts, and for the early summer of 1943 I gave myself the task of studying these in the greatest detail that I could, gathering together a team of naturalists from my fellows, who with me watched the birds throughout the entire day. Two of us for a time got up at 4.30 but soon the Germans forbade anyone to go out before 6.30, so that we had to miss two of the best hours of the day. Later, in 1944, Dr. Erwin Stresemann sent me a supply of rings with which I ringed (or, in American, banded) about 350 birds.

For nearly a year, from September, 1943, to August, 1944, we were allowed out for walks on parole, and this was a delight beyond realization except to men who have been confined within barbed

wire for years. To walk for some distance in one direction, to wander about in woods or across fields — what joy it was after our walks had been up and down, up and down, or round and round close to the curtain of wire, our every movement overlooked by the sentries in their towers, our every footstep placed where some other prisoner had a few minutes before placed his, and where another would soon follow.

We were also permitted to visit the churches in Eichstätt, one of many German towns to which Christianity had first been brought by an English apostle, Walburga. We visited the local museum, and there were a few occasions when we were allowed to go to the movies in Eichstätt. This I cared little for, preferring to be out of doors, though I went twice about Christmas, 1943. More to my liking were two walks in the woods at dawn, which a German noncommissioned officer who also was interested in birds and flowers and the countryside arranged for us.

Such were the good things. But when we came to Eichstätt we found already there the Canadians and others who had been taken prisoner at Dieppe a few days before, and soon — because the Canadians were said to have roped the wrists of a few Germans at Dieppe — the Germans handcuffed a number of us. This continued for many months, though latterly the Germans merely handed in the manacles in the morning, and we hung them on pegs in our rooms until they were collected at night. But the first six months or so of this reprisal were very different.

In the first winter a few people escaped and the Germans instituted parades at all hours of the night. We put a stop to that eventually by keeping the Germans up from nine at night (when our lights were turned out) till eight in the morning, through our dilatoriness in coming on parade, and by well-organized shuffling when at last we did parade.

Conditions for living were better in the older barracks than at Warburg, but in the newer concrete bungalows the damp was very bad, so that with green mold under one's paillasse, and hoarfrost on the walls, we were not in much luxury. The light, as usual, was extremely poor, though later it improved. And as always we were overcrowded. But, physically at least, we were by now inured to the slum conditions in which we had lived so long, and cases of tuberculosis were not unduly common. Mentally, many were beginning to feel the strain of an apparently interminable confinement, and though some breakdowns occurred in the first winter at Eichstätt, not many went hopelessly mad until the last winter of the war. Then indeed, in our fifth winter in prison, and with our food reduced to the mere scraps of German rations, we were near to collapse.

Yet even then, so resilient is the human spirit, a fortnight's good feeding at Christmas, caused by a German order that we must keep no reserves of

food in camp, had a miraculous effect on all except a few. In myself I very well knew this, for, after writing nothing for months, I wrote thirteen poems in eight days — stored up, I suppose, during the long blank period before; and I also wrote half a play — only half because by then we had used up all our food, and the Germans had, once again, closed down our theater, so that there seemed little point in forcing myself to complete it. (At the same time the Germans removed our stools and tables and paillasses, so that it was very difficult to write, and nearly impossible to sleep because of the cold.)

This was the bewildering contrariness of the Germans' treatment of us: one day they would take a few of us on a walk to hear the dawn chorus of the birds; the next day they would take away our bedding. Fuel was a difficult problem the last two winters and was solved — so far as it was solved — by parties of us going out to blow up the roots of felled trees, and bringing these into the camp, or by collecting spruce cones in the forest. But these supplies were never sufficient to keep some of the huts dry, let alone warm.

4

IT was at Eichstätt that we met our first American prisoners, but they stayed too short a time for many of us to get to know much of them. This we regretted, especially since the whole of the British Commonwealth was now well represented (though there were few South Africans), and we found we could gain much by exchanging our views about the future. A series of lectures was held (under some camouflaged title, to keep the Germans away), in which a representative of each of the Dominions and of India spoke, trying to suggest the contribution of each country to the future. An American was to have spoken, but they were moved to an American camp too soon.

Perhaps then (1943) most of us had been in prison long enough to cease hankering after the old life, for we knew it could never now return (as some had hoped); and we concerted our thoughts for the political future with deep seriousness, working hard on such books and government papers as we received. That year, before we had become exhausted by too long an imprisonment, the intellectual life of our community was at its highest. Afterwards we began to grow weary of never having an opportunity of testing our plans and hopes in practice; and we tended to put them aside, and to concentrate on the more immediate task of keeping alive and sane. Many took examinations in all sorts of subjects, perhaps chiefly as a reassurance to themselves that they had not entirely wasted their years in prison; perhaps, too, because they cynically regarded some certificate or other as more likely to ensure their employment after the war, than the

profounder thought which they might give to political and social and other matters. No doubt these were right, so far as they went.

Soon after our arrival at Eichstätt the battle of El Alamein was fought, the first stage towards the return of our troops to Europe. Next came the Allied landings in North Africa, and the threat to Italy became obvious. At the beginning of the New Year, Stalingrad fell to the Russians, who now began their titanic, ponderous advance across the width of a continent. The Germans were cleared from Africa. Sicily was invaded, and our troops had returned to Europe, this time, in contrast to 1939, with the Americans at their side. Italy collapsed, and we pondered the fact that Italy had entered the war after many of us had been taken prisoner and that now she was out of it.

In prison we heard the bombers flying overhead at night, and we listened for the rattling of doors and windowpanes as the RAF bombed Stuttgart, Augsburg, Nuremberg, Munich. We were forbidden to go outside our barracks during alarms, and one man was shot standing by the door of his hut, and another who went to pick him up. A month or two later, fifty RAF prisoners who escaped were returned to their camp as cremated ashes. As the Germans warned us with notices posted in the camp, escaping was no longer a sport. They were less cocksure, less certain of their victory; and their leaders, warned by our demand for unconditional surrender, could look for no quarter.

THE BOMBERS

THE bombers drum their way along the night
 With slow tattoo, down an invisible track
 Drawn on a map of Europe, which now lies black,
 Huddled in silence. So, at mountain-height,
 They tread their level path beyond our sight
 And pass relentlessly onward, flinging back
 The tramp of engines moving to attack
 Enemy cities, to set their streets alight.
 And we lie listening, hoping to hear the burst
 Of bombs in the crumbling houses, to hear the panes
 Shivering in our windows. We shall be first
 To tot up the dead in the papers. (Someone explains
 That this is a partial list.) We too have been cursed
 By the bombs; we have felt their pulses in all our veins.

There was little enough sign of any break in the German discipline, and their improvisation after the collapse of Italy—still more, perhaps, their brilliant exploit in rescuing Mussolini, for whatever good that did them—commanded our reluctant admiration. Later we could more unreservedly admire the magnificent courage with which they endured the devastation of their cities by our bombing; and we were astonished that it seemed to make no difference in their bearing to us. They had come to expect it, and towards the end, knowing defeat was certain, they deliberately chose to go through, to the very depths of suffering, as a sort of purification for the evil they had done to others. This, at

least, was the view of not a few of them, a mystical faith that they might only achieve rebirth, like the Phoenix, from ashes of their past.

We had little cause to like the Germans—rather less, it might be supposed, than the loud-voiced civilians at home and elsewhere. But we restrained tolerably well any wish for revenge, and we knew that we must continue to live in the same world and the same continent as the Germans, whether we liked it or not. They had some appalling defects, but unless we were to accept their own racial twaddle we could not generalize about “Germans.” And it would be absurd to deny them all good qualities; for if these were not always very patent to us, yet even we were not altogether unaware of them. We could not mock at “Nazi fanatics” for their gallant defense of Brest and Dunkirk. We could not sneer at them for bringing disaster on their country when to surrender would have brought them the immediate blessing of deliverance to Allied occupation. We remembered Malta, and Tobruk, and the Battle of Britain, and mockery at the courage and tenacity of the Germans, simply because they were Germans, seemed unworthy and soiled.

They had starved us and bullied us and confined us in cramped, unhealthy squalor. They had taunted us, and jeered at us, and delighted in showing their power over us. They had killed some of our companions and wounded others. Most of us hoped never to see a German again. But we were ashamed at some of the things that were said at home in the name of the Allies, and we were cynical about the self-righteousness that sought to justify the bombing of their cities at the same time that it shuddered at the enormity of the flying bombs and rockets. We had an uneasy feeling that our disgust at this form of warfare was due to chagrin that we had not thought of it first. And if anyone questions this, let him remember Hiroshima.

5

DURING the two and a half years I spent at Eichstätt I wrote much. I translated some twenty medieval Welsh poems, besides a few modern Welsh and Norwegian poems. I also made translations of Egill's Saga and Orkneyinga Saga, of parts of the libretti of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* and of Mozart's *Magic Flute* for performance in camp, as well as of some songs set by Grieg. Also I wrote a number of prose essays and articles. In the autumn of 1944 another volume of poems was published in England under the title of *Such Liberty*, but the majority of the poems in this were written in the first three years in Germany. Now I wrote a number of sonnets reflecting, to some extent, the happenings in the war: the defense of Greece, the bombing of Germany, the invasion of Sicily, the advance of the Allies in the West.

WHEN FIRST I WENT TO GREECE

WHEN first I went to Greece I went as one
 Who after long exile come home again
 Sees that the places of his mind remain
 But changed a little by some trick of the sun
 That makes them yet more dear. Here once had run
 Pheidippides; here Phaëdrus once had lain
 By cool Ilissus; on this stage did reign
 The blind incestuous King; and there was won
 Salamis, — and all Europe on that day
 Put on her splendid youth. But when I go
 Back to those dusty valleys I shall stand
 Where Greeks in my own time, no less than they
 Who fought the Persian hordes here long ago,
 Gave glory that we remember in their land.

Also I wrote some more personal songs and sonnets; and with these a long reminiscent poem of the English countryside in which I had been born and brought up. But personal reminiscence is not a favorite topic with me, and the greater part of my poems of this time have little reference to my biography.

Of these the most ambitious, "Atropos," was begun in December, 1943, and the first version was written very quickly. I tried to revise it a year later, but I was tired then, and probably too weak (I had lost about a fourth of my weight), and I was too much troubled by the threatened mental collapse of some of my companions to do justice to it. Eventually I reshaped it after my return to England, but the changes are slight, and chiefly designed to make the meaning clearer. I had always been fascinated by the speculations of the modern physicists; and it was natural, in my circumstances, continually to be confronted with the question "What is the point of this existence?"

It seemed to me that here was a task for a poet; for if the artist cannot maintain his faith in the value of life, who can? That was the task of all of us in prison or in the occupied countries — a task then more clearly understood (because there was greater need to understand it) than in more normal circumstances. And the physicists had demanded a profounder answer than the usual commonplaces, if only because their thought had shown that nothing of the world in which we live our present lives would ultimately survive. So our immediate questioning, made very pertinent by the apparent worthlessness of our present life, was to be answered finally only in the wider terms in which the physicists must be answered. Often, in revision (though not in the first excitement of writing), I felt I had attempted a task utterly beyond my powers. But that is not for me to judge, and the poem shall stand or fall on the judgment of others.

6

WITH the beginning of 1945, after the Battle of the Bulge, it became clear that the war must soon

end. The Germans were being pushed back from West and South and East, and the intensive bombing made conditions in the center chaotic. Still they held on and kept their discipline; and as the armies advanced, so they withdrew the prisoners, marching them through the snow and frost from the East front with what little they could carry, or putting them on trains that were constantly wrecked by Allied aircraft. In March we had fifty-four air-raid alarms at Eichstätt, and early in April we could hear the guns. We hoped we might be overrun before the Germans could move us, for we feared that if we were taken down into the Alps our chances of rescue might be small. Some, we knew, had been taken south as hostages. We made plans for all likely happenings, including attempted massacre if the SS took over from our guards, or for coöperation with parachutists if these were dropped for our protection.

On April 12, I began a diary as a record of the last eventful days. These extracts from it show our excitement and confusion: —

"April 13. — Swedish plates, roller skates, bed casters, and so forth, have been made into wheels for trolleys, barrows, and other less conventional vehicles. The mess in the rooms is not to be listed: fragments of every sort of clothing, box, vessel, utensil; food in enormous and unpackable piles. Cigarettes, soap, tobacco; cooking pots, frying pans, 'smokeless heaters'; cones, wood, boxes; broken lockers, stools, chairs, paper and straw packing; pictures, photographs — all the junk of five years' imprisonment, normally stowed away, or hung on the walls, or pushed under the beds, now spread everywhere in astounding confusion. And everywhere packing, packing, and refuse blazing, and cheerful, dusty, sweaty faces. The whole thing is a gamble, and at the end (not far off) all are confident of soon returning home. Discomfort we long ceased to worry over; danger we shall share the chance of alike; and hunger seems most improbable, and *that* to most of us (after the six months of this winter) is the most feared of all risks, because it weakens the spirit as it weakens the body. This is a very insufficient picture of the camp today — of the end-of-term feeling, of the sentimental moment of partings long expected, but not in *this* way. There is so much so dreadfully familiar; and yet, in the glorious, disgusting, stuffy, dirty mess there is something that seems to symbolize the end of the necessary routine of prison."

"April 16. — I spent most of the morning wandering round talking to Americans and RAF. The Americans are very friendly and chatty, and don't wait to be introduced; but the British — up to the eyes in filth, for years in prison — wait till a mutual acquaintance mutters names inaudibly."

"April 17. — We spend almost all our time preparing meals, eating them, and cleaning up after them. There must be several hundreds of open fires constantly in use, and it is a remarkable sight to

see groups of officers — we (Army) fairly tidy, the RAF and USAAF in all sorts of rags and odds and ends — squatted round little puffs of smoke in between tents or barracks.”

“April 25. — Hardly slept all night owing to excitement, discomfort, stomach, noise of guns, bed boards falling on me from the bed above, feet prodding the top of my head. Saw first swift of the year this afternoon — the sixth season running I’ve seen the first as a prisoner. Many aircraft going over this afternoon — towards Regensburg mostly, but also sounds of bombing in Munich direction. To all intents and purposes this camp is now under Allied command. Sounds of battle all afternoon. It seems certain now to be a matter of days till our relief — possibly even hours. Leaflets brought in warning all Germans about treatment of Allied prisoners of war, signed by Churchill, Truman, and Stalin. Naturally a most exciting day, with continuous noise of war and aircraft of all types flying over very frequently. Read a little in *The Faerie Queen*, but mostly in a daze, walking round, talking to friends (most of whom are in a similar state). It is impossible to realize that we are now in our last days of imprisonment — it doesn’t make sense, and then suddenly one gets a glimpse of what it means — but in imagination I’ve never really got out of Germany yet.”

“April 26. — Spent a smugly virtuous afternoon sewing and washing, preparatory to release. I feel rather less bewildered with the excitement today, and could seriously think of my arrival in England, and of walking up to Long Crendon from Thame station.”

“April 29. — Some bullets came cracking and whining into the camp soon after 10.00 A.M. The battle, such as it was, died away after the cheese factory, outside the main gate of the camp, had been occupied. Firing ceased in the neighborhood, except for a mortar to the north, about 11.58. At twenty minutes of one the Stars and Stripes was visible over Moosburg. About this time the German guard went past the wire in full kit to surrender. About 1.15 the Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, and the Red flag were hoisted over the entrances to the camp. It is now two o’clock; and more cheering, as I write this, greets the entry of a Sherman tank¹ into the camp.”

7

I HAVE already learned, from the questions I have been asked, that it is almost impossible for anyone who has never been a prisoner to imagine what it is like. Some are puzzled that men should go mad in prison. It is not the outward things, which can be pictured, that are most difficult to bear; it is the unending sense of being caged, and of being watched wherever one goes, whatever one does. It

¹ Of the 14th Armored Division, operating under the command of General Patton, who himself visited the camp on May 1.

is not so much the discomfort, the fleas, the stench, the hard beds, the cold and the damp, the crowded squalor of it all, as the lack of privacy; not mere hunger so much as the degradation of the mind which it brings — the continual forcing of the mind back to the subject of porridge or of treacle pudding.

Hunger is quite unrelenting and altogether displaces other desires. “I hope my wife wouldn’t be offended,” a friend of mine said to me, “but if it was a question of her or a good square meal, I’d take the good square meal.” I agreed.

Perhaps most exasperating of all was the knowledge that we were out of the fight till the end, while our friends (those of them who were still alive) were out there fighting. And some kindly fools complimented us on our good luck in not taking part in the landing in Normandy!

THE PRISONERS

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

WE, whom no bullet found nor gave
The honor of an early grave;
O’er whom no oratory shall roll
Its pomp of phrase to crush the soul;
Who, through no fault of ours, alive,
Gave but four years of youth, or five,
So that no epitaph proclaims
Our names among those other “names
That live for evermore” (so runs
The standard fame conferred by guns);
We did not die in vain — ah! no!
We live in vain — and better so.
We from the dead shall rise again
And certain things for them explain:
How death in battle often seems
Most rudely heckled by men’s screams;
How dead men yet demand our skill
To lift them up — lest they should spill;
How sometimes one of them will stir,
With “Put me out, for Christ’s sake, sir!”
But shall we stop the mouths of fools
For future wars concocting rules?
Or will our memory disdain
To speak, until war comes again?
Shall we whom men so soon forgot
Pretend that all the dead are not?
Or shall we, hearing men declare
That death in battle is most fair,
Recall how once our youth was spent,
Wonder — and silently assent?
This sweet and splendid thing, to die —
Why did such glory pass us by?

It is not the biography of the poet that concerns the reader of poetry so much as the history of his time; not what happened to him alone, but what happened to his contemporaries, and him among them. So in these pages I have sought not to draw a self-portrait, which would be of scant interest, but to depict the life I shared with my fellows — not only with my fellow prisoners (and they counted some millions), but with the peoples of the occupied countries whose life was so similar to ours. And not

with them only, but with all men confined in body or limited in thought by the overmastering catastrophe of these years.

Who has been free in this time? Who has not had to choose — or to yield to another's choice — between what he ought to do and what it is expedient to do? Who has not questioned the whole purpose of human life in these years when, in order simply to maintain it, we have had to cast away so many things long considered to be of worth?

In my war poems it may (I suppose) be possible to trace "the growth of a poet's mind," springing from a sensuous delight in the world in which he lived, rising then to an intellectual interest in man's place in that world, and at last, by the sharing of the life here recorded, coming toward maturity in the knowledge and love of men. For that is the only maturity which a poet can reach, and this process is all that is relevant in the biography of any poet.

Therefore, if there is one thought running through them all, one assumption from which they derive, it is this: that in spite of all physical suffering; in spite of loss of liberty; in spite of the necessity of putting aside our moral nature and taking upon us the dire task of killing; in spite of regret for the past and uncertainty for the future; beyond all doubts, triumphing over the challenge of every question, human life has, here and now, supreme value. This has been the faith of all poets, and it has been their task to state it as clearly and forcibly as they might, especially in times of great doubt and suffering. That is what poets are for. And the value of what they write comes not from any experience peculiar to themselves, but from the common humanity which they share with all men, regardless of their race, or nation, or faith, beyond the things that divide men.

And so in war it is part of the poet's duty always to insist that victory is not in itself proof of right, however firmly he may believe in the cause of his own country. Equally, he will not admit that defeat has any compulsive argument to bring against his convictions. It is one of the vilest things about war that in order to uphold moral right it is necessary to disregard it, for in war only might suffices, and many, in their sincere conviction of right, are

led to equate these, as their enemies had done. We were fortunate that in 1940 we might lead the world by our assurance in the value of the things we fought for, and without regard to our military weakness. The immense cost of that leadership we did not calculate, knowing that whatever it might be we must consider what was right, not what was expedient. It was as well that a nation should be put to that test, of deciding freely without recourse to the deplorable question of "Does it pay?"

Most certainly it did not pay, any more than it paid any individual Englishman to fight in those days. But that we fought on then made it certain that when later other nations fought at our side the victory guaranteed by the overwhelming power of our arms would be won for something other than mere power. Yet always the poet must be vigilant to see through the sham self-righteousness of propaganda; and he may not shirk the statement of views which, because they clash with the hypocrisy inevitable in a nation at war, are certain to be unpopular.

So the poet in war is a man at odds with himself. He is a citizen of his own country, upholding its political beliefs and practices, sharing in its traditions, — an Englishman, an American, or a German, — but he also transcends these temporary divisions, and knows himself to be a man. I would add that he is aware also of his membership in a greater community even than that of mankind — the community of all created things.

ON SEEING THE SEA FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR FIVE YEARS

Nor stained, not scarred by all man's history;
Wholly indifferent; without pity or pride
For battles fought there, and a world defied,
Or drowned men flung ashore quite carelessly;
This will not praise us for our victory,
Nor mock defeat, nor our quick moods deride,
But moon-driven forever by mechanic tide
Will sweep about these coasts still heedlessly.
And while I watch each sinuous movement there,
And see the opal colors shift and fade
Where the long waves plunge toward me, I am glad,
Yes, glad that the land's whole history is in the care
Of this unhistoried thing, never dismayed
By all man has done that is evil, or cruel, or sad.

(The End)

THREE MEN OF GROTON

by ELLERY SEDGWICK

I

IT is a well-kept secret among parents that boarding schools are primarily for their convenience, but for boys too they have their importance. First and last I know a good deal about boarding schools, for I was once schoolboy, master, and trustee. My feelings about them are mixed. Certainly so far as the civilizing process goes they are imperfect substitutes for home life, and it seems hardly natural that boys and girls should be brought up apart, when in the long run they are destined to be so exceedingly dependent upon each other. But here the tradition of the race runs right against me. We are still under the spell of the monastic habit. There are obvious advantages in the opportunity for a boy to devote undivided attention to study and preparation for the long struggle of competing with his fellows.

The experiment of our coeducational colleges throws light on the moot question. I have not the statistics before me, but I am certain that in our state universities, so far as paper education goes, the rating of women is higher than of men. Why is it then that professors, eight out of ten of them, would banish women if they could? In their classrooms, that everlasting Gresham's law which operates in so many unexpected places is steadily at work. As the proportion of women rises in a class, so surely does the number of men decline. And as women are very apt to plump for the humanities, I suspect that the fatal trend against civilizing studies among men is accelerated by the influx of women. But in these matters no choice is involved. The expense of a double program of education is prohibitive, and every institution supported by taxes must combine the sexes.

Considering then the advantage of boarding school, I should say it is entirely relative. If a boy has space to play in, companions enough, and if he belongs to a family of boys and girls good at educating each other, as every real family should be, boarding school offers a poor alternative to the home. But boys so favored grow rarer year by year.

ELLERY SEDGWICK, the dean of American editors, was at the helm of the *Atlantic* from 1908 to 1938. From his memoir, *A Happy Profession*, to be published under our imprint this autumn, we have selected three characteristic installments which tell of his schooling at Groton and Harvard and of the apprenticeship he served in New York City.

How terrible is that day when boarding school is first mentioned. You have long dreaded it in secret and suddenly you hear your eldest brother declare it high time you should be packed off. Next your parents take it up; your father would "like to talk with you after supper," and pretty soon you hang your head and go.

It is a fashion now that when a writing man reaches the eminence of forty years he discusses in his autobiography the painful effect his boarding school has had upon his brilliant gifts. Commonly it seems to have curbed a generous spirit and cramped bright possibilities. Particularly is this the case with literary Grotonians. But in the instances which happen to have fallen under my notice I judge the author's youth to have offered difficult problems which the school would have been glad to escape. If a boy has individuality, so has a boarding school. It would be of little worth if it had not. To be true to itself the school must decide every question by asking not so often what is best for the boy but what is best for the school. And what is best for the school is usually a group of normal boys growing up in a normal way. The exceptional boy, unless he excels as a scholar, and in particular the aesthetic boy, the incipient artist, is a knot in the log as it goes through the mill. This is not to say that exceptional boys may not be the hope of the world, but merely that no school intent upon its job can be run in their especial interest.

It is the penalty of talent. Odd boys must be their own schoolmasters, they and the Lord who made them, and that chance friend who comes into so many lives bringing a peculiar sympathy and some eccentric but wise advice. The exceptional boy with his talent goes through the world crying "Who will understand me? I am so worth understanding." The shadow of talent is egoism, and conscious of that, most men pass him by. But if the candle of talent shines bright enough, someone will catch sight of it and then the boy will go his glittering way, maintaining to the very end that schools are kept by Philistines and only in their teeth was he able to save his birthright.

Much as I have loved Groton, I cannot say that I enjoyed the school, not at least until I went back there as a master. I was an untalented boy, biddable,

reasonably unattractive, and most content when unnoticed. And yet from the first day, I felt there was a possible heaven above me, for the truth was I had come out of the pit of hell.

2

MY STORY was this. When the family conclave decided that I really must grow up and be a man I was despatched to a boarding school that shall be nameless. At the time, I merely knew that school was hateful to me, but I think of it now less as a school than as a sink of iniquity. Not that there were not a number of nice boys there, but the tone of the place was the tone of a penal institution. What could a boy of fourteen learn of manliness, when, unseen himself, he watched the headmaster creep in slippers to a door and satisfy his suspicions by peeping through the keyhole!

It was a military school. The young lieutenant fresh from West Point, who looked like a youthful Mars and drilled us in the weary manual of arms, was doubtless a fine fellow, but if we had been a squad made up of A.W.O.L.'s he could not have looked us over with a fishier eye. The boy officers were tyrants. After sixty years, I should feel it a benediction upon my old age if I could get my fingers on the throat of one young cadet lieutenant. On dress parade, when I was presenting arms for inspection, he loved to come up behind me and, under pretense of giving a correct slant to my rifle, run a pin into my buttock. Then would the West Point lieutenant frown and make a note of my instability. We marched and we counter-marched, we practiced the manual of arms till a musket became for me the devilish thing it is.

Lessons, quite subordinated to military training, were scarcely palliatives. They were taught by underpaid and unhappy young men in coats worn shiny and ingrained with chalk. I recall but a single exception, the teacher of English, who encouraged me to recite "Ruin seize thee, ruthless King," in the spirit of romantic drama. Had the school been a place where gentlemen could exist, he would have been a gentleman. I bless him as I pass. I bless too an older boy, Gus Willard. If he still lives, I salute him. For on Saturday afternoons he would sometimes take me on a long ramble over the countryside, filling the clothes bags slung over our backs with stolen apples and half-ripened chestnuts. What bliss was in those intervals! They were the only respite except when with a long night's sleep ahead I would slip into bed whispering to myself the single refrain, "Eight hours till reveille!"

But very often there were not eight hours. Sometimes on the stroke of eleven I would be waked by a terrifying crash. No other noise in my experience has been quite like it — a sort of quivering, shivering, sliding thunder. The cause I learned later to understand. A group of desperate heroes would creep along the ledge of the topmost story, and breaking into the

room where the extra china was kept, would bring out a rich assortment. Then when eleven o'clock struck and the last light went out, they would hurl the crockery down the long corridors — slop pails, basins, mugs, chamber pots, anything that would splinter and make a noise about it. The fragments would go slithering along the polished floors and bring up against the radiator at the far end with a crash devastating to a master's ear and infinitely satisfying to the perpetrators.

A moment's utter silence would follow. The conspirators would dissolve into their respective beds, and immediately the trumpets would sound assembly. Out we would all rush in our nightgowns — pajamas were newfangled then. In every dormitory, roll would be called. Never was a boy missing; never a boy who had not been obviously asleep two minutes before. Then and there the entire school would be marched to the basement for two hours' punishment drill. Oh, the misery of it! Sleepy, tired little boys with uniforms half-buttoned would right-shoulder, left-shoulder, support arms, arms port, till midnight passed and one o'clock came. Then a little troubled rest till reveille and the old routine again.

But the worst thing about the school was the indefinable sense of corruption that hung thick over it. I was an innocent little boy. The works of the devil were quite unknown to me, but I was horribly conscious they must be very near. I felt them in the universal secretiveness, in the casualness with which whispered conversations were interrupted when I approached. Nine tenths of my fears were, I dare say, morbid fancies. But evil has its own nauseous smell, and that smell hung about the school.

My family tell me that when at the age of five I was asked the classical conundrum, "What was the color of Washington's gray mare?" I lisped the reply: "I am not sufficiently acquainted with histowry." Had I progressed far enough in my school days to understand the color of French history, I could have prophesied with accuracy the fate of that school. That blessed spring I left it, for a chance vacancy had turned up at Groton, but not long after my time, Revolution came. The boys broke into the armory, fixed bayonets, drove out the teachers, nailed the headmaster into his room, commandeered the butcher's cart and the baker's wagon, and proclaimed a republic. Liberty was short-lived, for parents and constables poured down on the school in an avenging flood. Supplies were refused, pocket money cut off, and the garrison surrendered at discretion. But none the less it was a famous victory.

This was the background against which I first saw Groton. Perhaps if her severer critics had enjoyed the same perspective, they would have painted a different picture. Anyway in this "rich boys' school" I found many boys as poor as I, and at the time my father was very poor. If the school was filled with snobs, I knew them not. Perhaps I was a snob myself, but to this day I cannot remember who it was I enjoyed looking down upon. What I remember

clearly is that all alike had twenty-five cents to spend during the week, and that a nickel of that was earmarked for the plate on Sunday; and that the white collars we were obliged to wear at supper set off suits of much the same appearance. Of course Pierpont Morgan was President of the Board of Trustees, and there were a number of boys whose mothers' names appeared regularly in the social column of the *New York Herald*, but I am mistaken if term bills were not of major concern to at least half the parents.

Groton was in its first youth then, hardly three years old. There were fewer than fifty boys, an excellent number. The sixth form had just reached the first years of its existence. It consisted of one boy, George Rublee, who has since lived a distinguished and useful life. Many years after, when I was a trustee of the school, I remember remarking slyly to Mr. Peabody: "Well, of course, the school goes up and down." He turned to me with one of those Jovian looks of his. "What do you mean, *down*?" "Why," said I, "you began with George Rublee and have never done so well since."

3

ALWAYS Groton was striving to be an institution, but always it was personality that made it what it was. The core of it, the life, heart, and breath of it, were the three young men who gave it being. That was a triumvirate without a parallel — those three men, the eldest not far from boyhood. As I look back upon their confident young faces I remember that they were called the "Team," but to me it seems that the three of them made up the sum of human divergence. To William Amory Gardner was given the scholar's mind, imaginative and unpractical; to Sherrard Billings, the talent of the teacher and the preacher; to Endicott Peabody, the power of personality. Each was absolutely and utterly himself. We shall not look upon their like again.

Personal affection and the compulsive ardor of religion bound them indissolubly, but in all their characteristics they were diverse as the elements. Gardner was a *lusus naturae* and looked the part. With Aeschylus or Homer doubled back in his pocket to keep the place, he would hover about the school he loved beyond all earthly things, kindling the brains of the intelligent to a pure flame, diverting the rest of us by the quaintness of his quixotisms, turning the order of classrooms into chaos, and contriving, in some esoteric way, to stamp on every boy an impression of what loyalty means to life.

It was Gardner who gave the school its otherworldly character. I do not mean the spirit of religion, nor yet of unselfishness, although he was deeply religious and without worldly taint. Rather he seemed to be weaving fairy tales in a prosaic world. The most accomplished Grecian perhaps who ever came out of Harvard College, there was about him a fantastic quality which seemed in common

touch with all the creatures of fancy from leprechauns to giant killers. He was full of theories and defended them in paradox. The approach of the holidays filled him with sorrow, and Black Monday was the brightest day of his year. There was something of Puck in Gardner, something of Ariel, and to all of us he gave in some measure the sense of living in an unmaterial world.

In perfect contrast, Sherrard Billings was the impersonation of law and order. He was a little bandy-legged man with an unfailing sense of dignity — and of the humanity of laughter. His bodily insignificance was a cross to him, and side by side with the physical magnificence of the Rector it was wonderful to see how much of a man he looked and was. What a struggle little men have in the world! Lucky for them that Napoleon and Nelson were in the five-foot class. It stimulates morale to think of them.

Billings was a preacher of intensity and force. Somehow the pulpit seemed to add inches to his stature, and in the classroom he had the priceless gift of keeping boys on their toes. With what skill he brought us through the horrid complexities of indirect discourse! All that Caesar did to obfuscate the intelligence of small boys, he undid with an ingenious system of what he called Chinese boxes. Take a sentence beset with inner clauses, one tucked within the next. Billings would pick up a series of colored chalks. Writing an inextricable Latin sentence on the board, he would underscore the subject in white, and then, passing over half a dozen convolutions, would mark the predicate also in white. There you had your statement. Some man said or did something. Then for its modification he would underline the principal subordinate clause in yellow. It was quite easy to understand, now you had got a firm grip on it. But at the heart of the sentence still remained an undigested clause, and within that some pernicious phrase invented for the devil of it. Mark these with green and blue. The sentence became intelligible. Caesar was licked.

There can be a relation between a boy and a schoolmaster unlike any other in the world. Each has so much to offer and to accept; knowledge for trust, enthusiasm for experience. For those who love the profession, which has no rival for usefulness save the physician's, no call is so clear, no reward so certain. I too have loved schoolmastering, but I have never been insensible of the shadows which hang over it. School generations are short-lived; four years, six at most, and the companions you have learned to love best are gone. And if you happen to be interested in ideas rather than in people, the long, long thoughts of youth give you little sustenance. The desire to live your own life, call it selfishness if you will, sweeps over you. What is the life of man? "*L'homme respire, aspire et expire*," as Victor Hugo says. You have one life to live. Then live it.

Such were my hesitations, but no such doubts assailed Billings. He was a born schoolmaster, but

that overmastering passion could not save him from disappointment or from bitter sorrow. Any man of his capacities would have loved to be first; always he was condemned to be second. Under poignant circumstances he lost his wife and child. But courage and faith and duty, companions of a lifetime, stood by him to the end. At the close of his life he suffered a long and wasting illness. I was told that one of his few pleasures was to hear from old boys, and I wrote him at length. Letters for deathbed reading are not inspiring. I tried to strike a cheerful note. I reproached him for his lifelong tyranny as Senior Master, for the black marks he had given, for the midnight pleasures he had ruined, for the Latin traps he had set for the unwary feet of carefree boys, and I marveled how it was that these same Christian and forgiving children had continued to love him and to remember him with gratitude.

Then one day he sent for me. His tiny shrunken body looked as Gandhi looks. He had no longer strength to raise his head from the pillow, but he laid both his hands over mine, and with the barest ghost of his familiar smile slowly withdrew one hand and from beneath the bedclothes brought forth my own letter and pressed it against my palm. Dear old Billings! There is no teaching like a good man's life.

The Caesar of the Triumvirate was the Rector. They used to call him the Sun God in his youth. He was the perfect autocrat with the power of life and what to small boys was much worse than death. On the playground you could do anything short of snowballing him. But in his vast study with room for the whole school in it, that was a different matter. To be alone there, on instant summons, with your heart open and no desires hid, was like cramming for the Last Day. I do not believe any boy, however crooked his tongue, however deep his sins below the surface, ever lied face to face with the Rector. There was an instinctive, comprehensive understanding about him. He never spied, but he always knew and you knew he knew. Out with it! There was no other way. Yet perhaps the most remarkable thing about him, the thing a boy could never guess and only the friendship of decades could discern, was the complete and disciplined humility of his spirit. Underneath, the schoolmaster was the priest. God was all in all; to serve Him was to rule.

The Rector was the perfect example of the healthy-minded man. "Sick souls" he imperfectly understood. And though he was tolerant toward ills of the flesh, it was evident that he did not think well of them. A boy with a cold felt under a stigma, and a leg twisted in football practice was little to be proud of. Born in the days when hopes of a perfected world seemed possible, never ill, with a wife lovely as she was beloved, knowing nothing but happiness, he looked on trouble as transitory and held it firmly underfoot. If ever in the freshness of his youth a man was born into eternal life, it was the Rector.

In spite of the gayety of his temper and the cheeri-

ness of his talk, you were always conscious of his consecration, and in the chapel the sense of it became an undercurrent of existence. I am not what is called a religious man, but almost the strongest deterrent of evil I have known is the remembrance of afternoons in the chapel, the sun streaming through the painted windows, and the Rector's pleading voice: "Keep innocence, for that will give a man peace at the last."

The body is not made by men alone nor is the spirit. It would have been as anomalous to bring up a family without a mother as Groton boys without Mrs. Peabody. How else would the spirit of chivalry — and what is more important in a boy's education? — have entered into the heart of any of those young ruffians! Men can preach admirably about chivalry. They can quote you Sidney's ideal, "High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy," but without the presence of the lady the lesson is idle words.

I am one of hundreds of Groton boys but I speak for the rest. To me, who is like Mrs. Peabody? Whose manners are like hers? Whose smile recalls more happily the memories of a beloved past! Whose laugh is gayer, whose affections look out more naturally from understanding eyes! In the world of most of us there are individuals, a few of them, and there is the crowd, but what old boy ever shook hands with Mrs. Peabody without knowing that her friendship was his own private right, his own personal possession. So long as time lasts for us, what is she to every Groton boy but "my Mrs. Peabody."¹

4

GROTON has been written about more than enough, but I think this testimony is not without consequence. Take me for one moment as exhibit A. I was a nonconformist by nature. I hankered for the individual life. I hated organized athletics and — heresy of heresies — utterly disbelieved in their beneficial effect upon character. I took a somewhat fastidious taste to be a safer guide than any law of morals, I was certainly not a "healthy-minded" boy nor an interesting one, and certainly I was secure from the temptations which come from being too attractive. I was in fact poles asunder from the Groton boy he approved, yet Mr. Peabody liked me and trusted me. He took me into his family life, made me a master of the school, and for thirty years liked to have me by him as a trustee. My point of view was certainly at variance with his. I do not understand it but I am grateful. And I am grateful beyond measure because he it was who rescued me from complete unbelief in myself and gave me a degree of self-confidence which through all changes and chances I have never quite lost.

There was more to be learned at Groton than knowledge and character. By example and very

¹ This was written while she lived.

strictly by precept we were taught manners which I still think important as anything a boy can learn. They were not mere company manners, clean collars, ungrimed hands, and a smile for the visitor. They went below the surface. It is astonishing how glad you can be to greet an old acquaintance or to make a new one if you only behave as though you really were! Just as form is apt to be a more permanent preservative for a book than substance, so manners, if not a substitute for virtue, at least make every virtue shine.

Then on Saturdays and Sundays there was apt to be the greatest extracurricular advantage of them all — the presence of interesting guests. Not infrequently Phillips Brooks was there — our first school building was named after him. I remember his vast, benevolent bulk filling my study like Gulliver in Lilliput. When the Rector came in too, the host was driven to sit upon the bed. In the pulpit Brooks's torrential eloquence was all that tradition says, but after talking with him I remember wondering whether he did not love everybody too dearly to care especially for anybody.

A stronger impression was left on me by Father Hall, later Bishop of Vermont. He taught me to understand how necessary asceticism is to sainthood. In the chancel, his gaunt figure, looking strangely emaciated in the purple light of stained-glass windows, seemed to me a figure in some holy, medieval legend. Then at supper his deep infectious laughter made me realize that there must be fun in heaven, despite the solemnities of circled angels and above the din of sackbuts and shawms. How he loved to tell a story! Clerical stories are always a solace to the clergy. The intonation of his voice comes back again as I hear him tell the timeless tale of the vicar, solicitous for the health of the entire family, who, after anxiously inquiring concerning each child, grandchild, aunt, and uncle, paused for breath, but noticing a long white hair on his parishioner's skirt took a long chance and with the voice of understanding said, "And do tell me, how is the dear old gray mare?"

But speaking of stories, the storyteller of the age was a frequent visitor. Theodore Roosevelt, beginning his battle for righteousness and the strenuous life, was attracted to Groton by the tradition of muscular Christianity which had arisen from the Rector's acceptance of the moralities of Dean Stanley. These visits were occasions, and sixth-formers were invited to Faculty Supper. While Mrs. Peabody scrambled the eggs and the Headmaster recommended the apples, the Commissioner would spin his boisterous cowboy yarns. We would shed tears of delight at the culmination of each adventure, and just before the fatal stroke of ten, one of us with entire naturalness would stand before the telltale face of the clock while the rest would drown the ten minatory strokes with clapping or applause. All this was twenty years before "practical politics" had stiffened the Roosevelt face into a mask. Then he

looked like the boy he was at heart and his falsetto voice had a vigorous, honest ring to it.

Leonard Wood too came to see us and taught every boy what a soldier should look like, and John Fiske proved to our universal satisfaction that a philosopher could eat quite as voraciously as he could read. So astonishing was his appetite indeed that we boys made special inquiry concerning it, learning to our delight that at his own family table he received his full share of food by contriving for his personal benefit a reshaping of the dining-room table. At the master's end of the oval he had had an ample concave hewed out of the wood and, still sitting at the head of the table, had access to its very heart.

5

VISITORS to the school, apart from old boys who flocked about us each week-end, were usually of that admirable class known as Leaders of the Community, men with a message, which they would impart to us in an hour's lecture on Saturday night, or preach from the chapel pulpit on Sunday morning. But also there were unobtrusive guests of whom we saw nothing "official" who had their indirect influence upon us. Many of these were guests of Amory Gardner. In the summer Mr. Gardner was accustomed to sail his ninety-foot schooner, luxurious winner of the America's Cup, but during the months of school he lived in a comfortable house of his own almost under the dormitory eaves.

These guests of the Gardner house formed a shimmering background to monastic life. They gave us an impression of current fashions, but more important to a country boy like myself was the sense they brought of a world outside the school, a varied and delightful world where people lived at the foot of the rainbow and enjoyed themselves in ways wholly at variance with school life. I carried these glimpses round with me and built for myself little stories about them which I was much too shy to impart to my mates. Some of these whimsical dramas I recall to this day. Here is one that concerns two people not unknown to fame, but it will not be found in their biographies.

The time was a lovely Sunday morning in the late '80s. There were two hours before church, and I well knew the danger of running across a master and hearing his suggestion that there is nothing like a Sunday morning walk in God's sunshine. I had other views, and with a copy of *Ben Hur* I slipped into the gymnasium and, piling two wrestling mats, rolled them up in one corner, tucked myself securely behind them, and was lost to the world.

For an hour I was buried in my book when suddenly the gymnasium door was thrown wildly open and a woman's voice thrilled me with a little scream of mockery and triumph. Cautiously I peeked from my concealment and caught sight of a woman with a figure of a girl, her modish muslin skirt fluttering

behind her as she danced through the open doorway and flew across the floor, tossing over her shoulder some taunting paean of escape. But bare escape it seemed, for not a dozen feet behind her came her cavalier, white-flanneled, black-bearded, panting with laughter and the pace. The pursuer was much younger than the pursued but that did not affect the ardor of the chase. The lady raced to the stairway leading to the running track above. Up she rushed, he after her.

She reached the track and dashed round it, the ribbons of her belt standing straight out behind her. Her pursuer was visibly gaining. The gap narrowed. Nearer, nearer he drew, both hands outstretched to reach her waist. In *Ben Hur* the chariot race was in full blast, but that was eclipsed. "She's winning," I thought. "No, she's losing." And then at the apex of my excitement, "He has her!" But at that crucial moment there came over me the sickening sense that this show was not meant for spectators, that I was eavesdropping and, worse, that I would be caught at it. There was not one instant to lose. The window was open. Out I slipped and slithered to safety.

For me that race was forever lost and forever won. The figures go flying motionless as on the frieze of the Grecian urn.

What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

I knew not then whether it was lost or won. What I did know was that the Atalanta of that Sunday morning was Mrs. Jack Gardner and Milanion Mr. John S. Sargent. It was that same year he painted the famous portrait of her with her pearls roped about her waist, her beautiful arms glowing against a background that might have been the heart of a lotus.

6

How big a community should a small boy grow up in? If you believe as I do that there is no force in education like the impress of a personality, Groton's theory on the subject seems sensible, although I sometimes criticize her practice. From the outset it was determined that the number of pupils should be no larger than the headmaster could know individually and with a genuine degree of intimacy. In my time there were some fifty boys and the family seemed pretty complete, but when in after years the number rose to more than one hundred and eighty the bond between the headmaster and the new recruit became inevitably thinner. Everything grew more institutionalized, a little more metallic, a little less human. The old amateur spirit where teachers taught purely for the love of it had become professional. No doubt the teaching is better now, more methodical, more rationalized, but I wonder whether it is more exhilarating. There is more head and less heart in it.

It is a curious thing about size that many little-

nesses do not make up bigness. A big school, a big company, a big town, is as different in kind as it is in size from what it was in its former smallness. Groton is still small as schools go, but it has come to have something of the quality of bigness about it. The family is a clan now. Graduates wearing the red, white, and black used to be brothers, now they are cousins. A Company of Cousins has hardly the ring to it a Band of Brothers used to have.

A journalistic professor unencumbered by first-hand knowledge, and feeling in his democratic bones that Morgans, Harrimans, and Whitneys cannot have passed through a school without defiling it, maintains it to be the veriest accident that so many men eminent in public life have Groton backgrounds. The ignorance of prejudice is a shade thicker than other kinds of ignorance and this is of it. From the early years of the school, in season and out, public service was held up to every boy as a shining goal. It is God's mercy that all of us didn't go into it! If we wouldn't be clergymen and couldn't be missionaries, what clearer call was there than a public career?

An astonishing number of able young men responded. They all started from Groton, but Lord, Lord! in what different directions they have traveled since! Some have been all and more than all the school could have hoped. Others are remembered in silence. A public office is a public trust, but a public servant may be a public menace. Evil and good have entered into Groton careers in a proportion astonishingly similar to their proportion in any community. The eternal problem is as insistent in school as elsewhere. Can a good man keep his honesty? Must a blackguard be a blackguard still? As I write, I think of certain politicians, once Groton boys, whose careers have been as cynical as their ambitions. I think of others who have served their country with the single-mindedness which they once learned at school. No more than any other school can Groton make a man. The gods dispose, but Groton certainly has started her graduates with a powerful push in the right direction.

To make a school "tick," organized and compulsory athletics are regarded as a prime essential. Of course the normal boy — the boy to whom boarding schools are dedicated — dotes upon them. My only protest is that the odd boy, the boy who for some reason or other swims against the current and educates himself against sufficient odds, should be made subject to this tyrannous compulsion. Surely the pressure of school opinion is hydraulic enough without an official draft into universal service. If schools are a training ground for democracy, it must be ever remembered that democracy's real test lies in its respect for minority opinion.

But as a practical matter nothing simplifies a master's duties like sentencing his charges to hard, daily, and universal labor. Two hours of football practice will take the starch out of the highest spirits. It may dull a boy's intellectual capacities, but it makes him

docile as a sheep. Exhausted boys are good boys: that is no secret in any dormitory.

To be fair to masters, I do not believe it often occurs to them how useful compulsory athletics are to their professional convenience. They take them as a matter of course, honestly believing that the school team is an embodiment of the spirit of the school. All for one and one for all seems to them the exemplification of the very ideal they strive for. And younger masters especially are apt to share the astonishing belief that moral courage is a by-product of the physical struggle, that it fosters all the nobler virtues. The probability that it may tend to atrophy the brain is never discussed at faculty meetings. Organized sport is the personification of manliness. The boy who seeks another road to his development presents to the master a picture of a shirker and not infrequently of a poltroon as well. And from the boys themselves, masters half accept the quaint idea that victory for the team is an added glory to the school.

I do not wish to be misunderstood. Teams should play and play to win. But boys to whom the whole idea of organized athletics is depressing should be allowed to go their several ways and no blight of recognized eccentricity should fall upon them. The records of after life seem to bear me out. It has not been my experience that boys who have worn school letters on their sweaters and whose names have rung out across gridiron or diamond at the end of nine hurrahs are a whit more likely to have the moral courage which active life demands than those non-conformists who have climbed their own lonely staircases to positions of responsibility. I will go further and say that even in physical courage the heroes of boyhood do not always put up a better front in times of later danger. Determination, character we call it, comes by devious and difficult roads. Many of these routes are unsurveyed and where is the guide who can lead straight to the goal that every father seeks for his boy!

Should it chance that these unfashionable ideas should fall for discussion in a group of learned clerks or Grotonians or both, they will exclaim in chorus: "Think of the elevation of the physical idea as the

Greeks taught it." To this with great deference, I will quote the opinion of Socrates in Plato's version. The talk chanced to be on this very subject. Socrates remarks that while boys are growing up it is well for them to take good care of their bodies, to get a *base and support for their later use by philosophy*. Then, amplifying his opinion, the wisest of Greeks goes on to say: —

"They [boys after an athletic contest] come into motion slowly. Learning is hard for them as if they were numb, and when there is work for the mind to do, sleep attacks them and they are always yawning."

In those old Groton generations, once so familiar to me, I recall but a single instance of a boy who became the acknowledged head of the school wholly innocent of athletic supremacy and merely gifted with character and superlative intelligence. Bayard Cutting died before the world could know him well, but his name still stands among us as the best which Groton has to offer.

Over every boarding school hangs the arch of experience. Never does the same boy return to the home which has been all in all to him. He has taken an infinite journey. He has picked up a new measuring rod. The old criteria are gone. Family judgment is no longer his judgment. Grotesque as his opinions may be they are his own, or he thinks they are. And the transformation has come during the most tremendous week of life — the first week of boarding school — when nostalgia has attacked him, and he has died and been born again.

Homesickness is the estranging sea that each one of us must cross. He who has never felt it, trust him not, for he is without the bowels of compassion. It has been so since the beginning. Only yesterday I chanced to read the story of a Chinese Embassy setting out on a hazardous visit to Rome in the year 97. Never before had these Chinese left home, and when they got as far as the Persian Gulf, they heard with terror rumors of a new pestilence, "a kind of homesickness which men have when they have been long at sea." Travelers died of it, they were told, and were glad to die. So wisdom came upon them. They turned their ship about and sailed back to the beloved port of their native land.





AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

ATABRINE TAN

by THOMAS A. MANAR

THE temperature was eighty degrees; the Russians were moving forward; B-29's from the Twentieth Air Force had bombed Tokyo again; at considerable loss, an Italian river had been crossed; it was well to take a glass of Laxo if one was troubled with stomach acidity.

Listening to the voice on the radio rummage through the morning's news, Sergeant Rogers wondered if he were the only sane person left alive or if he alone, in a normal world, were unbalanced. He understood that a characteristic of the lunatic is his inability to evaluate the weight of events; by that criterion this fool on the radio was as crazy as a bedbug.

Even the other patients, lounging inattentively about the sunny ward, came in for a share of Rogers's distaste. How could they remain so indifferent to news from the fields where their fate was being determined? Perhaps this stony selfishness was common to all men. When the last of the race emerged from the last redoubt of the last war, would he look about him and say, "All dead. Too bad, but I am still here"? When the crabs or the sharks, or whatever slimy thing it would be, crept up from the floors of the seas, would he merely eye the females with a certain optimistic conjecture? When the grinning jaws opened, would he be saying to himself, "I am alive, unique, and incorruptible"?

Rogers rarely allowed himself the luxury of such bitterness; in the nasty, prolonged struggle against the pressure of the Army which all soldiers fought (and which was not to be confused with the actual war), one did well to hoard whatever reserves of anger one had. However, it was a sour day for Rogers, the

seventh since he had entered the hospital, the sixteenth since he had heard from his girl. His atabrine treatment had ended on Monday and this was Thursday. Almost well, he was immured in one of those little hells of waiting to which the Army habitually consigns impatient men.

A little ashamed of his surge of exasperation, he returned to his textbook. He did not see the ward boy approach the foot of his bed.

"Okay, Rogers," Marty said in the fierce but weary tone he used toward all the patients. "Let's get it in gear."

A second passed before Rogers, panting behind Petterson over icy mountains of mathematics, realized he was being addressed.

"Let's go! Let's go! Get your head out," Marty said.

Rogers closed his book. Used to obedience, he had risen from the bed and was putting on his bathrobe before it occurred to him to ask the ward boy where he was wanted.

"You got to see the Captain," Marty said.

"Why?"

"Don't ask me, Mac. I'm just a Pfc. Boy, when I think I got twenty-two more hours of this, I figure I must be bucking for a section eight."

"Twenty-two hours? How's that? I thought you got off at seven."

The ward boys worked twelve-hour shifts and Marty had come on that morning. Rogers's question was reasonable enough, but it afforded Marty the sort of opening he liked, and he plunged at it.

"Well, that's where you're wrong, Mac," he said. "I'm working straight through, see? From seven o'clock one morning to seven o'clock the next morning. It's nine-ten now. I got twenty-two hours to go, see? Me and another guy, we swapped shifts and I'm taking his place on the night shift."

A graduate of the University of Oklahoma now in his thirty-fourth year, THOMAS A. MANAR was for four years in the Army Air Forces, serving as an observer in the Fifteenth Weather Squadron assigned to Australia and New Guinea in 1942 and 1943.

"Oh," Rogers said. "Well, he didn't twist your arm, did he?"

Logic always seemed to infuriate Marty. He answered angrily, but obliquely: "You guys think you run this ward. Come on!" he added. "Get on the ball. The Captain's waiting."

Rogers ran his hands over his hair, knotted the belt of his maroon bathrobe, and set out briskly for the doctor's office. Marty, however, called him back.

"Hey, Mac," he said.

Rogers turned.

"Don't forget. I want to see you when you're through there."

Rogers liked neither small mysteries nor, very much, Marty himself: the boy appeared to take too obvious a pride in being a "character." There was no particular reason he should want to see Rogers. In any case, Rogers certainly would not escape the ward. Marty would be able to find him whenever he wished. To phrase his request this way might have been simply to emphasize that, as part of the personnel of the medical department, he stood between commissioned authority and the patients. He often assumed a portentous air of jurisdiction over the men. Rogers rather feared that his brusque manner, far from armorng a sensitive and inquiring heart, as legend always has it, might be merely the full expression of a nature weak and callous: bluster often covers a snivel.

Two rows of small rooms faced each other across the hall at the front of the ward. Here were the kitchens, the storerooms, the latrine, the office, and a few rooms with only one bed, reserved for officers or very sick enlisted men. Standing in the hall outside one of these, Rogers saw, was a civilian girl. Theoretically, she should not have been there at all, since hospital regulations precluded visitors at that hour, but there she was, and her presence surprised Rogers a little.

The girl was smoking as she lounged tiredly against the pale wall. She looked in danger of folding up into a dejected huddle, like a dropped puppet. Her rumpled brown slack suit obscured whatever good points her figure might have had. She was very thin. Her best feature must have been her hair, for it was worn long and elaborately dressed, with a towering pompadour in which a white cloth gardenia was pinned. Rogers placed her as the wife of the patient at whose door she stood. As he approached, she stared at him, and he had the sensation that she could not see him at all, that her eyes might register his existence but her mind did not. Uneasy, Rogers looked away.

2

THE Captain was waiting. "Come in, Sergeant," he said. "Close the door and sit down. How is it today? Any chills? Any fever?"

The Captain was a large, strong, and friendly man, younger than Rogers.

"I feel all right."

The Captain tore open a fresh package of Luckies and offered it to Rogers. He took a large kitchen match, struck it recklessly on the bottom of the golden-oak government issue office chair, and they lighted their cigarettes.

"Well," said the Captain with distaste, "we've got this son of a bitch." He indicated the information blank lying on the desk before him.

Rogers had already identified it, a four-page case history of the man and his ailments which was filled out anew each time one entered an Army hospital. He had wondered if, for once, he might escape the chore of filling it out.

"I've been letting it go," the Captain said.

Rogers believed he could almost complete the form from memory: —

Sex. Male.

Color. White.

Age. Twenty-nine.

Drink? A little.

Smoke? A pack a day.

Take drugs in any form? No.

Any serious illnesses or broken bones in your childhood?

No.

Ever had a venereal disease? No.

Ever wet the bed? No.

Any serious illnesses in your immediate family? None.

Rogers wondered how many such questions he had answered during the past few years — in college, looking for jobs, getting a social security number, and, with infinite multiplication, in the Army. By now every verifiable aspect of his life had been noted and preserved. "They" — Washington, the Army — had it all now, in black and white, that he had been born, and when, and gone to school, and where, worked here, lived there, never married, had learned close order drill at this field, heard the Articles of War at that. How tedious he seemed, this character whose sex was male, whose color was white, whose religion was Protestant, whose blood type was A, who drank a little, smoked moderately, and never wet the bed! And yet there he was, secure in fireproof files in Washington, likely to be around long after his fleshly namesake called it a day; there he lay, shrouded in paper, embalmed in ink, the irreducible Rogers.

"Now," said the doctor, "you have malaria. Right. How many previous attacks?"

"Three," Rogers said, and gave him the details.

"Where did you pick it up?"

"In New Guinea."

"New Guinea," the doctor said, and entered it on the form. "Pretty rugged over there, huh?"

He considered. It was hot, you were glad you had a job which allowed you to be optimistic about living through the war, you were sick of the stale company of other men, you stumbled through time, somehow confident that some day the key would be turned again, the stopped clock would run.

"Not where I was," Rogers said.

"See any action?"

"Not really. A few air raids."

"Marty was over there," the doctor said.

Surprised, Rogers answered, "Was he? He never told me."

"Oh, yes. He was there almost a year. Marty's had it." The war, he meant, not malaria. "Now tell me what other diseases you've had in the Army."

Loneliness, boredom, and humiliation, Rogers's mind promptly supplied.

"The times you had to go on sick call," the doctor said. "I want to know all of them."

"Well, a cold once or twice. Dengue fever."

The doctor wrote it down. "Dengue, huh?"

"Yes, I had it in Australia. We all did."

"How was Austrolyia?" the doctor said.

Rogers smiled at the little joke. "Okay," he said.

"I haven't been overseas yet."

Rogers wondered what he was supposed to do. Sympathize? Congratulate?

"Well, anything else?"

"No. Oh, once in New Guinea I had a sort of fungus growth on my chest. I don't know what it was. They treated it with sulfa drugs and after a while it went away."

"The New Guinea crud," the doctor said.

Rogers laughed. This was a word that had great circulation in the Army. Rogers did not know its origin. It was applied to any of the loathsome, itching, creeping tropical diseases which, though not serious in themselves, were pretty dismaying when you first met up with them. It was a fine word: the ugly sound of it expressed succinctly the nature of these nasty infections. "I guess so," he said.

"That's all, then." The Captain leaned back in his chair.

Well, Captain, no, Rogers thought. He suffered from a shocking and secret affliction, fear. He ticked off the symptoms: his unmanageable apprehension when Margaret's letters did not appear promptly, though they had to travel ten thousand miles; his distrust of the comfort and care offered him in the hospital, for he was afraid that simple "malaria" would become that fatal thing "my malaria," the adversary transformed into a pet; his oscillation between two outwardly dissimilar emotional attitudes: on the one hand an unlovely brutal indifference to others, on the other the malady of many ineffectual men, the troubled throat, the misty eye, both of them, to Rogers's mind, results of a certain emptiness of heart; his notion of the future as an endless unturning corridor; his recurrent fancy that the key had been lost, that the stopped clock would never run.

Thinking over these symptoms, he decided they were absurd, though the disease was not. He did not wish to be forced into a session with the psychiatrists when the relative freedom of normal Army life loomed so near at hand, and some such order might have been the Captain's prescription. He liked and respected the young doctor, and their relationship was easy, but still he was a doctor, an officer, and therefore a superior being whose reactions were essen-

tially incalculable. Anyhow, what I really want, Rogers thought with contempt, is the touch of Mommy's soft white hands. Reassurance, not aid. "That's all, Captain," he said.

"Well," the doctor said, "I'll give you a slip for you to take to the lab. Get up there and have your smears made today. If they turn out all right, you'll be back on duty in a couple of days. What's your job?"

"I'm in weather."

"Like it?"

"Yes."

"Like the Army?"

"No, sir."

The Captain smiled. He leaned forward to the desk, screwed the top on his fountain pen. He tossed the questionnaire into a wire basket already full of them. "I spent eight years going to school," he said. "Four of them at Johns Hopkins. All over the world men are dying. I spend eight hours a day looking up snotty noses."

He glanced at Rogers and smiled again, a little apologetically. "The Army crud," he said, reaching out for his stethoscope.

3

AFTER the examination had been completed, Rogers took the scribbled slip (not yet a passport for freedom, but at least the application for one) and went in search of Marty. He found him at the other end of the bay, where a glassed-in porch formed a recreation room. He was about to interrupt a bridge game.

"All right, you guys," he said. "Break it up."

The players looked up at him.

Marty carried a sheet of paper and a pencil. Rogers was struck with the fragility of his bony little hands. It was hard to remember that Marty was so small. He stood not much over five feet six. And he was thin. He had the spare, tough frame of a man who will cling hungrily to life until he is ninety-six, ninety-seven, and then only release his grip by an act of will. His head was subtly out of proportion to his body; sometimes when he was in a tantrum he had the look of a turtle with no shell to which he might retreat. Yet, Rogers noted, it was a good head, well modeled, and Marty owned a good face, practical and alert, though dour. He wore his thin black hair long and combed straight back from the forehead. Rogers, looking closely at him, saw with renewed surprise another thing about Marty. He was really very young, twenty-one at the most.

Marty explained his business. "Special Services has got the athletic club downtown to let us use their swimming pool this afternoon. They got a big pool down there. You'll leave at two and be back in time for chow. You don't need to take nothing with you. For those that don't go there'll be a show at one-thirty in Ward Six. Now what I want is, you guys that want to go I want your names."

Three of them signed up immediately.

"How about you, Mac?" the ward boy asked the holdout.

"Well," said the man, "I'm a black card."

In the hospital, a colored card placed at the foot of the bed defined the duties and privileges of the patient. He was not only an enlisted man of a certain grade, but also a card of a certain color. Rogers, as a black card, listened with interest to the conversation.

"You can't go," Marty said decisively.

"I feel okay," the man protested.

"That don't matter. Jeez, can't you guys read? It's up on the wall in black and white. 'Black cards will leave the ward only for meals.'" Marty might rail at regulations, but if regulations existed, he wanted them followed to the letter.

"Okay," the man said. "Forget it."

"Just use your eyes, Mac. That's all I ask."

Just inside the door to the bay, at the very end of that large room, was the bed of a young Negro patient. He was the only man in the ward Rogers envied, for every night from six until eight he had visitors, a Negro girl and woman, his wife and her mother, Rogers assumed. They never missed an evening, and each time they brought gifts — a sack of food, a bunch of garden flowers, a roll of comic books. The three of them would withdraw to the screened porch on the south side of the ward, draw three rockers together, and spend the visitors' hour talking quietly and gayly. When one of the other patients happened to go out on the porch, they would fall silent and look up blankly at the intruder, not at all with hostility, but with the calm self-sufficiency of people who love and trust each other completely.

This boy was now sitting at the side of his bed, rubbing his chest — a favorite gesture — and listening to the plans for the swimming party.

"Hey, Marty," he said. "I could use a swim. Can I go?"

Marty, pencil poised, turned to him, identified him, rapped the paper sharply with the pencil.

"No," he said flatly. "You can't go."

"I just thought I'd ask. I got a green card."

"You don't have to tell me you got a green card," Marty said. "We just can't take you."

"Okay," said the boy. "I was just asking."

"You can't play golf with us, either. And don't blame us," Marty went on, with fury and — yes, that was it — misery. "It's the law of the state."

The boy rolled back into bed; Marty walked noisily up the aisle; the bridge game was resumed. The boy lifted himself on his elbows and spoke, to no one, in a light high breathless surprised voice. "I ain't kicked nobody's tail all this week," he said. "I sure ain't."

Marty approached a group of patients clustered about the radio. Rogers decided not to wait for him. It was past ten and he did not like to delay having the smears made. He tucked the precious slip in his pocket and started to the front door of the ward.

The girl was no longer in the hall. As Rogers passed

the door to her husband's room, he saw her there. As a matter of fact, she lay alongside the boy on the bed, outside the covers. They were kissing. As Rogers went by, they looked up at him with the appalled stare of fish.

Startled, Rogers blundered down the hall. When he reached the door he was laughing to himself. The incident delighted him; it was so contrary to regulations and even decorum.

The many wings of the hospital were widely dispersed. They were linked by narrow and tremendously long corridors. You felt trapped in them, as in the menacing alleys of nightmare. Here was the very architecture of despair. Perhaps these corridors accounted for Rogers's change of mood as he walked to the laboratory.

That girl in the ward was one of the sort you saw everywhere in the war years — in crowded buses, traveling alone in the transcontinental day coaches; worried, patient, faithful Penelope. Rogers remembered her long, tired, really not very pretty face. Damn her. Penelope sweated out her soldier twenty years; Margaret waited (and did not write) an ocean away in Australia. Why couldn't this horse-faced little babe, this caricature, confine her silent woes and nasty little intimacies to a private place? Let her try nourishing her love on distance, letters, and memory. She had her husband there, didn't she? She could touch him, couldn't she? What did she expect in wartime? Eggs in her beer, Rogers thought, lapsing into meaningless but happily violent Army slang. All these mooning, weebegone, sniveling, waiting women wanted eggs in their beer. They depressed him (and did not write).

4

THE laboratory was neat, orderly, clean, sensible, flooded with sun. He was glad to get there. The boy on duty read the slip.

"Hold out your hand," he ordered. Rogers did. The boy pricked his finger. A drop of blood welled up and hung there, a soft ruby. The boy transferred it to a glass slide.

"I know you," he said. "I worked on your slides before. We got the best malaria specimens from you we've ever had in the hospital," he added, and Rogers felt a pleasant glow of distinction. "Like to see one? I'll show you in a minute."

He handed Rogers a wad of alcohol-soaked cotton for his finger. He opened a cabinet, found a slide, and inserted it in the microscope. He looked through the eyepiece and adjusted the focus. "There," he said at last, standing back. "I think you can see it now. They're the little round things shaped like signet rings."

A good soldier learns all he can about his enemy; Rogers peered curiously into the instrument. After a moment he discovered them, the minute circular parasites which had invaded his blood. They were

harmless-looking, even ornamental, little devils. He felt the dismay of a giant overwhelmed by pygmies.

"We'll have these out this afternoon," the boy said, as Rogers thanked him.

His spirits were somewhat higher as he returned to the ward.

The girl had resumed her vigil outside the door to her husband's room. As if in penance for his unkind thoughts, Rogers stopped and addressed her. "How is he, your husband?" he asked. "Is he better?"

"I don't know," she said. Her twangy little voice was walking a tightrope over tears. She was not actually so plain, merely thin and tired. She had an astonishingly fine complexion and wore no powder. There were pale smudges of blue beneath her eyes, not from fatigue but from youth. "They're in there now," she said, and nodded.

Rogers glanced into the room and saw the Captain and a major there. The patient lay pale-faced and staring. His hair had been freshly combed.

"He'll be all right," Rogers said, baselessly, out of the need to say something, anything. "I wouldn't worry."

"Oh, I don't," she said, and the brave, patent lie made Rogers smile.

"Good," he said.

Abruptly, she blushed — so painfully that Rogers felt his own yellow cheeks hot with sympathy. "About a while ago," she said. "I saw you when you passed. It wasn't my idea. He just wanted me to. I didn't want to do it, but he insisted."

"Sure," Rogers said. "Don't bother about it."

"He's been overseas two years. We've had just ten days together since he got back. He's been in the hospital ever since." Her voice was wobbling.

Then the welcome, the blessed, Marty emerged from the kitchen. "Hey," he said to Rogers, "where have you been?"

Rogers gave the girl a false smile of good-bye and turned thankfully to the ward boy. "I've been to the lab to have smears made."

"That's all right, then. Getting out?"

"I don't know. Maybe. I hope so. What did you want with me, by the way?"

"Me? I didn't want nothing."

"You said you did."

Marty remembered. "Oh, that. I wondered if I could take a look at your book if you're through with it."

"Book? Pettersen?"

"That Aussie book."

"Oh." Rogers had momentarily forgotten that, in the Army, magazines were "books." "Sure. Why did you bother to ask? Come on back, we'll get it now."

And avoiding any further look at the stricken girl, he accompanied Marty down the hall to the bay.

The magazine Marty wished to borrow was a copy of the *Australian Women's Weekly*. For some reason, this unlikely publication had had a wide

circulation in the Army camps of the Southwest Pacific. Often, hungry for print, Rogers had read it from cover to cover, from a wartime recipe for lamb curry to a new and smart way to knit an afghan. He had laughed about it with Margaret; now she occasionally sent him a copy as a reminder.

Marty took the magazine and thanked Rogers for it. He sat down on the bed opposite him.

"This'll give me something to read tonight." He shook his head. "Twenty-one bloody hours to go."

"You asked for it. What are you bitching about?"

"I was a jerk. There ought to be some easier way to earn three and a half."

Rogers was a little surprised. His own outfit worked rotating shift and there was a good deal of trading, but he had never heard that anyone asked, or paid, money for the favor. It gave a rather mercenary air to what should be a friendly transaction.

"This way," Marty explained, "next week I get two days off and I get the dough, too."

"What are you crying about, then?"

"I need the money," Marty said sadly, as if this were explanation enough. He glanced at the magazine.

"I ain't seen one of these in a long time," he remarked.

"My girl sends it to me."

"You got a girl over there, huh?"

"Yes. We're going to be married, after the duration."

"Some of them were pretty nice, those Aussie chicks. I figured you was over there somewhere first time I see you. You got that atabrine tan. You look as yellow as a window shade with the sun behind it. I had it myself when I come back. I went over in January, '42. Jeez, I'll never forget the day we landed."

"No. They're wonderful people."

"Too right," Marty said. He fingered the magazine. "Was you ever in Rocky?"

"A couple of times. I just passed through."

"I was wondering if you ever knew a GI named Krupnick that was stationed there before he went to Guinea."

"I was only there a few minutes each time."

"He was a tall, skinny guy with pants that always sagged. He was a corporal. I just thought maybe you might of run into him."

"No," Rogers said. "I don't think I did."

"Those Aussie chicks they really went for Krupnick. He was married and had two kids but it didn't bother him none. What a bastard!" he said admiringly. "We used to buddy together. He was a Polack or something like that, I don't know. I guess he saved my life once; he was always doing some damn thing. He was over six feet. Over there he grew a mustache, great big curly black thing, waxed the ends. Tall guy, always laughing. You must of seen him."

"No," Rogers said. "I'm sure. You know how

it is. You don't know many fellows but your friends."

"Oh, sure," Marty conceded unwillingly. He added: "I guess nobody much remembers Krupnick now except me."

His face looked as if his mind were attacking an unsolvable and offensive problem.

"What about him?" Rogers asked.

"Krupnick? Nothing."

"Where is he now?"

"Oh, he's dead."

"That's rough."

"As a cob," Marty said negligently. "Thanks for the book."

"Marty," Rogers remembered to ask, "was there any mail for me this morning?"

"No."

"It's come?"

"Sure."

"And I didn't get anything?"

"No."

Marty walked down the aisle brandishing the magazine, which he had rolled into a tube, as if it were a stick he was using to ward off an attack by phantom beasts.

Watching him go, Rogers wondered about the mysterious Krupnick, who, unattractive as he sounded, had meant so much to the ward boy.

Then, primed by the familiar names and the use of Australian idioms which had clung like burrs to the speech of the resentful GI tourists, it came; the torrent of memory, longing, and fear he had managed to hold in check all that morning. Contemptuously now it swept over his weak dikes of logic, detachment, and common sense. It had not begun to subside when another patient, robe flying, arms waving, rushed down the aisle of the bay rejoicing at the punctual miracle of the hour:—

"Hey, you guys!" he shouted. "Chow!"

5

THE trees shook music from their leaves, the moon rose with the sound of flutes, the river stirred with the throb of cellos. Tenderly the Boy embraced the Girl; wistfully he sang of his love for her; gently, at the end of thirty-two bars, he kissed her. He kissed her; the trees smiled with the violins, the moon was an exultant trumpet, joyfully the restless river drummed approval.

This tawdry episode brought Rogers to the edge of his seat. As the Boy sang, silently he sang too; when the boy's hand tightened on the Girl's soft back, Rogers's hand gripped the greasy wood of the folding chair in front of him.

That morning he had planned to spend the afternoon reading, but the promise of release from the hospital and his chagrin at receiving no mail had made him restless. He had decided to attend the showing of the movie in Ward Six. He had been

overseas nearly two years; he must have seen as many B movies as any man alive, but he needed distraction.

Sitting in the half-dark ward among the other lounging patients, he discovered that his stratagem had succeeded beyond expectation. When the restive camera, turning to Mexico, broke the spell, the dismayed Rogers found stinging sentimental tears in his eyes.

He settled back in his chair. At the end of the reel, he slipped out of the room.

What an extraordinary reaction! he thought. I'm not that lonely. Space can be bridged. War ends some day. He started down the long, empty corridor for his own ward.

He had taken only a few steps before the real cause of his weakness announced itself. His thighs started to ache sharply, and he was for a moment so nauseated he had to stop and lean against the wall for support.

That fool disease! Another night of illness before the atabrine could suppress the parasites. Another week of tedium in the hospital. He had no illusions as to the weight of his contribution to the war—a sergeant in the Air Force was surely the ultimate in anonymity—but his job was interesting, and he had looked forward to getting back to work. No work now; just the job of facing the questionable future, the menacing isolation, without even the weapon of routine. His mind felt as if it had sprawled down a flight of stairs. He began to shiver with the premonitory stirrings of the attack.

He resumed his sluggish pilgrimage to the ward, which now loomed as a faraway haven at the end of the dreadful corridors. Frequently it was necessary for him to stop to regain some slight control of his trembling body.

He had the disordered gait of a drunk as he trudged down the halls. After what seemed to him a week of struggle, he reached the ward and opened the door. This was nightmare. Somewhere he had taken the wrong turning and had come to the wrong place. Baffled, tired, he closed the door.

He glanced around the corridor to orient himself. Doing so, he noticed the numerals on the door facing and discovered that he had been right after all. It was his ward. Puzzled, he reopened the door.

Since all the wards looked alike, it took little to distinguish or disguise them. Rogers found that his bewilderment had been due to a slight change in the appearance of the ward made since he had left for the movies. At one of the private rooms, bright red "No Smoking" signs had been tacked up. An olive-drab gas cylinder stood against the wall. It had taken so little to mislead him.

The significance of the changes did not hit him until he was almost at the door of the room. He looked inside.

The oxygen tent, of rubber, fabric, and plastic, obscured the boy's face. Rogers had only the impression of tousled hair and half-closed eyes. The

patient's body was bare to the waist. His shoulders were so thin, his flesh so youthfully clear and rosy, that Rogers felt a twinge of anger. He had so little with which to fight disease; why wasn't he stronger? His slender hands lay half-curved at his sides, like a sick child's. Why weren't they fists?

The Captain sat watching the boy. He did not turn as Rogers stopped outside the door.

The girl was nowhere in evidence. Rogers did not worry the thought; he was thankful he could not see her long, piteous face.

Irrepressible shivers reminded him of his own plight. He walked down the aisle to the wonderful bed. There were no other patients in the bay. Still wearing his robe, he lay down and pulled his blanket over him.

Soon the shuddering became uncontrollable and continuous. His body ached. It was icy. His mind seethed with helpless anger. He had been attacked unfairly.

Marty, wandering down the aisle with a dustpan in his hand, was the first to discover Rogers's condition. He stared at him a moment. Without asking questions, he went away and returned with more blankets, great warm hands of comfort. The doctor appeared. He carried a glass and three of the brilliant yellow little atabrine tablets.

"Take these," he said.

"I can't," Rogers managed to say. His damned teeth were chattering. "I can't keep them down."

"You can try."

That morning Rogers had been on easy terms with the doctor. Now he hated him. The arid, but neat and spacious, world of thought and observation he had built for himself against the terrors of loneliness and despair had, at the first casual nudge of the cold fingers of his malady, collapsed. The doctor was no longer someone to watch, judge, respect. He was impersonal and unreasonable authority. Furious, Rogers obediently swallowed the pills. Seconds later, as he had predicted, he — Rogers the Looker-on, who appeared most often to himself as a free, impartial, and not unintelligent man — was as impetuously sick as a puppy.

"Oh, my," the doctor said mildly.

Rogers looked at his watch. Fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had left the movie — so long does it take to strip a man of his flimsy dignities.

"We'll try again later," the doctor said.

"I'll be all right." And somehow the certainty that his illness was not at all serious, that really he would be all right, only intensified his exasperation at it.

The Captain left Rogers to Marty's care.

"Feeling crook, huh?" Marty said in a cheerful voice, apparently more happy at the rediscovery of the Australian phrase than sympathetic toward Rogers.

"Go away, will you?" Rogers said unreasonably. Marty left him.

The chill would continue possibly two hours

before the warm tide of fever would first alleviate it and then supersede it with a nastiness of its own. The time stretched before him like an endless ribbon, like the future, like the straight corridors of nightmare.

Marty returned with hot-water bottles. He placed them close to Rogers's shuddering body. They did well by their patients here: Rogers was covered by eight woolen blankets, the hot-water bottles nestled like little warm dogs at his back and stomach and feet. It was not enough; the shivering continued.

Up the ward a radio was playing, as it always did, at top volume. It was in its way as insistent as the shaking which possessed Rogers. The twentieth century knew music such as Mozart, the jerk, never dreamed of: —

"If you're sad,
If you're gay,
Eat your Oaties every day."

Rogers drew his head under the blankets, a turtle with a woolen shell. Relentlessly, the radio penetrated there: —

"Men will love
Wives if they
Feed them Oaties every day."

Rogers was so miserable that it did not occur to him to ask Marty to change the program (switching the radio off altogether was a concession offered only to death). His shuddering increased in violence until, farcically, the steel bed started to jingle under the weight of his straining body. This offered an accompaniment to the idiot refrain: —

"Soldiers all,
Hear them say,
'Give me Oaties every day.'"

Rogers turned back the covers and looked at his watch. Three minutes had passed.

"Mildred," the radio suddenly demanded, "have you noticed a change in my complexion lately?"

The garrulous thing answered itself: "Why yes, Leota, I had. It is so fresh, so silky firm. How do you do it, Leota?" "Goodness, Mildred, it's no secret. I simply take Sabes every day." "You mean that wonderful new laxative preparation that people everywhere are talking about, Leota?" "Yes, Mildred. Safe, mild and effective, Sabes comes in three different sized packages." "What did you say the name was, Leota?" "Sabes, the last two letters of U.S.A., the first three of *best*. You can buy it at any drugstore. Simply ask your druggist for Sabes. Don't forget — the last two letters of U.S.A., the first three of *best*. Why, where are you going, Mildred?" "I'm going right down to the drugstore, Leota, to buy myself a package of Sabes."

Listening helplessly to this colloquy, shivering in the noisy bed, Rogers found laughter.

The other patients returned from the movie and,

later, the swimming party. To Rogers their casual voices blended with that of the radio and made a single Voice, an adversary. Presently they left for the evening meal.

It was about this time that the doctor came to tell Rogers that the laboratory had made its report on the smears. The result was, of course, already apparent.

6

THE others came back from supper. Rogers caught part of a conversation:—

"I guess he's had it."

"The guy in the room? He's pretty sick."

"She's been through the wringer, all right."

"Yes. Rough."

So the girl must be back at her sentry duty. Stupid. What did she hope to accomplish? Patience was irrelevant to the struggle beneath the monstrous helmet. How did she see it? That her own tenacity might flow, a sort of moral osmosis, into the unprepared pink torso? She was wrong, that girl. Actually, it was appalling that she should be allowed to loiter there. It gave you a creepy feeling. Couldn't she get it through her long head that her husband was going to die? (Rogers, his fever rising, was sure of it.)

Indignant, he scrambled from the bed and lurched down the aisle. The offensive creature stood exactly as he had seen her first that morning, slumped wearily against the white wall. She was not, however, smoking. Her hands were clenched into tight fists.

There she stood, and she was Margaret, she was Penelope, she was all the obdurate waiting women. In common decency, he needed words to tell her that he understood; that when her husband died she would not mourn alone; that he, too, a stranger, was involved in the struggle beneath the helmet.

This maudlin intention was interrupted by a question he did not catch. It was repeated:—

"And just what do you think you're doing?"

He looked at the speaker. It was a small, square-jawed woman in white who stood directly before him, as unexpectedly as if she had suddenly materialized there. She was a sturdy and businesslike person. He had never, to his recollection, seen her before.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't know you. Who are you?"

"I'm the night nurse." He had seen her every night of the previous week. "You're Rogers, aren't you? You're not allowed up. What are you doing out of bed?"

"I just wanted to see about him," Rogers said, and indicated the sick man's room.

"And what good did you think that would do, I'd like to know?"

"No good. No good at all," Rogers said. The waiting girl had been listening incuriously to the

argument. She stared at Rogers now with some surprise, then shrugged her shoulders and went into her husband's room. Rogers realized that his behavior had been rather erratic.

The nurse had her own explanation. "Listen, Sergeant," she said. "If you need to go to the latrine, just tell the ward boy. He'll bring a bedpan."

Rogers's inner turbulence boiled into speech:—

"I know. I'm not a child. My name is Sergeant Rogers, I'm a soldier, I'm an enlisted man, I'm a serial number, I'm a card at the foot of my bed, I'm a light case of malaria. I have a first name, and it's Jerry, but no one knows it. That boy's dying, and there's only one little girl between him and death and I want to tell her I'm sorry."

The nurse listened with interest and no trace of alarm. "The boy is not dying, Sergeant," she said. "You can lower your voice when you speak to me. And you can get back to bed. You're behaving like a fool."

She was absolutely right, and the knowledge did little to restore Rogers's composure. The aching throat, the misty eye. He hunted for an answer.

The nurse's temper was rising. "Are you going back to bed, right now, or shall I call the Officer of the Day?"

Rogers denied her a complete victory. The door to the latrine was close at hand. Impulsively he dodged into that sanctuary. He heard the nurse's footsteps click up the hall toward the office. He wondered if he might have to face a court-martial as a result of the distasteful incident. He rested his head on the littered shelf above the washbasins and fought for self-control.

After a moment, Marty entered the latrine. "Hey," he said, "you want to get busted? That old bag was ready to throw the book at you, but I talked her out of it. You better get back to bed."

"I just wanted to know how that boy was. That's no crime, is it?"

"What's he to you?"

"Nothing. I don't even know his name. I just hate to think that he's being so sick."

"Jeez," Marty said. "Get your head out. What of it? Scared he'll die? Why should you blow your top? They do it every day. Half the guys I graduated from high school with, they're dead. My girl friend's two brothers they both got theirs in Normandy the same day. You're bucking for a section eight, Mac."

"I'm just old-fashioned," Rogers said savagely. "It matters to me." But Marty was right.

Marty went on: "Besides, pneumonia you can pick up in an air-conditioned movie. All over the world guys are getting killed and you stand here stewing over some jerk that probably didn't have sense enough to get out of the rain. I don't get it. Save your sympathy for somebody's got real troubles. Look at that guy I knew, Krupnick, that I told you about. He didn't have to go on that task force. My name was on the orders when they first come out

but the sad bastard talked the CO out of it and got his on because I was about to get shackled up with a babe over there and he wanted to do me a favor. Brother, did he do me a favor! He got his name on orders one morning, the plane took off that night, and before midnight the Navy was calling up to say they was sorry but they just happened to shoot down one of our ships. No more Krupnick."

"Oh, God, Marty, I'm sorry," Rogers said.

Marty slapped his hands together loudly, as meaningful a comment on inexplicable fate as any other.

"So you're sorry," he said. "Let's get back to bed before she gets the OD on both of us."

And Rogers let himself be led, a captured mongrel, out of the latrine and, before the eyes of the triumphant, sensible nurse, back to his bed.

"About that guy up there," Marty said. "He's a lot better. He'll be all right."

"Thanks."

7

MALARIA is a punctual disease. Rogers's attacks started around two o'clock in the afternoon, reached their climax of delirious fever at nine or ten. By midnight he would be resting fairly comfortably. The next morning only a splitting headache and a nerveless weakness would remind him of the seizure. At two the following afternoon, if the disease was not tended, nausea and mental depression would herald its recurrence.

It was nearly eight when Marty led him back to bed. His temperature then stood at 104 degrees. There it stayed for almost an hour, then resumed its climb, reaching, for a few minutes after ten o'clock, 106.4 degrees; Rogers was then, momentarily anyhow, a very sick man. When the fever fell, it fell rapidly, and before midnight was only a shade above normal.

Rogers was not fully conscious throughout the period. He knew that his temperature was being taken, recognized the nurse, a kindly creature now, as she removed some of the intolerable blankets. Further physical wanderings were impossible. He saw Marty make occasional trips to his bedside and spoke to him, but he had almost completely lost contact with actuality: he was in Peru.

The hallucinatory visions which accompany the fever of malaria are like all other dreams, full of vivid and intricate symbols. Rogers in his reading had picked up the phrase "the Peruvian mountains." In his fever he journeyed over the jagged equatorial heights, and with him were all the people who had occupied his attention that day: Margaret, the girl in the hall, the nurse, the doctor, Marty.

The stinking, sweating yellow animal that he had become remained in the bed in the hospital: it was an impalpable Rogers who sought lost cities and the truth. He added Margaret and the girl in the hall, and the equation equaled Penelope. Marty cried his bewildered pain to him, the doctor ripped from his strong face a suffocating mask; finally a new day dawned, serene, brilliant, and cool, on the pallid heights. Rogers trembled with wonder and humility at complex miracles which, waking presently, he forgot.

It was almost midnight when he did wake. A soft radiance lay on the ceiling of the ward. It was unreal, a sort of stage trick, merely the reflection of a street lamp, but its artificiality made it, for Rogers, no less enchanting. To lie in the dark bed and gaze at the luminous ceiling was like being at the shadowy bottom of a deep pool looking at the sunlit surface above.

Rogers heard his name whispered. "Rogers, you awake?"

"Yes."

Marty's fingers made a fragile cage of coral for his flashlight. "I've brought you fresh pajamas," he said.

The bed and his clothing were damp with sweat. "Thanks," Rogers said.

"How goes it?"

"I'm okay now."

"A letter come for you this afternoon." He dug in his pocket and handed it to Rogers. The flashlight showed the familiar beloved handwriting, the "Par Avion" air-mail sticker.

"Thanks. Thanks a lot."

"Need anything else?"

"I could use some ice water."

"Coming up."

Rogers changed into the rough, clean pajamas. Far down the ward the radio was still going, turned as low as possible, like the stir of an insect. Its owner slept heedless of the sound.

Marty returned with the water. He handed it to Rogers.

"Seven bloody hours to go," he said, as Rogers drank.

"Tell me something, Marty," Rogers said. "Why do you need money so bad?"

"My two days off," Marty said. "I'm going to see my kids."

"I didn't know you were married."

"I ain't," Marty replied with whispered truculence. "They ain't my kids. They're Krupnick's." He noticed the radio. "Those damn guys," he said. He went to switch it off, but before he did, listened a moment to a tiny voice retailing the news of the hour. All was going well, the armies were advancing, a battle had been won, the cost was not excessive.

EDUCATION AND THE TRAINING OF CHARACTER

by SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

1

IF THERE were such things as Political Shows, machinery for the preservation of peace would be among the exhibits. There, in a row, would stand a succession of designs from the Holy Alliance (and earlier) down to the League of Nations, Treaties, Pacts, Covenants, Concerts of Europe, Military Conventions, Disarmament Projects, all of which began in hope and ended in failure. Many of them are powerful, many ingenious, but none have worked. Are the projects of our generation for preserving peace to be equally unsuccessful? It depends on whether we diagnose rightly the cause of our past failures.

Better institutions are greatly to be desired, but the efficiency of institutions, as of machines, depends on those who operate them. The fate of a new League or Concert of Nations will depend on those who work it. The evils of the world do not come, except in a minor degree, from bad political machinery and will not be cured by improving it. There is a truer philosophy in the Epistle of St. James. "From whence," he asks, "come wars and fightings among you?" "Because," we answer, "the Disarmament Conference failed, or the League of Nations was imperfect, or no one had thought of Federal Union, or Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy was weak." St. James was not the most intellectual of the Apostles, but his reply is more to the point: "Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members? Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have." The language may be old-fashioned, but here is the plain truth. Fundamentally the political problem is a problem of human character.

Let those who doubt this truism read any period of history in detail. I emphasize the words "in detail." It is one of our greatest errors in studying history that we generally study it on a small scale, in textbooks

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and outlines of history. They have their value, but they leave us with little idea of what history is. In the textbook, history appears simple — much too simple. It becomes an affair of years, not, as it is in the making, of weeks, days, hours. The struggles, agonies, passions, and uncertainties of the time disappear; the lines and wrinkles are smoothed out, leaving a characterless and rather uninteresting face. Issues which at the time were confused seem clear, denouements obvious and inevitable, and we never realize how near to failure were triumphs that to us seem easy, or how close to success were complete and disastrous failures. The mischances and blunders of statesmen astonish us and we shut the book saying, like Puck, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

Such is history, read even in the best textbooks and outlines. They show only tendencies, trends, movements, results; they give the scheme of events as an aerial photograph gives the shape and plan of a town, but they reveal no more of what really happens than such a photograph reveals of the human life actually lived in the streets and houses of the town. To know that, you must leave your aeroplane, walk through the streets, enter the houses, and meet and mix with the inhabitants. Read textbooks by all means; but you will learn infinitely more from reading Macaulay or the three volumes of Trevelyan's *England Under Queen Anne*. There you will see what history is and what determines its course.

There are many determining factors: geography and geology, climate, economic conditions, scientific discovery; but above all there is the too often forgotten element of human nature. Not merely the accident of individual genius — the appearance of a Cromwell or a Chatham, a Frederick or a Napoleon, a Washington or a Lincoln — but the working of more ordinary human nature: intellectual qualities — wisdom, intelligence, judgment, foresight, and their opposites; but still more, moral qualities — disinterestedness, courage, honesty, a sense of justice and fair play, patience and self-mastery and the power to endure and wait and persevere in a clearly seen purpose, and *their* opposites: greed, ambition, vanity, pride, jealousy, bad temper, the uncontrolled tongue, the faint heart, the desire for ease and comfort. All these factors, eliminated from outline histories, are

revealed under the microscope of a detailed study and are seen to be main determinants of the course of the world for achievement or frustration, success or failure, good or evil. Man is the real problem, the old, the modern problem; for the new world is not so new: humanity changes its clothes but not its nature; Adam puts on a more elaborate and complicated dress but remains the old Adam.

At this point a reader may say: "We have heard all this before: one cannot open a paper without finding someone saying that civilization is in danger of destruction because our growth in knowledge has far outstripped our growth in character. Why labor truisms which no one denies? You are preaching to the converted and boring them."

I admit the justice of the criticism: I am talking truisms. But do we believe them to be true? And if so, why do we not do more about it? Why do we not try to bring our characters up to the level of our knowledge? Why do we not take seriously the words of Ruskin: "Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave." As it is, though the future of civilization depends on an improvement in human character and conduct, we leave the problem almost untouched, and devote our energies to constructing political machinery, ignoring the brittle human nature which so easily snaps, throwing the whole factory out of working.

Progress in engineering has come largely from improved metals; the maker of an aeroplane or an automobile knows that success depends on the quality of his materials as well as on his manufacturing technique. Equally, progress in politics and life depends on getting improved human material — men who will keep the laws and covenants which are so easy to construct. The makers of states have yet to realize this, or at any rate to act as if they did. Innumerable books have been recently written about the future of the world and the problem of peace; they have discussed every conceivable economic and political project; but how many of them have shown any perception of the obvious truth that human character is the most important element in the problem, or devoted any thought to the question of its improvement?

Or look at education. Since the war, there has been a keener perception of its importance, a livelier interest in it; but the interest has been (at least in England) mainly in educational machinery — types of schools, curricula, and so forth — not in that major task of education, the improvement of character. Educators seem interested in providing for everything except the most important ingredient in life. Some schools, no doubt, do provide for it well; some do so moderately; none probably would disclaim it as one of their aims. But there is nothing in our modern educational theory comparable to Plato's *Republic* — still the greatest of all books on education. For Plato saw what we ignore, not only that educa-

tion is the basis of the state, but that the ultimate aim and essence of education is the training of *character* — to be achieved by the discipline of the body, the will, and the intelligence; therefore, he planned his whole scheme to this end, yet in such a manner that intellectual education was in no way distorted or ignored, that the intellectual and the moral coincided. We, where we attack the problem at all, do so in an amateur and haphazard way.

It is not surprising that human character has not improved, for we have never taken its improvement seriously in hand. We have spent time and careful thought on physical health; but what have we done comparable for the health of the character? Our system of spiritual or ethical medicine (if I may so phrase it) is in much the same position as medicine itself in the eighteenth century: good in patches, but wholly inadequate and generally unprogressive, and needing, if any real advance is to be made, hard thought, exact study, and methodical treatment.

2

THREE objections will probably be made to the suggestion that we should do more to train human character for its tasks in the world. It will be said that we already do it; that it cannot be done; that it is very dangerous to attempt it.

Let us consider these objections in turn. Something has been done, it is true, to train human character; and here and there a success has been achieved which shows what immense advances are within our power if the problem is taken seriously. But in general the garden of school remains one tended by conscientious men, who are content with things as they are, but who have never considered whether methods of cultivation cannot be radically improved and better varieties of flowers produced. If anyone really thinks that we are tackling the problem effectively, he has only to open his eyes and look at the world, not ignoring his own people. *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*

But we need not therefore exchange complacency for despair, or agree with critics who say that nothing can be done, that character cannot be changed, that men are fettered in the prison of human nature. We are like the man in Mark Twain's story who spent sixteen years in jail and then opened the door, which had been unlocked all the time, and walked out; we are in a prison in which humanity has been content to serve a needlessly long sentence and from which, with rather more effort, it could with little difficulty escape. For the remarkable thing is how easy it is to train character. Indeed, it is alarmingly easy. Consider what Hitler, who has justly been called an "arch-educationist," did in six years with German youth. Or turning to the school, consider what Thomas Arnold of Rugby did, partly by the force of his character, partly by means deliberately chosen, but without an elaborate study of the problem.

I have much more sympathy with the third type of critic, who says that the molding of character is too dangerous an operation to undertake. But I note that his attitude is that of the servant in the Parable of the Talents, who was alarmed at the adventurous methods of his fellow servants, took no risks with his talent, and was condemned for not making use of his opportunities. And in fact you cannot educate a child at all without forming its mind. Do sensible parents bring up their children as greedy, dirty, cruel, selfish, false? Be as libertarian as you will, you are still "prejudicing" the mind in a particular direction — to libertarianism; the choice is yours, not the child's. You are "conditioning" it to feel that a certain atmosphere, which you approve, is good, and that its opposite is bad.

If we really wish a child to grow up unwarped by any external influence, we must take a leaf out of the book of the Egyptian king who, wishing to discover the natural language of men, "took two newborn children and gave them to a shepherd to bring up among his flocks. He gave charge that none should speak any word in their hearing; they were to lie by themselves in a lonely hut, and in due season the shepherd was to bring goats and give the children their milk. Psammetichus did this because he wished to hear what speech would first come from the children's lips, when they had passed the age of indistinct babbling." Our libertarians are less thorough in their experiments than Psammetichus.

Of course, any attempt to train character is dangerous and must be undertaken with full perception of its danger. Many notes must be harmonized if the full music of the human instrument is to sound: gentleness and courage, boldness and prudence, inquisitiveness and reverence, tolerance and firmness, confidence and humility, stability and freedom. It is a difficult and risky attempt to make a man, and it is tempting to turn aside from the task. But we have only to look round to see the disastrous results of declining it, as, for the most part, we have hitherto done.

But there is, I believe, a sign of coming change, no greater at the moment than the "little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand," which Elijah saw in the rainless skies over Carmel. The last war produced the phrase "self-determination," out of which little good came. This war has produced another phrase, the "re-education" of enemy countries (in the last war we never talked of re-educating Germany), and the word has a significance beyond its surface meaning. It is the first sign that we are beginning to appreciate the true nature of the political problem, and to see that it is a question of human nature rather than of organization. It is only a hint: the idea at present is vague and limited to the re-education of our enemies. We have not yet decided what re-education means or how it is to be done, much less made any start with it; nor have we considered that we ourselves as well as Germany and Japan may need re-education. But the emergence of the phrase

is significant of things to come. Re-education is what the world needs. It can be achieved only if we attack it frontally with clear knowledge of the aim in view and exact consideration of the best means to achieve it.

3

IN a future not, one hopes, too distant, we may see something in education corresponding to the practice of medicine. If a person is inclined to bronchitis, if he is weak in some of his organs, — his heart, say, or his lungs, — a doctor prescribes for him a certain regimen. If he is rheumatic, he is warned not to do certain things and is told to do certain other things. In physical medicine a treatment is devised to preserve health and to guard against the particular disease to which the individual is inclined. Might we not, should we not, have a similar aim and comparable treatment in education to preserve the health of the character? Parents and, to some extent, schoolmasters try to produce antidotes to the undesirable tendencies of their pupils, but might not that practice be carried much further? Might we not devise a system of education which shall try to cure the weaknesses to which human beings are inclined, and to encourage the virtues which they require? We do it to some extent, but might we not do it much more methodically and scientifically? No doubt a system of moral or spiritual medicine would be uncertain and tentative, but so also is physical medicine.

How should we proceed? We should decide what virtues we require and the best way to develop them. We should note the merits and defects of our own and other nations and try to discover their origins. We should consider the special weaknesses of our own age, the peculiar temptations and dangers, moral and spiritual, to which it is exposed, and how to counteract them. We shall get increasing help from psychologists, indispensable though dangerous advisers, whose theories may be advantageously checked by common sense, by the practical knowledge of which a great store is locked up in the minds of active teachers, and by the study of actual experiments in "teaching men to behave as they do not behave," in the making of character.

All great educational thinkers have been interested in the problem, but experiments are more instructive than theories, because theories show what is hoped, experiments what is achieved. Some of these experiments show how much can be done when a real attempt is made to mold character. One of the most interesting examples comes from England. It is unfortunate that Thomas Arnold, the great headmaster of Rugby, is best known in the present age from Lytton Strachey's caricature. A real introduction to the man and his work can be found in the *Life* written by one of his pupils, Dean Stanley. There we see an educator who knew what he wanted to do, held that education is, above all, concerned

with character, and believed that character must be trained through the intellect as well as in other ways.

Arnold was as wholehearted in his aim as Plato, but his methods are less thought out, and they belong more to his own time. He is the greatest figure in English education, and he created an ideal, a type, and a method which have profoundly influenced the nation and still persist. One would study also such different experiments in character-making as that of Vittorino da Feltre, and the training of a Jesuit, and many more, past and present. They must be studied objectively and without prejudice, with an eye to their failures and defects as well as to their success, that we may know not only what to imitate but what to avoid. Nor should we omit experiments that we may mistrust or condemn, such as those of Soviet Russia (of which we know very little at first hand) or of Nazi Germany.

Finally, we may learn something from a remarkable experiment to which England has recently been forcibly submitted. Since 1939 we have had an education in behavior which may have done little for our knowledge or brains but has had a powerful and mainly beneficial effect on our characters. It has been given outside our schools and universities and by a rough teacher — the war. Britain between 1940 and 1945 was a better country than in 1939. There was infinitely less "passive barbarism"; there was some of the littleness of man but far more of his greatness, in both sexes and in all classes and ranks of life. That is suggestive and instructive. If we note what has given us this new spirit in war, we might devise means that would keep it alive in the difficult world of peace.

War gives a twofold education. It imposes a great common purpose on a nation, which burns up minor and meaner forces in its consuming flame. And it imposes the attitude and conduct which result from a common purpose. The nation becomes something like a society — a band of companions; in fact it becomes a nation. What lessons can our post-war education learn from the schoolmaster, war? How can we retain in peace these two things which war has temporarily taught us: a great common aim and the spirit of fellowship?

4

I AM proposing a methodical and thorough preparation for an important operation, and the following remarks are not intended to be anything but very elementary first aid. I suggest that there are two main elements of character training and that the work is incomplete if either is neglected; and I ask you to consider whether we take much trouble about either.

The first element is training in social behavior, a difficult and generally neglected task. Self-centered, self-willed creatures as most of us naturally are, it is our fate to be citizens, members of a community. Men are born to four citizenships: they should be

able to live as good members of their family, of their community, of their nation, and of the whole human society. How many of the world's troubles can be traced to a failure in one or other of these citizenships — to our never mastering the art of living with others, in the family, in the community, in the nation, in international relations! I have put them in order of ascending difficulty; in the art of living as good members of the human race, men have almost everything to learn.

Here I am speaking only of citizenship in the accepted sense — membership of a nation. It means that we must learn to live with others and respect their rights and feelings. It also means that we have to play a part in the community, make a contribution to it, often accept the decision of a majority which goes against our private interests, opinions, and desires. Otherwise the community will not prosper and may not survive, and in its shipwreck we shall be drowned.

Democracy, more than any other form of government, needs good citizenship. Under an absolutism or a dictatorship, men are forced to fall into line. But in a democracy things are not so simple. Freedom is of the essence of democracy: the completer the democracy, the completer the freedom. But it has to be the freedom of service self-chosen and sometimes of sacrifice self-imposed. That is not the instinct of the natural man; yet somehow that habit has to be acquired. If it is not acquired, the state goes to pieces, and in the end the autocrat appears who coerces its citizens into the duties which they were not willing of themselves to assume.

Here is the explanation of the breakdown of democracy in so many countries of the world. If citizenship does not exist, it has to be imposed. That is a stage through which every nation has to pass. At some time of its history it must go to school and learn the discipline, self-control, team spirit, and other qualities necessary if liberty is to be enjoyed. Hence certain aspects of Fascism, Nazism, Communism, and the authoritarian element in the present government of China. They are stages in the making of national character, a training in qualities indispensable for national existence.

When I say this I may be accused of being a Nazi or a Fascist, these being at the moment, naturally enough, terms of popular abuse. But the charge will be unjust. I have no doubt that democracy is incomparably better than Fascism or Nazism, and that the human race will always move towards it, as the highest form of human society. But it is the most difficult form and it needs certain qualities whose rarity is shown by its frequent collapse. The Anglo-Saxon democracies seem to possess them. We seem to have acquired a sufficient quantum of public spirit, justice, fair play, consideration for others, to make democracy work.

Yet I doubt if there is much margin to spare. In England we are justly proud when we think of the men in the Forces, of the spontaneous self-creation

of the Home Guard and Air Raid Wardens services, of the conduct of the ordinary person in a queue, of the general law-abiding spirit of the people. We feel less comfortable when we reflect on the black market, pilfering, profiteering both by employers and by employed, workers absenting themselves from work for fear that they may earn enough money to be liable for income tax. How can we confirm our virtues and cure our weaknesses and make liberty and democracy secure? What is education doing about it? What can it do?

There is only one way to learn social habits: by living a life in which such habits automatically develop. Live in a society and in most cases you will become a social being. That is the secret of the British boarding school, the finest factory of citizenship in existence. Boarding schools, like everything else, have their defects, but they do train people to be members of a society; in them the egotist and careerist are discouraged; the individualist discovers the existence of other pebbles on the beach and learns how to fit in with them. A boy finds himself a member of something greater than himself and learns loyalty and service to it. These are the qualities of the good citizen.

Unfortunately in England we have given this or any other training to only a tiny minority, and have turned 80 per cent of the population out on the world at fourteen. The miracle is that they are in general so good; for their defects we are more to blame than they. We should give to the many some equivalent of the training that we have given to a few. Then we need have no fears for democracy.

We are beginning to give such a training. Let me mention some instances and suggest some possibilities. First in time and high in importance is the nursery school, where in infant years the child learns to live in a community. Then the day school, through school societies and common activities, makes its contribution, though in the nature of things it can do much less than the boarding school. The more democratic its internal government, the more its pupils learn to manage their own lives, the better. May not some day schools in the future develop boarding departments, where a boy can spend some part of his school life? But, without this, school camps and camp schools can do valuable work. Scouts and Guides and Youth Movements are important schools of citizenship. Churches, guilds, trade and professional associations, trade-unions — all organizations in which men live as part of something greater than themselves — contribute. A period of national service bringing all classes together in a common life would carry it on. Finally, residential adult colleges would crown it.

5

SO FAR I have argued that we should give everyone a training in the habit of citizenship, I have suggested

that we have neglected to do this, and I have indicated some means by which it might be done. It is an indispensable part of the equipment needed by every citizen. But it is not the only equipment that he needs. Good citizenship and low civilization can go together. The Spartans in the ancient world, the Nazis in the modern, are examples of admirable public spirit and complete devotion to the state. Yet Sparta was not a high civilization, nor do we wish to become a second Nazi Germany.

Without social training no character is prepared for life. But by itself it is incomplete and even dangerous, unless concurrently men learn to take a master, and the right master. If you ask what I mean by this, I will point to an example where civilized men have taken a master, to their great advantage and advancement. He can be found, presiding, unseen, in any true law court. For in accepting law, men disregard private prejudices and preferences, to serve voluntarily a master called Justice, who is the independent voice of Reason, that judge and litigant alike obey. It is the highest spiritual achievement of collective humanity; "great as are the evils which society still owes to lawyers, the lawyer class has always been a civilizing agency. Their power represents at least the triumph of reason and education over caprice and brute force."

But law governs only a part of human life, and outside its kingdom anarchy reigns. To bring more of life under a great master is a major problem of our time. It hardly arises in societies where the mere burden of making a living masters a man's whole life. It hardly arises in totalitarian states, where a dictator tells his subjects whom and what they are to serve. It is less serious in societies governed by good fixed traditions, which no one questions or criticizes. But it is urgent in a world where the basic needs are satisfied. If it takes no master, the marks of such a world, however prosperous it may be, are lack of purpose and drive, a cynical skepticism unsure of itself, a disabling pessimism; if it takes the wrong master, it may exchange these for more spectacular disasters. The second type is a common phenomenon in history; the first is found only in prosperous civilizations, such as the Roman Empire and the advanced nations of our own day.

Some men do take a master and serve it with devotion: religion, public or social service, art, literature, science or other activities of the mind, politics, power, money. They tend to be contented and, within the limits of their own powers and of their particular master's kingdom, successful — at least they have a clear purpose to occupy their energies and fortify their minds. Others are masterless men, drifting from one allegiance to another, according to the whim and impulse of the moment; there are two classical portraits in literature of this type — Ibsen's Peer Gynt, and Plato's picture, in the *Republic*, of what he calls the "democratic" man. This type is ineffective, ignoble, in the end unhappy, and, as Plato saw and as the rise of Hitler illustrates, the material

out of which, by reaction, dictatorships are made. Most of us probably fall between the two extremes. In judging any individual or nation, the most searching question that can be asked is: "Whom has he taken for master, and how faithful is his service?"

What master should we take? Whom, even when we do not obey him, should we admit to be the legitimate sovereign over the whole of life? I would suggest that we might accept excellence as master. You may dismiss such an idea as a high-brow fancy. But in fact it is a general human instinct and practice to pursue excellence. No woman and few men would be pleased if you said that they did not know the difference between good and bad in dress. People interested in baseball or football are not satisfied to be second-rate. People engaged in commerce and industry would be annoyed if you suggested that their methods and organization were inferior. In everything from games to religion, from gardening to politics, there is a quest for excellence, for the first-rate.

A surgeon or a physician is trained by watching masters of the art at work, and learns from their excellence something unforgettable, not to be learned from lectures or books. In a school of architecture or painting, the pupil is shown in reproduction or otherwise the masterpieces of the art. The same principle holds for the teaching of law, of engineering, of every occupation, whether professional or technical: the learner is or should be brought in touch with the best practice of his art or trade, so that he has a standard to judge by, a mark at which to aim. In everything, we think it essential to know the best, however much we may come short of it. Always, soon or late, humanity turns to excellence as naturally as a flower turns to the sun: mankind crucifies Christ and kills Socrates, and they die amid derision and hatred; but in the end they receive the homage of the world. The first-rate is the accepted goal of humanity.

There are four fields in which excellence is the concern of everyone. First, a man should know the highest standards and best methods in his own job, so that he may do it as well as he can: professional pride, a sense of craftsmanship, are acknowledged virtues. But if he goes no further than this, he is a limited human being. Important parts of civilization are art and architecture, music and literature — flowers that grow out of the nature of man, reveal his character and adorn it; there too we should know what is first-rate and not be taken in by the second- or third-rate.

Next, if we are to have a first-rate community, everyone should know what is first-rate in national life and have an idea of the kind of state a Divine Architect might create with perfect human beings; then he will have an overruling ideal to guide him. With such an ideal, slums, disease, uneducated masses, hideous industrial towns, a disfigured coun-

tryside, would never have been or would have vanished long ago. It is part of patriotism to love the country one has, but part also to know how to make it really worthy of love.

Finally, everyone should know what is first-rate in human character and conduct, for on the achievement of this everything turns. In Plato's *Republic* we read: "Governments vary as the dispositions of men vary. States are made, not out of rocks or trees, but from the dispositions of their citizens which turn the scale and draw everything in their own direction." Most people are fortunate enough to meet living examples of the first-rate in character. But the great sources of our knowledge in this field are religion and the subsidiary realms of literature, history, and the arts. A school or university which fails to show its students something of these models of human excellence sends them into life ignorant of the knowledge which they need most, and neglects the chief duty of education.

To sum up: my thesis has been that in most modern educational schemes the training of character, if not neglected, has been given a subordinate place; that we have very little, if anything, like the concentration on it in Plato's thought and in Arnold's practice; that nowhere have the tactics of attack been methodically thought out, though it is the crucial point and should therefore be the center of our system; that it needs exact and thorough study; and that we ought to undertake this study without delay, for time presses. When the atomic bombs fell on Japan, we had a glimpse of the precipice on whose edge we stand.

Our task in character training falls under two heads. We have to develop the qualities necessary for life in a community. But, by itself, such training has two dangers: it might produce either a world of human bees or ants, efficient but limited and static, or a highly disciplined mass like the Nazi youth, whose social virtues were directed to disastrous ends. Hence the importance of knowing the right end; and the right end is the first-rate in every province of life. This is the greatest of all branches of knowledge, and it should be the center, though it is not the whole, of education.

May not the desire to make first-rate human beings and a first-rate society replace, or rather carry on, the spirit which united and inspired us in the war and be a master whom all would accept? Is not that in itself a sufficient motive for life? To see the vision of excellence, so far as our limitations allow; to get at least a glimpse of the unchanging values of the eternal world as they are revealed in whatever is beautiful and good in the material world of earth; to attempt to make one's infinitesimal contribution towards a society which will embody them more fully than does our own — to do that is to take seriously the tremendous words of Christ: "Be ye therefore perfect, as your Father in Heaven is perfect."

CHALK CREEK SKETCHES

by MARY GRANT

CANYON MOUTH

WEST in the distance the great peaks rise; their dark forms stand
Blocked, trapezoidal, firm, as if charged with power,
The weight of the ranges behind them. Hour by hour
They wear the stifling veils of the heat and sun
In proud imperial ways, with shadows and folds
Purple-gathered; and rains and the blowing sand
Leave them austere, unmoved to gaze upon,
To draw our eyes from the shimmering tans and golds
To coolness and strength.

Even ditch water hurrying by,
Boxed in its straight-dug bed, still seems to bear
With its gliding bubbles something of mountain foam;
In its low swift flow we may even fancy we hear
Echoes of streams down sharp-riven gorges clashing,
Whitening the fretted boulders. The thin and sweet
Pipe of the desert wren may be lost in the cry
Of a wide-winged magpie, suddenly wheeling and flashing,
Strayed from some pine-rough fastness; and shining and bare
At the canyon mouth strange white cliffs gleam; at our feet
Is the swinging mesa road that will lead us there.

PRAIRIE DOG TOWN

IN the shimmer of sun on the sand-flats prairie dogs ran,
Brown as the sand they burrow, awkwardly playing —
Fat forms scurrying, short broad tails of tan —
Where the clumps of sage and the yellow rabbit-brush
Met the dry mud banks, and the slowed stream, swaying
Wide through the marsh, cut the gravel bed by the bridge.
We came on them suddenly, over the graded ridge,
And checked our riding, all in a quick-caught hush,
Sitting there quietly, watching them as they played,
Dodging, circling in ponderous ambushade;
Till, with a horse's start, and a saddle's creaking,
Panic seized them; they scattered in frantic flight;
Brown heads plunged and dived, and fat brown paunches
Bounced and tumbled down sudden tunnels, seeking
Darkness, safety — swallowed up, left and right —
All but one small hero, who, bold in fright,
Panting, stood by his hole, erect on his haunches,
Fixed there by terror or courage, a statued shape,
Black bead eyes shining, and rodent mouth agape,
Dauntlessly squeaking, squeaking.

CHALK CLIFFS

PALE deer pressing by moonlight up white chalk gorges,
Antlers high in the brightness — to what deep glade
Silver-hushed, of aspen or alder shade
Do they hasten? What covert of pine-sweet meadow?
Is it to crop the feathery tender balls
Of thistle silk, or bells of the columbine?
Or are they hurrying, startled and half afraid
At some crisp lizard's dart, awaked from sleeping,
Or the cream-blossomed yucca's sharp-spiked shadow?

So white, so fairy-frail these luminous walls —
Spire and fine-drawn ridge in the mild light steeping,
Blue-folded, all unearthly — that they seem
Like some enchanted city, which a dream
Conjures, of mist transparent, to vanish soon,
Or a far, frosty landscape of the moon,
With deer, thin-antlered, delicately leaping.

END OF SUMMER

Down from their mountain meadows come the sheep,
Fattened, sated with pasture, hundreds crowding
Woolly-herded, filling the valley's cup
With their noise, their discordant bleating — the dust enshrouding
Their mass, slow-moving, choking the white road up;
The black-faced, black-legged lambs make a weaving border,
Running distractedly, darting with plaintive cries,
Not understanding this rudeness, not comprehending
This sudden parting from cool known pastures and skies,
From stillness and flower-sweet grass and streams soft-falling;
The old ones steadier, patient, as if recalling
Earlier journeys, the heat and urging, the din;
Two mongrel dogs, officious, alert, keep order —
Bark at the laggards, race to the sides, forestalling
The darts for freedom, circle the stragglers in.

But the men on horseback relax; their thoughts are bending
To the dry wide streets of the summer-forgotten town:
The gaudy stores; chance chats at a wind-caught corner;
Women and children to see; the thick sweet air
And easy coolness of dim saloons; the bare
Red-painted station where the long freights jerk down
A-shriek at the tunnel, rattling down to the plain.
Soon past the curve of the road and the chalk cliffs yonder,
Over the dusty backs of the plodding sheep,
They might even see it trailing its smoke, its wonder —
Link from the lonely world to man — the train . . .

But behind, to the West, the gray clouds gather and fill
The pointed light of the distant pass; a chill
Small wind at a breath strikes men and sheep as they go.
Sharp down the shale and the rock-bleak cirques of the summits
Are driven the first crisp flakes of the stinging snow.



AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE CHINESE STORY

by JOHN LEIMERT

MY friend, this is how it was. I was at a gathering where a man told the story about the Chinese who dreamed he was a butterfly. He told it reasonably well. He said that a young Chinese fell asleep in a meadow and when he awoke he was sad. His friends asked him what his trouble was and he said, "A while ago when I was asleep I dreamed I was a butterfly. Now I am unhappy because I cannot tell whether I am a man who dreamed he was a butterfly, or a butterfly who dreams he is a man."

Everyone complimented the story and said it was charming, and full of meaning, and beautifully told. I said nothing. The storyteller—his name was Sloan—noticed my reticence and asked for my opinion.

"The meat of the story was there, no doubt," I said, "but the supporting facts were all wrong."

"Is that so?" Sloan said. "I suppose you can correct me?"

"Easily," I said. "The Chinese could not have been a young man because he was a Mandarin, and anyone who knows anything knows that a Mandarin is a man advanced in years. He has to be to have had time to store up the wisdom he has in his head."

"Nor did the Mandarin fall asleep in a meadow. What would a Mandarin be doing in a meadow where everything grows wild and uncultivated, where the bumblebees and the grasshoppers set up a disturbance, and where nothing is calculated for serenity and peace?"

"No," I said, "it was not a meadow. It was the Mandarin's formal garden. He smelled the odor of

chrysanthemums as he slept, the nightingales sang, and he was rocked in his barge as it floated on the fragrant waters.

"Nor was it his friends he awoke among, unless a man's concubines are his friends. I have never heard it said so. I never knew anyone, certainly not a man of the Mandarin's years, who chose his concubines as he does his friends, for loftiness of mind and nobility of character. It would be unreasonable to expect young and beautiful girls to have such attainments."

"Another thing wrong with your version of the story," I said to Sloan, "is that a man's friends would be so used to seeing him sad that they would not bother to comment on it. With his concubines, it would be different. They would expect him to wake up refreshed, and happy, and contented. If he did not, what would he want concubines for? Therefore, it would be natural for them to be astonished at the Mandarin's being unhappy, and reasonable for them to ask him why."

"However, you did have the gist of the story, the meat of it. Which is good enough for those who like meat any way it is cooked, or raw, and do not care how heavy it lies on the stomach when they are trying to digest it."

I expected Sloan to be grateful to me for instructing him, but he was not. Just the opposite. Instead of thanking me and admitting it was the way I said, and being glad he could tell the story properly next time, he could scarcely wait for me to finish. So it is with people like Sloan. You go out of your way to help them, and instead of loving you for it, they resent it.

I had barely closed my mouth, and was not certain I had said all I wanted to, before he was telling me how wrong I was. "Oh, no," he said, "that's not the way it was. It was a young man, a meadow, and friends."

The first short story JOHN LEIMERT submitted to the *Atlantic* was "John Thomas's Cube." We declined it, but then, finding that we could not put the story out of mind, we recalled the manuscript and published it in August, 1945. At the same time, we invited Mr. Thomas to come again.

"A Mandarin," I said, "a formal garden, and concubines. I have told it often enough. I ought to know."

"Many times wrong do not make right," Sloan said. He was an unpleasant fellow. "What you have done is to color up the original with fanciful details of your own. To show off what passes with you for learning, no doubt, and to impress your audience."

Now I might have been willing to let the thing drop except for that last remark. And this would have been wrong of me, for when a man comes across an officious, opinionated fool like Sloan, it is his duty to improve him.

"Have it your own way," I said, "if it makes you any happier. Nonetheless, the reason I know the right way to tell the story is that I invented it."

Sloan should have been warned when I said that. There still was time for him to apologize and withdraw. Instead he challenged me.

"You invented it," he said. "That's wonderful. I suppose you have the original manuscript with the date on it attested by a notary?"

You can see the kind of mind and disposition he had. He was not satisfied to confess the truth when he heard it. The psychological impact of veracity was not enough for him. He had to have documents. Not just ordinary, run of the mine documents, either. They had to be certified by a notary.

I decided to give him documents. "Do you believe in the Constitution?" I said.

"What has that got to do with it?"

"You'll find out. Just answer the question. Do you believe in the Constitution?"

"Certainly I do."

"And the Bill of Rights?"

"Yes."

"And the legal principle that a man must be presumed innocent until proved guilty?"

"Without a doubt."

"Very well, then. I invented the story. That is true until you can prove it false. And if I were you, I would find some documents. Some sound, legal, leather-bound documents with all the *i*'s dotted and the semicolons in their proper places."

2

THESE were the events that led up to Sloan's troubles, and I shall always contend that he brought them upon himself. He said nothing more that night, but I could tell by the bleak way he looked at me that he meant business. I was not too disturbed. I believed he would have trouble pinning that story down.

I was not surprised, therefore, that it was some months before I heard from Sloan again. The only news I had of him was at second hand. He was spending all the time he could spare at the public libraries, methodically going through histories of the Chinese,

philosophic sayings, fables, and books of Oriental travel.

He was thorough. At first he only worked evenings, Saturday afternoons, and Sundays at his search. He thought that would be enough, but as time went on and he got nowhere, he saw that a greater effort was needed. Fortunately, he had saved a considerable sum of money and had a small independent income. He quit his job and devoted all his energy and attention, from then on, to trying to prove me a liar.

The effort wore on him. Those of our mutual friends who saw him said that he had lost weight, and was haggard, and scarcely stopped to eat or sleep.

It was about this time that his wife came to see me. She said that the situation had become impossible. All he could talk about was the Chinese story. All he could think about was the clues he unearthed, and they always ended in nothing. She said they had been happy once and lovers, but she could stand it no longer. She said if it went on she would have to run away with a stockbroker. She begged me to admit to Sloan that I did not invent the story.

I answered her as dispassionately as I could, although it is difficult to be sweet, and reasonable, and sane when a beautiful woman pleads with you. "My dear Mrs. Sloan," I said, "I sympathize with you and wish I could help, and believe me, I would if I could. But the difference between Sloan and me transcends personalities. It is not a simple question of whether or not I am a liar. It is a question of the eternal verities. Besides, he started it."

Three days later, she ran away with the stockbroker.

This may have been a help to Sloan, for he now had nothing to distract him from his purpose. He spent his mornings patrolling the streets of the city asking all the people he met if they knew the Chinese story. Some people thought he was crazy, but harmless. Others resented him, actively and violently. Either way, it was the same to him.

When he found anyone who knew the story, he asked him where he had heard it or read it, and jotted the answers down in his notebook. Afternoons and nights he culled through the libraries, public and private. He read thousands of books and millions of words — or scanned them, rather. None of them left a permanent record on his intellect. They flowed over it like water over a rock, with as little trace.

Yet, the human mind being the marvelous instrument it is, he trained himself instantly to recognize a book he had searched before. He could not tell you its name, or what was in it, or who wrote it, or the color of its binding. But he could tell you that the Chinese story was not in it, and he would be right.

When he did find it, as so often happens, it was a stroke of pure luck. He was walking past a second-hand-book store, footsore, weary, and dull of mind. There was a display of ten-cent books on a stand before the door, resurrections from a long dead library. Sloan started to sort idly through them, expecting nothing, hoping nothing, and there it was. *Annals of*

the Chinese, compiled by Daniel Harrington. The story was on page 34.

I was shocked at his appearance when he stood before me with the book in his hands. His clothes were torn and dirty, his face was pale, his eyes wild. He was so thin his hands were like scraped bones, and a blue vein throbbed continuously in his left temple. I was filled with compassion.

Or would have been, except for one thing. His suffering had not improved his character. He remained as stubborn, willful, and opinionated as before. "Here is the book," he said to me without preamble, "that proves you a liar. Turn to page 34."

I did so, and read the following sentence: "The story is told of a Mandarin named Wu Chow who fell asleep one day in his formal garden surrounded by his lovely concubines." I read no further.

"You see," I said to Sloan, "he was a Mandarin."

"Yes," Sloan said, "so he was. And you a liar. You didn't invent the story. When were you born?"

"In 1901," I said.

"This book," he said, "was published in 1897, four years before you reached this vale of tears to brighten it with your lies."

He thought he had me. He stood there gloating and superior, which is human nature for you. Anyhow, Sloan's variety of it.

I turned to the flyleaf, and sure enough the publishing date was 1897. Then I saw something else. "I am sorry," I said, "I truly am, because I know how hard you have worked on this. But your proof is not conclusive. Your document of gold is made of brass."

"How so?" Sloan said.

"Because," I said, "this edition was revised in 1927. It was at that time, no doubt, that my story was inserted."

He grabbed the book from my hands to look at it, and I thought he was going to cry.

"If this were a first edition, now," I said, "you might have something. I do not guarantee it, but you might."

He caught the next train to Boston to interview the publishers. It was no use. The type had been destroyed and no one in their organization was willing to swear before a notary that the Chinese story had been in the unrevised edition. There was nothing for Sloan to do but to find a first.

Find it he did, though it took him another six months to do it. He joined societies of bibliophiles; he attended rare-book sales; he had agents all over the world; he was here, there, and everywhere at the same time. He was a man possessed, but he found the book. It came to light when the estate of J. Ogden Fitch was liquidated, and Sloan bought it with the last dollar he had in the world. Another week, and it would have been too late.

I refrain from describing the utter desolation of Sloan's appearance as he again stood before me with his precious first edition. Six months before he had been frayed, he was now in rags; then he was thin, now emaciated; then he was pale, now transparent.

One thing only was as before. He was unregenerate. Love was not in him.

"Here," he said to me, "is the revised edition, and here the first edition. There is no important difference between them."

"I am not surprised," I said.

"Nor I," Sloan replied. "You are a convicted and unmitigated liar in both."

3

By now it must be clear what Sloan's disease was. He was an issue switcher. Our original disagreement had been whether the Chinese was a Mandarin. My statement that I had invented the story was supporting evidence only. When Sloan found the revised edition he knew he was wrong and should have admitted it.

But no. He was determined to push me into a corner. Instead of trying to prove whether or not the Chinese was a Mandarin, he was trying to prove whether or not I was a liar. This intellectual dishonesty was the pit wherein he fell.

I had no choice but to continue. "Sloan," I said, "I hate to say this. Perseverance and industry deserve a better reward. But you have put your faith in circumstantial evidence that misleads you. Next time you will know better."

"There is nothing circumstantial about the evidence," he said, "except the circumstance that the story was published before you were born."

"Sloan," I said, and I shook my head with sorrow as I said it, "did you ever hear me say *when* I invented the story?"

He began to get my drift, because his eyes narrowed.

"No," he said, "but you had to be alive to do it."

"Sloan," I said again, "did you ever hear of transmigration of the soul? Did anyone ever tell you that Pythagoras remembered being a rat and a prostitute in previous existences?"

That pierced his bubble for him. I could see him get smaller before my eyes. "Yes," I went on, "I once was the Chinese Mandarin Wu Chow."

I will say this for Sloan, he died hard. Almost anyone else would have admitted he was licked and have said so and have been done with it. Not he. I could see his mind darting from thought to thought looking for a crevice in my statement. I think he even considered the project of interviewing Wu Chow's contemporaries, but he gave it up.

Now it is a queer thing, but you can tell it in a man when an idea begins to dawn on him. He seems to exude a kind of invisible smirk and to expand his opinion of himself. That is the way it was with Sloan.

"You say you were the Mandarin Wu Chow in a former existence?" he said to me.

"I was."

"And you invented the story?"

"I did."

"Then how does it happen," he said, and he slapped the Chinese Annals open to page 34, "that you told your concubines you dreamed you were a butterfly? I will tell you why. Because you lived the story. You did not invent it, and you are still a liar for my money."

Poor man. He could not believe that I really had been Wu Chow. It was contrary to his experience of reality; it did not jibe with the facts he accepted as true. He never stopped to think that the trouble might be with him, that his receiving set might be faulty, or that there might be waves of truth beyond his perception. No. Things had to be the way he saw them, or they could not be at all.

I did not blame him, but I made one last effort to convince him. Had I been a liar, I could not have done it. The facts I now revealed could have been known only to Wu Chow.

"Sloan," I said, "it is true that when I was Wu Chow I awoke one day and told my concubines that I was unhappy because I dreamed I was a butterfly. I admit this is what I said. It is not what happened.

"The fact is I had not dreamed at all that day. My sleep had been particularly deep and undisturbed. I remember the odor of chrysanthemums that greeted me when I awoke, and the harmonious singing of birds. My garden was a delight to the eye as it progressed in regular terraces of greenery artfully contrasting with the colors of flowers. The girls were beautiful.

"This pleasantness and joy were mine, and yet I awoke unhappy. When they asked me why, I could not tell. I did not know. Perhaps it was because a passing cloud had drenched me in its shadow. Perhaps it was because a small, chill wind had sprung up of which I was not directly conscious. Perhaps it was because I was eighty-one years old.

"Their question required an answer. After all these years I am ashamed to confess, but you have driven me to it. Sloan, I lied when I told my concubines that I had dreamed I was a butterfly. It was then I invented the story."

Sloan at last believed me. He had to. The logic of my position was unassailable.

COLETTE

by MONICA STIRLING

1

IT WAS the first sunny day I had known in Paris since June, 1940; a beautiful, glittering autumn day, whose quality added, disproportionately, to the incredulity with which I stared round the room. On the mantelpiece was a set of crystal balls, evoking waterfalls in unfrequented woods; in the glass cabinet were paperweights filled with colors as rich as those of the windows left in Notre Dame; along the bookshelves were the cream-colored paper bindings that mean French books; and among the pictures was a fifty-year-old one of the head and shoulders of a young girl. She was in profile, her complexion and her long, slender throat green-sallow with the pallor then fashionable, her profuse dark hair drawn loosely back into a chignon, to the base of which was fixed a scarlet flower; her dress, square-necked and puff-sleeved, silver gray traced with black, suggested tapestry, and she was holding her pointed chin low, drawn in towards her throat in the classic attitude of youthful shyness.

An English girl who came of age in the Paris of the late 1930's, MONICA STIRLING has been the *Atlantic's* correspondent in France since the early days of the liberation. In her articles and short stories she has done much to deepen our understanding of a proud, sensitive, and war-torn people.

Everything around me was lovely in form and color and had been procured for this room by objects like those Maurice Goudekot had just handed to me: a pile of school exercise books as old as the portrait. Turning the covers — pink, blue, and green, with unfilled-in spaces for the name of pupil and school — I saw page after page of pre-fountain-pen handwriting whose neatness was canceled by scratchings-out. These made up the original manuscript of *Claudine à l'École*, the first novel of one of the greatest writers France has produced. And France is not a country unprodigal of great writers.

Much moved, I got up and crossed to one of the room's two tall windows. Outside were the gardens of the Palais Royal, exquisite in symmetry and color, preserving, despite their late aristocratic connections, a provincial, an almost rustic, air. On the weather-beaten metal chairs sat students whose reading appeared to be undisturbed by the children whose voices floated up, each sound isolated as is sound that has come across empty fields. Among the upper branches of the trees, sparrows were going about their business with noisy neatness, now and again taking time off to perch outside our windows and look in, their heads on one side, their stance the epitome of

impudence. "Ils sont terr-r-ibles, ces oiseaux," said an ironic voice on which a Burgundian accent lay like the bloom on a grape. I turned and smiled at the woman on the divan drawn up alongside the other window: Colette, the only begetter of the writing in the exercise books I was clutching.

It is necessary to mention that she was the only begetter of this book, since its authorship was for many years the subject of some extremely curious dubiety. To explain this circumstance, one has to go back to her early years. After a childhood spent in a small village and with a loving and intelligent family — from which environment she acquired a foundation of good health, an apprehension of the nature of happiness, and the habit of exercising all her faculties — twenty-year-old Sidonie Gabrielle Claudine Colette married a Parisian whose real name was Henri Gautier-Villars, but who was better known then, and is almost exclusively known now, as Monsieur Willy.

He was considerably older than his unsophisticated wife, and his mustaches and imperial, his silk hat and his embonpoint, together with the figure he appears from memoirs and contemporary novels to have cut in Paris society, are not unreminiscent of Edward VII. Persons who had dealings with him have told me, with a curiously apologetic air, that he had a lively intelligence and a beautiful voice — two qualities that do less to explain the extreme fear he inspired in those made dependent on him by affection than does the fact, apparent from his writing, that he had, and cultivated, a specific talent for impropriety.

In this unsuitable company young Colette exchanged her country home for a small, ill-ventilated flat on the Left Bank which, together with an unsupervised diet, — left to herself she ate bananas and sweets and then supposed she had had a meal, — soon undermined the health that unhappiness was weakening. This unhappiness was not due to caprice. Her husband spent a great deal of time away from her. He did not habitually spend it alone. Eventually a serious illness committed her to months of convalescence in bed. She had fabulously long hair, in two plaits, and there is a touching picture of her lying, limp as a stalk of forced asparagus, against her pillows, the shape of her pointed face and the size of her amazingly luminous eyes emphasized by illness, while beside her are Marcel Schwob, the brilliant young Jewish writer who did not live long enough to fulfill his promise, and his wife, the actress Marguerite Moreno, who in those days resembled Holman Hunt's picture of John the Baptist as a child.

2

AMONG the twisted qualities that composed Monsieur Willy's character was that of a writer *manqué*. In *Mes Apprentissages* Colette has described with unmalicious accuracy the anxiety to write and the

impotence — partly intellectual, partly calligraphical — that drove her husband to spend more time making suggestions to the clever but needy young writers whose work he signed than should have been needed to write an equal number of books himself. This being one of his major preoccupations, it was not long before he asked his wife if she would write some recollections of her school days. Colette had never thought of becoming a writer — her adolescence was unmarked by scribbled poems hidden in a school desk, or tragedy-fraught stories shown to a best friend — and she was not, consciously, stimulated by the suggestion. But it would give her something to occupy her often lonely convalescence; and she had acquired the habit of obedience to her husband. So she unearthed some empty exercise books saved from her schooldays, and began what was to be *Claudine à l'École*.

When Monsieur Willy read the finished manuscript he shook his head, said disappointedly that after all it would be no use to him, and threw it into a drawer. A year later, in the course of a grand tidying, he found it again, glanced through it, read it, cursed himself extensively, and took the manuscript to the publisher Ollendorf. It was published in 1900 — under the signature of Monsieur Willy.

Realizing belatedly that there was financial profit to be obtained from Colette's talent, her husband obliged her to continue to write. She found this neither easy nor agreeable, but it was made inevitable by Monsieur Willy's habit of locking her in a room from which she was released only when she had completed a set number of pages. It is possible that to 1945 this sounds too ogre-and-the-princess to carry conviction. But it did not happen in 1945. In 1900 it was difficult for any French wife to leave her husband, and particularly so for a young girl whose strongest impulse was to prevent her unhappiness becoming apparent to her adored mother. And I doubt if later generations will cast retrospectively minatory glances at Monsieur Willy for having forced Colette to cultivate the vocation of which she was, and still is, unaware. Many writers would be glad to have someone capable of brutalizing them in this way. It would appear to have been the most useful action of Monsieur Willy's life.

Claudine à Paris appeared in 1901, *Claudine en Ménage* in 1902, *Claudine s'en va* in 1903. Each was immensely successful; each was signed by Willy; for none did Colette receive payment. Years later, when Colette and Willy were divorced, the Claudines appeared in editions labeled the results of the collaboration between husband and wife. This is one of the earliest examples I know where the word "collaboration" was used with the same connotations as in 1945.

One of the most interesting aspects of these books, whose heroine Claudine has created a durable type, is the contrast between the circumstances of the author and the spirit they exhale. Colette was then very young, very serious, very unhappy, very un-

well; Claudine had the sensuous gayety, veined with melancholy, of a piece by Mozart. Yet none of the four books is entirely non-autobiographical. It is a subject one would like to have had William James investigate.

When her marriage came to an end and she found herself obliged to earn her living, it did not at first occur to Colette to continue writing with this object. Lack of any sense of vocation had once made writing indifferent to her; association with her married life now made it repulsive. A charming appearance and an ability to work hard made it possible for her to become a music-hall artist. She cut off her long hair, and her Da Vinci curls made a sensation bordering on scandal. The strenuous traveling — these were the days of the Baret tours covering thirty-four towns in thirty-three days — and the opportunities for making acquaintances and eschewing intimacies not only helped her survive a period in which her natural savagery was being accentuated by misery, but gave her an insight into backstage life, about which little had then been written. When she wrote *La Vagabonde*, in 1910, it contained pictures of stage life in which verisimilitude and poetry are fused as they are in comparable chapters of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*.

3

COLETTE's second marriage, with the diplomat Henri de Jouvenel, in 1910, took her from the stage and restored her to writing. And it gave her a beautiful and intelligent daughter, who appears in many of her later books as the child Bel-Gazou. To persons long familiar with Colette's writing, it is curious to realize that the blonde, straight-fringed child in the scarlet bathing suit is the same person as the young woman who during the last four years refused tempting offers from Vichy, succored the persecuted, and ran a hospital for the Maquis. But when one remembers that child's sapience, it is less curious.

During one of the worst periods of the First World War, Colette was at Verdun. She arrived illegally, laden with gifts for her husband's mess — including *butter* she said, rolling her *r*'s as if to make a piece of that precious substance materialize — and she was for some time the only woman there.

"How did you manage to stay?" I asked. "Was it allowed?"

She lifted her head and gave me a look in comparison with which the look in the eyes of the beautiful cat in the photograph behind her was mild, devoid of humor, human. "C'était défendu," she said, and for the first time I understood the meaning of the word "relish."

There were no women war correspondents in those days, but Colette saw enough to enable her to write *Les Heures Longues*. She also, during the war years, wrote *La Paix chez les Bêtes* and *L'Entrave*, and began *Mitsou*. While I was looking at an early edition of

that book, Maurice Goudekot, Colette's present husband, handed me a letter. It was on pale gray-blue paper and dated over twenty-five years ago. It was full of subtle, impassioned praise of *Mitsou* and I wished I had written it. When I turned the last page I saw the signature: Marcel Proust.

In 1920 Colette published *Chéri*, a book many competent persons consider her masterpiece; and in 1922 the entrancing *Maison de Claudine*. Since this book is admittedly autobiographical, its title acknowledges Claudine to have contained a part of Colette; but in its pages the figure of the *enfant terrible* with her little-boy's curls melts, like a figure in a film, into the more seriously delectable figure of the young Colette in whom passion and irony were mixed in so rare a manner, who was as remarkable for intellectual probity as for simply expressed sensuality. And it was into this book's unforcedly pastoral scenes that she first introduced her mother, to whom she was eight years later to devote one of her most superb books, *Sido*.

Ever since *La Vagabonde*, her public had expected excellence from Colette, and unlike the man who asked for bread and was given a stone, it asked for bread and was given a baker's shop. There are in France at present — as in most moments in French history — an impressively large number of writers capable of producing intelligent, intellectual, painstaking, elegant, or purposefully eccentric prose; but I do not know any other writer whose prose has such beautiful bones beneath its wholesome flesh.

Colette's technique is exquisite; her vocabulary immense — I have heard competent judges say it is larger than that of any other French writer since the eighteenth century, and this without pyrotechnics; and everything she writes gives the effect of effortlessness. In that good book *The Summing Up*, Somerset Maugham says that in his opinion Colette writes better than any other living French author, that the felicity of her style convinced him she was that freak a born writer, able to express herself easily, without crossings-out and painful rewriting — but that when he asked her if this were so, she told him that she often spent a day on half a page.

Colette's first specifically original contribution to literature was her treatment of the human senses; this, and the fact that she treated them without the fanfare that might have been expected from a writer of her period, but with accuracy, good taste, and warmth. The magnitude of this contribution has been kept from English-speaking readers — those dependent upon translation — by the circumstance that these translations, being less good than one could wish, have deforming proprieties. Imprisoned in them, like Ariel in the hollow tree, Colette's books have acquired a pornographic label. This is extremely inappropriate.

It is true that Colette has devoted much of her talent to expositions of love — the love of a child for its mother, the passion of a young girl for her lover, the devotion of a woman to her husband, the adora-

tion of an elderly woman for a boy, among other forms — but auscultation is only part of her equipment. And human reactions to food, climate, scent and sound, to animals, forests, and rivers have an even more remarkable place in the sensual inventory to whose compilation she has devoted a formidable intellect. The English author she most resembles in literary stature is Rebecca West. Alike in their power to juxtapose passion and wit, and their gastronomical use of words, they both possess a chronic inability to write anything but the truth — a trait as rare as a squint and even more disturbing.

Rereading *Ces Plaisirs* I was reminded of a label I saw not long ago on the door of a room in an American Army Salvage Depot somewhere in France: Reclamation, Repair, Assembly. Experience has enabled Colette to reclaim a great deal of information of the kind that mediocre persons repudiate because they know it to be true; imagination, directed by intellect, has enabled her to repair the gaps in her knowledge; and the fact that she is a born, if unwilling, writer has enabled her to assemble her acquisitions in books with more than enough entertainment value to blind puritans to their importance. Reclamation, Repair, Assembly: the function of great literature.

Two of the books Colette wrote during this war — *Julie de Carneilhan* and *Chambre d'Hôtel* — were sold in Canada. Their lack of topicality explains their immunity from German persecution. Lack of topicality, in the superficial sense, has always been characteristic of her books; it accounts for their immunity from deformation. That she herself was not persecuted appears to have been due to the fact that she was old and deservedly famous and that the Germans, despite their genius for tactlessness, realized that to ill-treat great artists is to supply propaganda against themselves. They never attempted to imprison Picasso, whose antagonism to them was as unmistakable as it was unchanging. But with a daughter in the Resistance and a husband who was arrested and sent to an extremely ill-conditioned concentration camp, Colette had her share of the general anguish.

With the artful artlessness that habitually informs her conversation, Colette presently forced me to bypass the subject that interested me — herself — and stop at wartime cooking. At the mention of “le

dried egg” her eyes became demoniac with interest — this was more like rational conversation — and she shouted “Maurice!” with the gratified air of a spoiled child that knows it is going to be allowed to stay up illegally late. Although he was on my side on principle, her husband removed her manuscripts and extricated from the desk a bulging envelope in which there were, she alleged, some really interesting recipes. We never found them, but we did find a handsome collection of photographs of her cats. The glee and alacrity with which she displayed these reminded me of the remark made to her by Henri de Jouvenel: that whenever he came into a room in which she was alone with her cats and dogs, he had the impression that he was being indiscreet.

Colette’s vitality and amazing charm, whose troubling quality is undiminished by age or illness, reminded me of the answer made by Vial in *La Naissance du Jour* to her observation that she was growing old: “the ashes of your arm would be warmer than anyone else’s living flesh.” I am inclined to think he spoke without exaggeration. When she began a grumble, clearly as much a matter of routine as GI grumbling, about the bad leg that kept her on the divan, I reminded her of Vial’s remark. It was no use. Having remarked commiseratingly that it was a pity I had nothing better to do than to learn her books by heart, she began to ask me about what I had seen at the front, to tease me affectionately about my uniform, and to introduce me, to some friends who had just arrived, as “le petit lieutenant.”

Remembering how anxious we had been for her during the last four years, I felt all at once somnolent with contentment. I sat down and stared at the crystal balls, the glass paperweights, the French books, and the portrait of the young Colette with a scarlet flower in her chignon. This time I also noticed a beautiful gold and blue globe, and a bunch of anemones in a glass vase so darkly purple as to be almost opaque. The children had stopped playing in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and Colette, reaching up with her square, capable hand, turned on the light just above her head. Its shade was made from two pieces of her fine blue foolscap, pinned together. With the light shining on the becoming fuzz of short hair whose style was so scandalous forty years ago, and on the pen-and-pencil-strewed writing table spread across her knees, she looked gratifyingly like the portrait of a famous author.

THE SCIENCE OF NOISE

by S. SMITH STEVENS

ON THE Harvard campus there is a wondrous chamber — a great, windowless, concrete box the size of a four-story house, half buried in the ground. Thick walls enclose 72,000 cubic feet of the most anechoic space on earth. (*Anechoic* means “without echo.”) Echoes are suppressed by the process of sound absorption. Seven carloads of a felt-like Fiberglas were cut into wedge-shaped fingers 8 inches square at the base and 4 feet long. Twenty thousand of these wedges, each covered by a muslin bag, were set with their bases side by side to project in close array from walls, floor, and ceiling, and all but a thousandth part of the sound energy that falls on these muslin-covered stalactites is soaked up and dissipated as it rubs its way among the tiny matted threads of glass. From the point of view of a sound wave, the inside of this room is what the physicist calls a free field: there are almost no hard spots from which a sound can bounce back and return upon itself. Hence, the original direction of the wave is preserved — a fact which makes it feasible to assess precisely the ability of a microphone to distinguish whence a sound has come.

Stepping out on the web-like catwalk suspended along the middle of the room by wires from the corners, we see the futuristic pattern of the wedges as they point themselves at us from every direction. A little fearful, we find ourselves looking for something sturdy on which to take a solid hold. When, with a little urging, we edge forward, a pair of massive doors swing shut behind us, and at once the grotesque appearance of the sound-absorbing structures is forgotten in the more spectacular experience of overwhelming quiet.

The world goes strangely dead. People speak with lifeless voices. One's own words seem singularly devoid of strength and resonance, and talking demands a conscious effort. So oppressive is the sudden quelling of all the familiar noises which in our

normal lives beat unheeded on our eardrums that we obey an instinctive urge to swallow and rub our fingers in our ears in an attempt to dislodge some nonexistent obstruction. Within these muted walls we come quickly to understand why an anechoic chamber is commonly called a dead room.

When military urgency prompted a study of devices that might serve to follow a source of sound, tracking it down like an acoustic bloodhound, the first requisite was the invention of this quiet room where echoes would be absent and where the sound waves would follow a single path from source to receiver. Only in the remote regions of the upper air would it be possible to find the ideal quiet where a man could whistle a tune which would travel outward in an ever expanding circle and never bounce back. Almost everywhere on earth the sound waves we create are quickly compounded with echoes from walls and objects, for the walls of an ordinary room reflect sound more efficiently than a good mirror reflects light.

Months of careful study were needed to outwit the bugaboo of sound reflection and to discover the optimal size, shape, and density for the 20,000 absorbing wedges. Having served as a tool for a series of wartime developments that is still under Army secrecy, the finished chamber remains a peacetime research facility unique in the nation — probably unique in the world.

A dead room is to acoustics what a cyclotron is to nuclear physics: it provides a physical environment without which a whole domain of basic research is impossible. No adequate knowledge of the radiations from a loud-speaker can be gained if reverberant echoes are allowed to confuse the measurements, for no certain definition of the energy in a sound wave can be made in the crisscrossing pattern of interfering reflections in an ordinary room. Even such an interesting question as how a sound we hear is related to the strength of the wave in the air is an unlikely prospect without the anechoic simulation of a free field.

The Ear as an Amplifier

The problem of how the ear responds to the strength of a sound wave got itself on the crowded

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agenda of "dead-room projects" as soon as victory in the Pacific seemed assured. Psychologists and physicists had long been puzzled by the incredible sensitivity of the ear to tones near the higher notes of the piano, where the amount of energy required for an auditory sensation is scarcely more than that created by the aimless bouncing back and forth of the molecules in "still" air. A sound wave whose amplitude is less than the diameter of the smallest hydrogen molecule can be heard by the human ear. Part of this astonishing acuity, it was soon discovered, can be laid to a trick of the ear canal. This little tube, like a toy whistle, is resonant to certain frequencies, and when the right pitch comes along, the ear canal picks up the wave and amplifies its intensity. Amplitude reinforcements as great as fivefold were measured in many ears — a factor to be reckoned with in future studies of sound perception.

Wartime developments other than the chamber itself were essential to this research.¹ Among the more interesting legacies of the international conflict is a microphone so tiny and accurately calibrated that it can measure the sound pressure at the bottom of the ear canal. Into this delicate and touchy region of the human anatomy, where the doctors tell us never to jam anything smaller than our left elbow, the insertion of only the slenderest of flexible tubes can ensure against rebellion by the owner of the ear canal.

Morale among those who volunteered their ears for this experiment was bolstered by the development of a probe-tube microphone whose business end is a tiny tube of soft plastic, a mere sixteenth of an inch in diameter. Since only the sound that enters this tiny hole is measured by the elaborate electro-acoustic circuits at the other end, the probe can be pushed around corners and into obscure nooks to sample the state of affairs in a very small space. The tube makes a thud if it strikes the eardrum, but no harm is done. Instead, the thud serves handy notice that the end of the probe is at its destination. We can then measure the actual force with which sound waves push on our ears.

Flexible plastic tubes in the ears of stoic human guinea pigs would serve us little if it were not for the magic of the electronic circuits that make possible the measurement and control of minute electric currents. Microphones turn sound into electricity;

¹ The vigor of the wartime research in acoustics and in most of the other sciences was generated largely by the ample funds dispensed through contracts with the Office of Scientific Research and Development. Through its two principal committees, the National Defense Research Committee and the Committee on Medical Research, the Office collaborated closely with the Army and Navy in arranging fruitful programs of inquiry.

The responsibility for developments in the science of air-borne sound, as distinguished from underwater sound, fell principally to the NDRC Section on Acoustics, headed by Harvey Fletcher, and having as members V. O. Knudsen, P. M. Morse, E. C. Wentz, H. Davis, F. A. Firestone, and S. S. Stevens. Some of the research projects in acoustics initiated under the OSRD are being continued at the Cruft and Psycho-Acoustic Laboratories of Harvard University under contract with the U. S. Navy Office of Research and Inventions.

loud-speakers and earphones reverse the process. Everything in between is electronics. Whereas we formerly did our research with tuning forks, organ pipes, strings, sirens, tubes, and reeds, we now twist the knobs on oscillators, amplifiers, wave analyzers, and oscilloscopes.

Wind Streams and Noise

Better ways of making, measuring, and controlling sound waves follow as a matter of course from the wartime accent on electronic development, and along with the new precision comes the possibility of novel applications. For the first time, it becomes feasible to explore such complexities as the movement of sound waves in fast-flowing wind streams, especially near the surface of an object. A fascinating subject in its own right, this problem has a practical aspect in its relevance to wind tunnels and airplanes: by means of electroacoustic devices it is possible to measure the true speed of moving air. Upstream against the wind, a sound moves more slowly than when it sweeps along with the current. With two microphones placed windward and leeward on either side of a sound source, the discrepancy between the sonic velocities in the two directions can be detected and converted directly to a meter-reading in miles per hour.

This development was founded on an elaborate analysis involving the actual photographing of a sound wave from an electric spark as it pushed its way along in the wind. Although still far from perfect, the sonic air-speed indicator holds out a promise for an accurate, continuously reading speedometer for planes that intend to fly at or near the speed of sound itself. In the neighborhood of 600 or 700 miles per hour, the conventional schemes which measure the wind by noting how hard it pushes on something begin to lose their accuracy. The sonic method would presumably be free of this defect. Furthermore, the sound source and microphones could be mounted flush with the surface of the wing of the plane to eliminate the drag caused by projecting struts. And laid flush in the wall of a wind tunnel these acoustic transducers should be able to police the speed of the stream without ever ruffling the smoothness of the flow. Research on this basic and pressing problem should go briskly forward in the years ahead.

When the flow of swiftly moving air is obstructed or disturbed, there ensues a chaotic turbulence which leads to unhappy results if it happens in the vicinity of an airplane's wing. From the point of view of acoustics this turbulence in an air stream is an interesting source of intense noise. Swirls and eddies and violent random vortexes are able to generate an unholy din, as witness the fierce racket of a whirling propeller. While astute and judicious streamlining can minimize turbulence, it is fair to guess that airplanes will never steal silently through the night, unless they decide to slow down. As they dash faster

about the sky they get noisier, other things being equal, and the problem of passenger comfort assumes larger proportions.

This contest between speed and quiet will be aided in its resolution by an accumulation of wartime developments. New techniques for the soundproofing of airplane cabins have been devised to effect the optimal compromise between weight, which the airplane abhors, and quiet, which the passenger demands. Methodical studies were made of sound transmission through all kinds of airplane walls padded with various absorbent materials. Empirical laws were deduced for predicting in advance of construction the noise levels to be expected in the finished plane. And new materials were invented to make more efficient the sound-absorbing process.

One of these is a glass wool whose merits exceed even those of the natural fiber, kapok, which led the field before the war. Kapok was good because the surface area of its fibers is large compared with its weight, and with the new glass wool the ratio between surface and mass is enhanced by keeping the diameter of the tiny glass filaments down to a hundredth of that of a human hair. Formed into blankets half an inch thick, this glass felting weighs less than an ounce per square foot. When caught in the maze of the millions of strands, a noisy sound wave will dissipate itself in friction against the vast surface area of the fibers.

Essential to the scientists' headway in making these improvements are the electronic meters and analyzers which tell him how much sound and what frequencies exist in and around an airplane. It is not sufficient to know merely the over-all strength of a noise: the kind and quality of the racket as revealed by its spectrum must be determined as well. An intensity of 120 decibels at a low pitch may be comparatively innocuous, whereas the same intensity at a high pitch is almost certain to make a man miserable and leave him temporarily hard of hearing. Complex equipment capable of taking a noise apart into its component frequencies was built for portable and automatic operation in airplanes. It was no mean matter to analyze the noise in a single-seated fighter plane so full of equipment that there is scarcely room for the pilot. Nevertheless, tucked away in odd corners of the fuselage, the sound-spectrum analyzer brought back records of noise levels broken down into separate bands of frequencies for ease of interpretation and analysis.

The same procedure when applied to larger planes led to the important discovery that the use of soundproofing material serves to suppress the high frequencies of the noise without altering materially the over-all strength of the sound. This fact seemed discouraging at first, but a series of psychological tests soon showed that the softening of high frequencies effectively reduces annoyance and makes tolerable an otherwise nasty racket. So telling is this alteration of the noise spectrum that a properly sound-

treated plane can harbor a total noise level four times as great as that of an untreated cabin and still be judged not a whit more distressing by the passengers. Judicious acoustic treatment takes the sting out of the high-pitched tail of the spectrum.

The Search for a Lethal Racket

The problem of noise in a world at war is not confined to airplanes. In World War II there were more and bigger clamors than ever before in history. Some of them we composed deliberately at a great cost of engineering effort; others were the thunderous accompaniment of machines and weapons.

For alerting our largest city to the air raids that luckily never came off, there was fashioned a siren which emitted the loudest sustained shriek ever achieved; more than 25,000 watts of acoustic violence — making a level of 165 decibels at the mouth of the horn. This is 40 decibels beyond the point where hearing gives way to a stinging pain, and it is likely that no one has ever listened with open ears to such a howling force. (If anyone has, he must have found it fearful indeed, for we know that with only 1 per cent of this intensity the ear can be knocked quickly into a substantial auditory black-out.)

For indoctrinating personnel in the feel of battle noises, the nation's most faithful and powerful assemblage of loud-speakers and reproducing equipment was erected on a fleet of trucks and trailers. Hauled out into a California desert for a shakedown test, this sound system proved its leather-lunged versatility by projecting understandable speech to an audience two and one-half miles away.

Not to be outdone by men on the ground, the Naval aviation engineers and their civilian advisers were busy putting voices on airplanes. Five hundred pounds of loud-speakers in the belly of a PB4Y2, the Privateer, made it possible to talk to an entire town from an altitude of 10,000 feet. They dubbed this enterprise "Project Polly" and surrounded it with great secrecy by conducting tests in places far removed from human habitation. The success of the venture, aside from its current utility in ordering the Japanese about, is important to us now as testimony to the promising state of the electroacoustic art.

The presence of so much noise and the many ways of making it lead to a pertinent inquiry: What about man — can he stand the acoustic beating he inflicts upon himself? What of his ears and nervous system — can they take it? Unfortunately the answer is not simple, at least not in the light of present wisdom. For man is a complicated creature who nowhere exhibits the contrariness of his complexities more readily than in his reaction to noise. A tiny ticking or a faint scraping may set him off in a fit of irritation, whereas he may ride a thundering airplane with relative unconcern. Although most of the answers to this enigma must be sought in future

research, some curious findings can be culled from our recent jousts with the problem.

When in 1941 we began to cast about for new arms and ammunition, there were some who hoped that the secret weapon of the future would be a paralyzing acoustic ray which would stun the enemy, or at least drive him to frenzy. Rumors were rife that the Germans had already mastered the sound bolt — another brawl in the war of nerves. Actually V-E Day found them still toying with acoustic threats: a half-completed device for focusing on the enemy the reports of rapid explosions.

On this side of the ocean, a concerted program was launched to explore the use of sound as a tactical tool. Suggestions poured in about magic notes and noises whose powers over the mind and will were certified by solemn hearsay. Hadn't the managers of studio sound-effects mastered the moods of audiences? Hadn't British flyers told of dropping screaming beer bottles on panicked anti-aircraft crews? Hadn't it been shown that the jingling of keys can send rats into violent convulsive seizures — and if rats, why not men? Hadn't the ancient Incas, or some other remote tribe, tortured prisoners out of their minds with a mysterious noise found in a certain cave? In short, wasn't it plain that there must be some enigmatic intonation to a clang or clatter which would prostrate whoever heard it?

One by one the myths were exploded. Bottles of all sizes were dropped from a thousand feet with no more startling effect than the clink of broken glass; and a full repertory of screeches, howls, booms, and bangs was assembled and tried out on a jury of victims. These volunteers were duly impressed with the ingenious variety of the noises, but they were never overcome by the din. Only when the intensity reached the neighborhood of 120 decibels did the sounds become particularly odious, but at that degree of potency one sound was about as impressive as another. Apparently no sound has practical military value as a weapon unless it is so strong that its qualitative peculiarities are drowned out in the tremendous total tumult. The magic lethal racket is still to be found.

This is not to say, of course, that men cannot be unhinged by sounds having ominous meanings. The faint gasping of a suffering child may torment a mother. The lonely howl of a coyote may frighten a man wandering lost in the hills. Packed with sense and suggestion, a well-chosen sound barrage can — and often did — serve to influence, deceive, or confound the enemy at various junctures. But senseless sounds, while differing in the annoyance they cause, must be reckoned as noise — pure and simple — with no magic powers.

The purest and simplest noise of all, it should be noted, is what the scientist calls a white noise. Like white light, which Newton showed to be compounded of all the colors, white noise is the simultaneous sounding of all the pitches. With all frequencies present in equal amounts, this pure white noise

sounds much like the hiss of escaping steam, not unlike a prolonged *sh-h-h-h*. In one sense it is the most complex of noises, but from the scientist's point of view it is relatively simple to specify and describe, and with the easy availability of modern electronic tubes it is simple to produce and control. Consequently, this is the noise which formed the basis for many wartime researches and which promises to become the standard of reference in numerous post-war studies.

Is Noise Really Such a Villain?

The effect of noise on human beings is in some ways elusive and hard to assess. In other respects the upshot of a first-rate acoustic pummeling is tangible and real. Concretely, a powerful white noise or some colored variant like an airplane noise (which is a form of white noise with propeller notes added) can produce annoyance, temporary deafness, and the masking of other sounds. On the other hand, there is no good evidence that it does any substantial harm to mind or body. More imagined than real are the horrible consequences — insanity, nervousness, nausea, inefficiency, confusion, fatigue, and divers other upsets — so graphically depicted by well-meaning din phobists and other self-appointed guardians of the public good.

Not that we should countenance unnecessary noise — we are definitely more comfortable in moderate (not absolute) quiet — but our disapproval of uproars ought not to seek its justification in exaggeration and bunk. Otherwise we get ourselves into a class with those prohibitionists who marshal proof that all ills stem from grog. If the nation is heading for a nervous breakdown, in all probability the cause is not what a recent public speaker called the “pathological effects of noise.”

In an effort to pin down and evaluate the outcome of sustained acoustic stress, groups of volunteers were pounded with a noise intensity of 115 decibels for periods of eight hours per day. In an old boiler room transformed into a psycho-acoustic laboratory, electronic generators and huge loud-speakers synthesized a sound field equal to that in one of the noisier bombing planes devoid of acoustic treatment.

For weeks on end the human subjects were tested and probed and examined for physical, physiological, or mental deficiencies. Some eighteen different tests were applied: motor coordination, steadiness, speed of reaction, visual functions, heart rate, breathing, metabolism, intelligence tests, and so on. The results were astonishing: no discernible impairment in the subjects' proficiency. Whatever level of performance they could muster on the days when they worked in quiet, they equaled on the alternate days under noise.

We are forced by these data to the general conclusion that noise as such, apart from its meaning, — distraction, annoyance, masking, and its temporary effect on hearing, — is only a mild hazard. Man is a

resistant organism with amazing talents for adaptation to nature's buffetings, and it takes more than a thunderous noise to lay him low.

Noise and the Ear

Man is not so tough, however, that no sound can knock him out. Blasts and explosions which set up sound waves having many hundred times the amplitude of an airplane noise may break his eardrums and wreck his hearing. Even the airplane noise itself leaves its mark on the delicate auditory sense. But the admirable thing about the mechanism of hearing is its power of recuperation: almost all deafness produced by sustained noise is purely transitory. Given time for recovery, the ear restores itself to its proper function.

This marvelous little sense organ, whose unresolved mysteries are a challenge to the new vigor of psycho-acoustic research, is the most elaborate and complicated mechanical system in the human body. No other living part has such a keenly differentiated system of bones, membranes, and sensory cells all joined in fine mechanical balance. Smaller than the end of a finger, the aural apparatus is not only more sensitive to minute pressures than any microphone yet devised, but in its subtle response to sound waves it sorts them out according to their frequencies and sends to the brain a nerve impulse earmarked for each appropriate pitch. We are able to tell one note from another: the different notes set into vibration different segments of an inch-long spiraled membrane on which are lined up in orderly rows the tiny sense cells which originate the neural messages. Each group of cells responds only to the tone to which is tuned that part of the membrane on which it rests.

Looked at in this way, the sense of hearing is analogous to the sense of touch: different tones "touch" the rows of sensory cells at different places, and we can distinguish one pitch from another just as we can tell where on our skin a pin has pricked. Actually this is more than a mere analogy, for the sense of hearing is but a finer and more delicate neural differentiation derived embryologically from the sense of touch.

Incessantly throughout our lives these little organs of touch are busy turning sound into nervous energy. For rarely, if ever, is our environment completely free of noise, and the ear, unlike the eye, has no lid to be closed against stimulation. Nevertheless it is only when sounds reach a level of about 100 decibels that the sense cells begin to show symptoms of distress. And even then it is only certain ones among them that seem unable to support the drubbing.

This difference in vulnerability to acoustic insult is vividly demonstrated when the ear is exposed to a loud white noise, for then, although all the cells are stimulated with approximately equal vigor, only a few of them succumb to the beating. After ten minutes' exposure to 110 decibels of white noise, the sensitivity of the ear is reduced by about 30 per

cent, but this deafness is confined to tones in the vicinity of 4000 cycles per second — near the highest note of the piano. For most other frequencies the ear remains as acute as ever, and after a few hours' rest it recovers its normal sensitivity throughout its entire range.

Why this localized fragility? Why also is it these same high frequencies that fail us first as we grow older? What is the process of recovery which makes stimulation deafness a temporary phenomenon? And apart from blasts so fierce as to rend the membranes of the ear, does noise ever by itself cause permanent loss of hearing? These are some of the puzzles facing future investigators.

While only vague and contradictory answers to these questions are as yet available, the recent flood of war research produced some pertinent revelations in the evidence for auditory trauma due to noise. In particular, we can now revise upward the estimated intensity tolerable to the ear. Repeated exposures up to ten minutes in duration have been made with both tones and white noise at intensities reaching 140 decibels. These distressingly painful sounds leave the ear deafened to a wide range of frequencies, and almost invariably they set up a ringing in the ears that rivals a minor anvil chorus.

At the higher frequencies the loss of hearing sometimes reaches 80 decibels — meaning that a hundred million times the normal power is required to make the victim hear. A fearful loss indeed. Some anxious hours were spent in wondering about the future of these ears, but in every instance all ringing eventually subsided and recovery was complete. During five years of research in which all varieties of noise were poured into dozens of ears to produce an almost endless diversity of temporary impairments, not one case turned out to be permanently desensitized.

New Hope for the Hard of Hearing

But people do get deaf — that we know. Estimate has it that at least ten million persons in the United States have some degree of hearing loss. How many of these deficiencies can be laid to the ravages of noise is a moot question, but not so debatable is the need for doing something about them. To the rolls of the civilian hard of hearing we must also add an estimated forty thousand servicemen. Many of these had subnormal hearing before they joined the ranks and should never have been drafted. Others suffered blast or infection or injury which left them with defective ears.

Thanks to an energetic program of rehabilitation coördinated with a civilian research project, the aural casualties of war are doing well, on the whole. At special hospitals equipped for the scientific diagnosis and measurement of hearing loss, the patients are given a general course of reorientation, special instruction in lip reading, and a hearing-aid fitting. And in the coöperating research laboratories, work is going forward on the problem of how best to treat

the abnormal ear from the point of view of restoration of hearing.

Already some long-standing dogmas are having their props removed. The notion that hearing aids, like eyeglasses, must be "fitted" to the idiosyncrasies of the individual impairment seems now to be suspect. It is true that most hearing losses are greater for some tones than for others, but hearing losses are always measured in terms of the faintest intensity the patient can hear. He may quite possibly find it difficult to hear certain notes when they are weak, and yet have essentially normal hearing for loud sounds. Whatever the exact explanation may be, careful studies disclose that regardless of the nature of their particular loss most patients hear best with an aid which amplifies all frequencies uniformly, or nearly so.

As yet it is only in the laboratory that this ideal uniform amplification can be achieved. A room full of apparatus — non-portable in the extreme — was used to test the effects of "tailoring" the amplification to fit the patients' audiograms. When the actual percentage of words these patients could hear correctly was tabulated for the various kinds of amplification, as well as for various commercial hearing aids, it was found that "high fidelity" amplification produced the best hearing — better than that achieved with any of the then available commercial instruments.

The outcome of these experiments should serve to prescribe design objectives for future aids to hearing. And the science of sound and electronics is certainly able, with its war-born techniques, to fashion a portable hearing aid that will meet whatever specifications the deafened ear may impose. It is only a matter of time and continued research. And with the improved fidelity in amplification will come new lightness, ruggedness, and general economy.

Already in the offing are new midjet batteries originally developed for the Army's walkie-talkies, and new bean-sized amplifying tubes fashioned first for radar. There even is in existence an experimental model of an earphone so small that when the wearer is viewed from the front it cannot be seen in the ear. And with the perfection of these gadgets comes promise of the practicality of binaural hearing aids — an earphone in each ear — to enhance the patient's ability to distinguish the direction from which a sound has come and lessen his confusion when several of his friends are talking at once.

Visible Speech

In perfecting these practical benefactions and in threshing out the longer-range problems of basic inquiry, the science of sound will draw freely upon its accumulated store of technical tricks. Sound is a matter of intense human concern mainly because we have a sense to perceive it, and it seems assured that the scientists' craft will be turned increasingly to the enrichment and subsidy of sensory experience.

Furthermore, since our successful adjustment to the world about us depends upon the coöperative exertion of all the senses, there is good prospect of exciting new developments in the intersensory domain. Visual aids for the ears and auditory aids for the eyes will be the subject of the new unfolding.

Recently heralded is a scheme to make visible the patterns of sound in a manner permitting their direct interpretation as meaningful speech. At the hands of the telephone engineers this art of "visual hearing" has opened up the happy possibility that the totally deaf might use telephones and radios. In principle the procedure is simple: pictures are made of the patterned sound waves. But there are many ways of picturing a sound, and most of them are notoriously devoid of obvious correlation with the sense of hearing.

An ordinary oscillographic tracing repeats the dancing wiggles of the air particles as they respond to an acoustic disturbance, but waves which sound the same to the ear may look quite different to the eye. This is because the ear tends to ignore differences in phase between the components of a sound, whereas wave traces show these differences all too clearly. Sound pictures made of tracings contain too much information. Other portrayals, which reveal merely the pitch or the loudness of sounds, contain too little.

The effective compromise calls for a portrayal in terms of the three basic dimensions — frequency, intensity, and time. The ear itself makes precisely this type of analysis: it simultaneously sorts out the various frequencies, reacts to their individual intensities, and allows us to distinguish their ever changing fluctuations in time. In the display of visible speech there is shown on a screen a pattern of light and shade depicting frequency from bottom to top, time from left to right, and intensity as degree of light or dark. Thus the dynamic spectrum of a sound is apparent at a glance, and with sufficient schooling in the interpretation of this new medium, people can apparently learn to "read" the meaning of these animated shadows.

Letting our imaginations run, we might guess that the next stunt of the ingenious engineers will be the elimination of stenographers by means of sound-pattern machines hooked directly to typewriters!

"Flybar"

Complementary to the schemes by which the eyes are made to double for the ears are the quests for signaling devices which would allow the blind to use their ears as eyes. Dr. Paul A. Zahl discussed such aids for the blind in the *May Atlantic*. Not only the blind, however, need ears that see. In the cockpit of a modern airplane there are upwards of a hundred meters, dials, indicators, gauges, switches, screens, and warning lights, all to be watched by the pilot. When visibility is low and he must fly blind on instruments, the pilot faces an almost impossible

task unless he has a co-pilot along to contribute an extra pair of eyes. The obvious solution would be to turn some of the essential indications into auditory signals and let the ears share the load.

How useful are the ears for this purpose? How distinctive and sure would be the auditory cues? We don't know yet. But at least one airplane has been flown on a reasonably straight course by a blindfolded pilot with only tones in his earphones to tell him what the plane was up to. And on a more elaborate scale, tones, buzzes, and beeps were rigged in the laboratory to signal the maneuvers of turn, bank, climb, and dive to an operator in a Link Trainer — one of those ground-bound cockpits that do almost everything a flying ship will do except go somewhere. Here again blindfolded pilots flew straight courses in "rough air" — doing about as well as with visual instruments.

Born during the war, with the Navy as midwife, this research program, known as "Flybar," made tentative sorties into several areas where there might be application for "flying by aural reference." It even turned up with a gadget which does the straightforward trick of reading an instrument directly and shouting the answer into the pilot's ear. The "reading" is done by suitable electric contacts on the dial of the instrument; the shouting is accomplished by twenty-four magnetic tapes on each of which is recorded a spoken word or numeral. Switching relays select the tapes in the proper sequence to say, for example, "Altitude, two-thousand five-hundred feet." No longer need it be necessary for a pilot at a critical, hazardous moment to take his eyes from one essential task in order to check up on another.

In all these helpful, life-enriching dispensations the science of sound reveals itself as a thriving and lively discipline, at once replete with opportunities for useful exploitation. Investigators will continue

to study the propagation of sound waves in violent wind streams, in order to keep the science of sound abreast of the problems raised by the terrific speeds of jet-propelled planes. Their studies will broaden the definition of sound to include frequencies that are higher than any thus far produced — frequencies hundreds of times higher than the ear can hear. They will explore the effects of these high, ultrasonic frequencies on matter in various forms. They will want to know more about the power of these high frequencies to kill bacteria, to homogenize solutions by violent microscopic stirring, to disclose the dynamics of complicated, rubber-like molecules, and to detect invisible flaws in the interior of solid metal castings. They will seek to assess the psychological role of sound in our normal lives and the effects of its deprivation in the hard of hearing — chores that will call for an exhaustive scrutiny of the mysteries of the ear and the manner of its response to sound and noise.

The inventors are promising a "push-button" control of our acoustic environment: the sounds we want when we want them and no others, three-dimensional sound reproduction to convey a sense of space and movement, new perfection in the acoustic treatment of living rooms and concert halls, and a host of other creature comforts that will point up the pleasure and beauty of life.

One other thing is plain: the science of sound, as it reaches into diverse corners of our lives and touches on such disparate affairs as aviation, blindness, psychology, and war, — to say nothing of music and the sonic arts, — is not an independent inquiry, existing apart from other scientific lore. There is scarcely a problem or an application which does not ramify directly into adjacent fields of learning, and in its advances the science of sound will feed, and will be fed by, electronics, engineering, physiology, psychology, and medicine.





AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN-HAIRED MAMIE

by ARTHUR FOFF

MAMIE rested on her back, reading slowly, mouthing the words. Through the tear in the window shade behind her a bright stripe of sunlight fell across the back of the davenport and on the page of her magazine. She finished her story, reread the part where Ronald saved the girl from being attacked, and glanced over the posed photographs again. Then she put the magazine face downward on her large stomach and shut her eyes.

She could think all kinds of things with her eyes shut.

Ronald walked in when George was knocking her around and he wore a suit and a tie and looked like a gentleman beside George, who always sat around in his undershirt when he wasn't out getting drunk. And Ronald said, "You'll have to quit that," and she half fell against the davenport, then slipped to the floor in a long white dress sort of like the one she'd had at school years ago and had only worn once because she'd married George afterwards and had started to have kids. But George wouldn't quit shoving her around, so Ronald had to fight him. Then Ronald knocked him out, of course, and that meant Ronald was pretty good because George was plenty tough for a little guy. George was out cold on the floor. Ronald picked her up in his arms and carried her to his huge black shiny car and they escaped to the airport. She was beautiful in a new red dress and high, high little heels that twinkled on the sidewalk and didn't hurt because her feet were tinydainty, not gouty, to go with her small, glamorous shape. Ronald crushed her to him and drank the nectar from her lips in one long, lingering kiss.

A native of San Francisco, ARTHUR FOFF was educated at the University of California, from which he graduated with highest honors in 1944. After a year as James Phelan Scholar in Creative Literature at the University, and a short stretch with the OWI as a writer, he is now devoting all his time to creative work.

Mamie opened her eyes to slits, staring at her crossed feet on the end of the davenport. Ronald whispered, "You're as beautiful as you are brave." The blood was streaming from her shoulder where she'd been wounded. She fainted into his arms with a low moan. And she silently bore the pain and did not yell like that woman upstairs did when she had her baby a month early. "I can't live without you," Ronald said. "I love you." She tried to answer. She was terribly brave, only it was no use. She fainted again. Her head dropped against his broad shoulder with her long golden hair streaming over his arm.

Mamie closed her eyes and felt the tears starting to burn inside her lids. She cried. The tears ran down her puffed cheeks and the sobs shook her fat, shapeless form. After a while she stopped. She stared at the wall, trying to think of another story to do, but she got to tracing the way the gold cord looped around the maroon stripes on the wallpaper and the way they all ended up in tassels and she couldn't think.

The noise of the streetcars banged up from the street, and the sound of cars shifting gears, and the whistle from the traffic cop on the corner. Someone was swearing on the floor above her and the radio in the flat across the hall was blaring music. Mamie listened for a few minutes, trying to follow the voices. The music was too loud. She got up, walked panting across the room and clicked on her own radio. While she waited for the station to come in she leaned against the table, trying to get some of the weight off her feet. Her feet always hurt, even in slippers, so that she had to shift heavily from one foot to the other. When she had turned the radio up as loud as it would go she went back across the room and sank onto the davenport.

The programs followed each other at fifteen-minute intervals. *Road of Life, Valiant Lady, Stella Dallas,*

Helen Trent. Mamie listened vacantly, her arms folded across her pillow-like breasts. Soon she rolled over and dozed. She awoke, listened to the radio, dozed off again.

Once, someone knocked on the door. The pounding woke her but she didn't get up. Landlady, gasman, bill collector, it didn't matter, since whoever it was wanted money for sure. They always wanted money and how could she give it to them if she didn't have it? She shut her eyes and thought of Ronald and after a while the knocking stopped.

The chimes from the church down the block jarred against the station announcement and Mamie sighed and shifted her position so that she faced the wall. She hadn't realized it was so late. It was funny lately the way she was never sure what time it was. She ought to get up and start fixing lunch for the kids, she thought. They'd be home at twelve-ten and she hadn't washed the dishes or made the beds or done anything. She shut her eyes. She and Ronald and Helen Trent stepped into the huge black car and hurried to the airport. She was just coming to the good part where Ronald smothered her with burning kisses, when she dozed off again.

2

SHE was still sleeping when Johnnie and Petey and Marie came banging up the stairs and slammed open the door. The noise only half penetrated her fog of sleep and she burrowed her head deeper into the cushion that was wet beneath her mouth. Johnnie shook her by the shoulder.

"Ma," he said. "Ma!"

Mamie rolled over on her back and partly opened her eyes. She stared at him and swallowed a few times to get the phlegm out of her throat. The radio was on yet and her head hurt and her eyes stung from crying.

"You haven't got us lunch today neither, have you?" Johnnie said. He walked over and shut off the radio. "Have you?"

Mamie grasped the back of the davenport and pulled herself forward to sit up. She pushed herself to her feet finally and walked unsteadily into the kitchen. Johnnie followed her, and Petey and Marie tagged behind him. The dishes were still on the table from breakfast and a fly was kicking in a ring of milk spilled on the peeling oilcloth top. Mamie cleared off the dishes, breathing heavily, and piled them in the sink.

Johnnie said, "You couldn't get it ready for a change." Mamie went right on wetting the dishrag and swiping at the top of the table. Finishing, she turned and tossed the dishrag into the sink on top of the dirty dishes. She pulled out a loaf of bread and a roll of bologna and a couple of knives, and slid them onto the table.

"What a lunch," Johnnie said. "What a slop-house."

Mamie sat at one end of the table, sliced off several slices of meat for Petey and Marie, started to make herself a sandwich.

"What a mother," Johnnie said. Petey and Marie were busy stuffing down their food.

Mamie bit into her sandwich, her teeth leaving a large semicircle. Her cheeks bulged as she ate. "I was tired," she said.

"Sure, you were tired. You're always tired. I'll bet you're not too tired to go to the movies this afternoon."

Johnnie was a fresh, mean kid. Mamie didn't pay him no mind. She went on eating instead, with her elbows on the table and her eyes fixed on a hole in the yellow oilcloth. Petey and Marie stood beside her dressed in little red suits with real fur around the collars, like those twins she'd seen that time when George took them all out to the park. Petey and Marie looked bright and smart, not dumb like she sometimes was afraid they were.

"You never do anything no more," Johnnie said. He watched Mamie eat, watched her look at the oilcloth. "Ma!" he yelled suddenly. "Don't you even hear me?"

Mamie gazed with beautiful sad tenderness at her son. She was hiding the pain so he wouldn't know she was about to die after she'd sacrificed her own life to save him. Her eyes filled with tears.

Johnnie stood at the other end of the table uncertainly. "I didn't mean nothing," he said.

Mamie was chewing slowly. The pain was something awful. Soon it would all be over. Tears rolled down her wadded cheeks and dropped upon her chin. Chairs knocking, feet scraping, door slamming: the kids had gone back to school. Life was so unhappy. She made herself another sandwich, walked through the living room into the bedroom eating it. Her head ached and her feet hurt, so she sat on the edge of the unmade bed to rest. Without getting up she reached into the lower dresser drawer and pulled out a blue silk tam which she stretched down around her ears.

The alarm clock on the dresser pointed to one o'clock. The matinee started at one-fifteen and she didn't want to be late. She started to rouge her cheeks but did only one, round and orange, and then felt tired and sat back on the bed. She rested a moment, then reached under the bed and pulled out a pair of Cuban-heeled sandals. Her feet were hot and swollen, and puffed out in small rolls between the straps. She picked up her purse, counted her change as she limped into the living room. The movies . . . and Mamie went down the stairs and into the street in a red chiffon dress and a wide lace hat and her little feet twinkled on the pavement.

The theater was on the corner of the block. Mamie paid her admission and hobbled down the aisle to her usual seat in the fourth row. She was early. She slipped off her shoes and leaned back into the soft chair, listening to the music and smiling happily.

The lights went out. She could feel the quiver of happy excitement inside her. A newsreel flashed on

the screen. She yawned. She didn't like newsreels. Wars and Senators — noise and confusion. Her aching head made her think of George and she didn't like to think of George, so she closed her eyes and didn't watch the screen and she thought about her and Ronald.

It was easy to think about Ronald because he was always with her now, almost. She used to think she would go crazy always worrying about George getting mad and knocking her around and Johnnie so mean and Petey and Marie dumb and the bills not paid and George drunk most of the time. All that — gone. Cozy warm darkness. The main picture started. Mamie sighed contentedly.

She watched the film hazily, sometimes dozing. She'd already seen it twice before, so if she slept a little she knew she hadn't missed anything when she woke up. Once, it seemed she'd been sleeping a long time, but the picture was just in the middle when she snapped awake, so she wasn't sure. She got hungry later but she dozed off again pretty soon and forgot about it. When she woke up this time she was so cramped it hurt her to move. She sat stiff and watched the whole story, but when the newsreel came along, her head dropped to her breast.

The house lights were on and somebody was shaking her by the arm. It was the usher and he was pointing to the rows of empty seats and Mamie began

to cry. Everybody had gone and left her alone and she had to go home. The usher helped her up the aisle to the exit door. It was dark and cold out on the street and she wanted to go back into the theater and she tried to find the door but she couldn't because they were all closed, so she had to start back to the flat.

She hurried along in the sharp wind, limping a little because she hadn't fastened the straps of her sandals and they kept slipping off her heels. She could see the lights on inside and she was afraid George would be there mad or maybe drunk. She pulled herself up the stairs by the banister, breathing heavily when she reached the landing. She had to knock on the door because she'd forgotten the key.

George opened the door and said, "Wherenell you been?" And Mamie could see his woolen undershirt and the black hair on the back of his hand and the hand on the knob shutting the door after her. And George said, "Wherenell you been?" The haired hand came toward her, palm first, so she stepped away and lost her balance and fell heavily against the end of the davenport. She slid to the floor. Above her was the ceiling with the unshaded bulb. She squinted at the light, trying desperately to remember. Then, smiling happily, she crawled toward him.

"Ronald," she whispered, "Ronald."



SKYSCRAPER CANTICLE

by CARL SANDBURG

Bless Thee, O Lord, for the living arc of the sky over me this morning.

Bless Thee, O Lord, for the companionship of night mist far above the skyscraper tops I saw when I woke once during the night.

Bless Thee, O Lord, for the miracle of light to my eyes and the involved mystery of it that I do not expect to solve so long as I live.

Bless Thee, O Lord, for the laws Thou hast ordained that hold these tall buildings together and that govern the planet Earth in its course and farther away the cycle of the Sun.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE HOME

by MILDRED WELCH CRANSTON

I

I WAS in college during and just after the First World War, confident that my generation had fought the last battle in history. I returned from five years in China to find my friends' faith in the League of Nations second only to their reliance on the stock market. I married, and my children were born as that League proved vulnerable and after stocks, with the whole financial structure of the country, had utterly collapsed. The Second World War began before those children had reached high school; like all other homes, ours has been irrevocably changed by the struggle.

With parents everywhere we have found our joy at the end of the conflict sobered by the thought that those who have taken up the sword or the atomic bomb may perish by it. Unless some means can be swiftly found to establish and keep peace here and everywhere our homes, our children, and all else may be destroyed. This urgency makes all other needs in the modern world appear secondary in importance, and the role which a modern woman plays in her home becomes the way in which she attempts by observation, study, understanding, and action to contribute to the peace of the world.

I remember attending a Christmas meeting in a school auditorium, the parents sitting around the four sides of the room, with the children performing in the center. Lighted candles played a part in the decorations, and it occurred to me suddenly that in case of a fire we should probably fail to act rationally; the instinct of every parent to rush towards the center and rescue his own child would menace the safety of all. Sometimes in this post-war period I think all parents are like the participants in that celebration, watching the play go on, mindful of danger, and ready to save their own without thought for the others who are threatened. We have to beware of a type of domestic isolationism. While we meet — I hope intelligently — the immediate threat

of the atomic bomb, we must also plan ahead for the time, ten or twenty years from now, when our children will, if they survive the present crisis, be meeting the many tests to which the United Nations and other coöperative institutions will be subjected.

With other women of my generation, when we "got the vote," I allied myself with organizations which studied and acted upon the issues of the day. I have signed petitions, passed resolutions, attended city council meetings, and bombarded Congressmen with protests, commendations, and suggestions. I do not discount such service; rather, I believe much of the credit for liberal legislation during the last thirty years belongs to women. I shall continue to sign, pass, attend, protest, commend, and suggest. But if the ushering in of the atomic age means that the one more chance to make and keep peace has in truth become the last chance, I am more than ever going to study this younger generation — the influences and attitudes brought to bear upon them — knowing that they are both the hope and the despair of the future. They are, in fact, the only means we have to keep the peace we now intend to make.

On the evening of the day President Roosevelt died, my husband and I were trying to help our thirteen-year-old son draw a picture map of South America. Our own education had been of the pre-picture map era, and our son's earlier schooling in California had not included this technique. So we three were sweating it out together. As the radio commentators announced in shocked tones, "The end came at Warm Springs. . . . Mrs. Roosevelt is flying South immediately. . . . The Vice-President will take the oath of office in a few minutes," I was tracing uncertain coffee beans on Brazil while my son and husband were drawing a coöperative cow on Argentina!

It was the end of an era; my children remembered no other President; the most momentous six months in history had begun, and we were drawing pictures with crayons. Did education, I thought exasperatedly, prepare a child for understanding the present and for meeting intelligently an uncertain future? Or is it possible that a knowledge of South America, its governments, its products, its surpluses, is in the

Ten months ago the *Atlantic*, in conjunction with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, offered a prize of \$1000 for the best paper of 2500 words on "The Modern Woman's Place in the Home." The winner of the competition is MILDRED WELCH CRANSTON of Hanover, New Hampshire, a professor's wife and the mother of a family, who has expressed her own philosophy in direct and forthright terms.

long run more important than the events surrounding the death of one President and the inauguration of another? I am struggling with the answers to my own questions. Many parents believe that in the light of the world's new and pressing needs even the curriculum of the elementary schools needs re-examination, to the end that what our children study and the way in which they behave in school shall contribute directly to understanding this country and all other peoples. This job must be done with insight and with speed.

2

WHEN V-E Day was proclaimed, our son, with eighth-graders the country over, was being classified for the studies he would follow through the remaining four years of high school. The nice little gangs that had come up together through elementary school were being divided into two groups on the basis of prospective college attendance. This year, consequently, we do not see much of Butch, our son's liveliest pal. He is no longer one of the bunch, because he isn't taking Latin, literature, and algebra; his curriculum is composed of shop mathematics, mechanical drawing, and business English, the subjects immediately useful for earning a living as a mechanic — and let it be noted that he is being more skillfully prepared for taking care of himself at seventeen than the members of the college preparatory group.

The truth is that the gap between the haves and the have-nots begins to open in school life when boys and girls are thirteen or fourteen years old. In good schools the division is made on the basis of aptitude tests, but more often it rests on economic privilege. Those who can afford it will go to college, and in high school will take the so-called cultural subjects; all the others learn directly how to make a living. Through the years the only leveling factors have come in wartime conscription and in the GI Bill of Rights, which allows college attendance to many who could not have afforded it otherwise.

The result of this early division is that in ten years' time the white-collar workers are accusing the laborers of being greedy, materialistic, and dominated by unprincipled leaders; and the men and women who form the ranks of labor look upon employers as exploiters of the underprivileged. We try to correct these misunderstandings by promoting workers' institutes, night schools, labor colleges, student-labor cooperative studies, and other devices which are acknowledgments of the shortcomings of the training in earlier years.

No one knows better than a housewife who does all her own work that there are values and dignity in manual labor, in spite of a tradition that has developed that working with your head is always preferable to working with your hands. I do not carry any banner for college education except as a

long and difficult preparation for a useful life; the last three decades have witnessed the growth of too many snobbish ideas connected with college as a necessity for social prestige. I am as deeply concerned that my son shall not feel himself superior to Butch as I am that Butch shall have a fair chance to train all his capacities to the full.

My plea is twofold. First, all curriculum classifications should be in accordance with scientific aptitude tests, and every student should have an opportunity to develop his capacities. Sometimes this will necessitate persuasion of parents. In any case the divisions must not be based upon economic privilege. Secondly, although it may mean more weeks in school, there must be a fair chance for would-be laborers to study cultural subjects and for the potential college students to have real experience in learning some manual skill. There can be no economic peace as long as one class learns only the "practical arts" and the other concentrates exclusively on the *ideas* of the past and future. Educators are not to be blamed for the divisions which have long existed; they do very well what they have been directed to do. But every member of a community should exert himself to the full to eliminate undemocratic classifications in this most democratic of American institutions.

We were in Plymouth, Massachusetts, for V-J Day and our little girls helped ring the church bell that proclaimed the three-day celebration in that historic town. The Aldens and Standishes have long been gone; the telephone book mainly lists names that end in *i* and *o*, for a century ago the Atlantic seaboard towns began to employ Portuguese and Italians in large numbers in the factories. We watched three generations celebrate in front of the town's Honor Roll, a long list of names denoting ancestry from all corners of Europe. Under the shadow of Burial Hill, where sleep the Pilgrims and their children, a heterogeneous throng made merry. For those of Italian background the victory meant the utter defeat of their fatherland, but the realization did not seem obvious in the faces of the people who look upon America as their home and Plymouth as their town. Would this final victory mean for all the people of Plymouth and of this country a fair chance for a fuller life?

If we had been hopeful, we were to experience shortly a rude awakening; for in the months since V-J Day evidences of race prejudice have increased, and the alarming element is that in the last six months many of the mass demonstrations against Negroes and Jews have centered in educational institutions. Riots and near-riots have occurred in high schools, and the facts concerning race and color quotas in our colleges and universities are no more startling than the quiet but deadly anti-Semitism among college and university students themselves.

We used to think that education would cure race prejudice; we know now that animosities can breed anywhere. A student in a famous and traditionally

liberal college for women reports that it is virtually impossible for a Jewish girl to achieve social success or win a campus office; a chaperone at a men's university house party tells of the heartbreak of a girl appearing as a "blind date," attractive and personable but of Jewish ancestry, abandoned by her escort and his friends to the permanent exile of the powder room. Gentile girls have been equally unfeeling toward Jewish boys. These facts need airing.

Again, I have only praise for the teachers in the high schools and colleges who often give the first and only liberal teaching a boy or girl receives. The blame rather rests with early home and community attitudes, or with the mores of the school social groups. These have exerted long-lasting influence. I do not know the full story of discrimination among the youth of today, but I pledge myself to try to discover it.

Social distinctions, racial discriminations, class prejudices, misunderstandings, rivalries — all the

material for creating a war are present in our own communities. As we deal with the causes and cure of war on the international scale, so we must grapple with them in town, in school, and in home. There is, furthermore, a sense of urgency today, a reminder that there may be so little time in which to build a peace that will last. This gives us a new incentive which should develop additional insights and inspired techniques. It is a job for us all, but especially for women, whether as the mothers of the oncoming generation or as their teachers and friends. We may fail. Even if we correct the evils I have listed and many more, war may yet come and all of us be destroyed together — aristocrat, true democrat, employer, laborer, Jew, and Jew-baiter. This is a risk we must take, but it is worth the venture. What we modern women must do is to pursue our course with zeal, with intelligence, and with the hope that the outcome will vindicate our effort and our faith.

THE WORK OF HAPPINESS

by MAY SARTON

I THOUGHT of happiness, how it is woven
 Out of the silence in the empty house each day
 And how it is not sudden and it is not given
 But is creation itself like the growth of a tree:
 No one has seen it happen, but inside the bark
 Another circle is growing in the expanding ring.
 No one has heard the root go deeper in the dark,
 But the tree is lifted by this inward work,
 And its plumes shine and its leaves are glittering.

So happiness is woven out of the peace of hours
 And strikes its roots deep in the house alone:
 The old chest in the corner, cool waxed floors,
 White curtains softly and continually blown
 As the free air moves quietly about the room;
 A shelf of books, a table, and the white-washed wall —
 These are the dear familiar gods of home,
 And here the work of faith can best be done.
 The growing tree is green and musical.

For what is happiness but growth in peace,
 The timeless sense of time when furniture
 Has stood a life's span in a single place,
 And as the air moves, so the old dreams stir
 The shining leaves of present happiness?
 No one has heard thought or listened to a mind
 But where people have lived in inwardness
 The air is charged with blessing and does bless:
 Windows look out on mountains and the walls are kind.

SHAW AT NINETY

by ERIC BENTLEY

1

ON the twenty-sixth of July, Bernard Shaw will be ninety years old. How should we — or he — feel about it? The ninetieth birthday of the man who once wrote, “Every man over forty is a scoundrel,” is an ambiguous occasion. Ambiguous because he does not believe in celebrating any birthdays, let alone ninetieth birthdays. Ambiguous because, in the opinion of so many, Mr. Shaw has outlived his genius and even his usefulness. Ambiguous because, it is thought, the politics of the twentieth century has traveled far beyond the ken of Fabianism. Ambiguous because twentieth-century literature has taken quite a different turn since the days when Shavian drama was the latest thing. And yet, despite Mr. Shaw’s indifference to celebrations, despite the indifference of my contemporaries to Mr. Shaw, I propose to celebrate the ninety-year span of this man’s life by asking the Shavian question: What use has it been? To what end has Bernard Shaw lived?

Seventy years ago a young Irishman went to live in London. Another twenty years had to pass before London was fully aware of the fact that it possessed a new critic, a new novelist, a new thinker, a new wit, and — rarest of all — a new dramatist. In the first decade of the twentieth century Shaw’s reputation swept across America and Central Europe. On the death of Anatole France in 1924 he was declared the leading Great Man of European letters. A new play by Shaw was a world event. Between 1923 and 1925 the part of Saint Joan was enacted by Winifred Lenihan in America, Sybil Thorndike in England, Ludmilla Pitoëff in Paris, Elisabeth Bergner in Berlin. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday a *New York Times* editorial declared Shaw “probably the most famous of living writers.”

Soon the fame won by plays and books was doubled by the fame won by his films. Shaw’s opinions on

everything were reported in the press almost weekly. Has any other author ever been so famous during his lifetime? (Since 1905 many articles on Shaw have been published every year. Some forty whole books have been written about him.) True, none of his books has sold like *Gone With the Wind*, none of his plays has run as long as *Tobacco Road*. But, even by the economic criterion, Shaw’s career was “sounder” than any merely popular author’s, for his books went on selling indefinitely and his plays returned to the stage again and again. True, as a “best-selling classic” Shaw does not rival Shakespeare or the Bible. But then it takes the death of its author to put the final seal of respectability upon a classic. And Shaw refuses to die.

If, as Freud says, the life of the artist is a quest for honor, riches, fame, love, and power, Shaw must be one of the most successful men who ever lived. Then why is he, rather obviously, a sad old man? Because he is sorry to leave a world which he has so brilliantly adorned? That is too shallow an explanation. Honor, riches, fame, the love of women, these he has been granted in abundance. Yet the striking thing about Shaw is his relative aloofness from all these worldly advantages. He talks about them all as if they belonged to somebody else.

But Freud mentioned a fifth goal: power. And this Shaw has only had to the same extent as any other rich writer, and that is to a very small extent indeed. Not that Shaw wanted to be Prime Minister or anything of that sort. The only time Shaw stood as candidate in a large-scale election his abstention from demagogy amounted to a Coriolanus-like repudiation of his electors. When the electors turned him down, they were returning a compliment.

This was not the kind of power Shaw wanted. Crude personal ambition is something he scarcely understands. What he did feel was the consciousness of great spiritual resources within him, the consciousness of a message — of, as he put it, being used by something larger than himself. When, therefore, people paid attention to the ego of Shaw and not to

An advisory Editor of the *Kenyon Review*, ERIC BENTLEY, aged twenty-nine, is the author of *A Century of Hero-Worship* and *The Playwright as Thinker*. His next work will be a *Bernard Shaw* in the *Makers of Modern Literature* Series.

the message of Shaw, when they paid attention to the small and not to the large thing, that was for Shaw the ultimate catastrophe. More plainly put, Shaw's aim has been to change our minds and save civilization; but we are still in the old ruts and civilization has gone from bad to worse. For Shaw this must be the cardinal fact of his career. "I have produced no permanent impression because nobody has ever believed me."

Anyone who knows Shaw's aims and attitudes knows that this is as complete a confession of failure as old Carlyle's famous sentence: "They call me a great man now, but not one believes what I have told them." Three years after Carlyle's death Shaw wrote on behalf of the peaceful Fabians that "we had rather face a Civil War than such another century of suffering as this has been." And then came, of all things, the twentieth century, the age of Wilhelm II, Tojo, and Hitler! In 1932 Shaw was again addressing the Fabians. He said: "For forty-eight years I have been addressing speeches to the Fabian Society and to other assemblies in this country. So far as I can make out, those speeches have not produced any effect whatsoever."

"So what?" some will be content to say, reconciling themselves with cynical ease to the ways of the world. Why should Shaw think he can change civilization by thinking, writing, and talking? This, says one of his Marxist critics, is the "bourgeois illusion." Winston Churchill does not use the Marxist vocabulary, but his essay on Shaw, in *Great Contemporaries*, conveys the same contempt. He will accept Shaw only on condition that he does not ask to be taken seriously. He ignores Shaw's repeated assertion: "The real joke is that I am in earnest."

2

THE fact that Shaw has been easy to brush off can be explained by the method which he has used to spread his fame, a method he expounded forty years ago with characteristic frankness:—

In order to gain a hearing it was necessary for me to attain the footing of a privileged lunatic with the license of a jester. My method has therefore been to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say and then say it with the utmost levity.

The lunatic jester was named "G.B.S.," a personage who from the start was known to many more people than Bernard Shaw could ever hope to be, a Very Funny Man, whose perversities were so outrageous that they could be forgiven only under the assumption that they were not intended, whose views and artistic techniques seemed to be arrived at by the simple expedient of inverting the customary. Unfortunately Bernard Shaw proved a sorcerer's apprentice: he could not get rid of "G.B.S." The very method by which Shaw made himself known prevented him from being understood. The

paradox of his career is that he should have had so much fame and so little influence.

So little influence? Is the phrase disparaging? After all, Shaw had an appreciable influence at least on the generation of 1910. And yet even this is hardly something that Shaw would congratulate himself upon, for it was mainly negative. It represented only the superficial part of his teaching, his anti-Victorianism. It was often the kind of influence he had positively to disown — as in the case of the young criminal whose plea of being a disciple of Shaw was later embodied in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. The attention Shaw attracts must not be confused with influence.

During the first decades "G.B.S." was a Dangerous Spirit, distinctly Mephistophelian, red-bearded, young, and aggressive. No kind of philosopher can more easily be dismissed. Eugene O'Neill's play *Ah, Wilderness* portrays this early Shavian "influence" as a sort of measles which the more literary high school boy must have and then forget. After the First World War, the great dividing line in Shaw's career, "G.B.S." was regarded as rather cute, a Santa Claus if not a Simple Simon. William Archer crowned his long series of attempts to discredit Shaw with a final blow: Shaw was a Grand Old Man. "Not taking me seriously," said Shaw, "is the Englishman's way of refusing to face facts." And by "the Englishman" Shaw has always meant Monsieur Tout-le-monde. "What is wrong with the prosaic Englishman is what is wrong with the prosaic men of all countries: stupidity."

Before the First World War, Shaw was the leader of the *avant-garde*. After it he was the Grand Old Man — which meant that he had lost the support of the rebellious young. In 1898 Shaw had written: "I may dodder and dote; I may potboil and platitudinize; I may become the butt and chopping-block of all the bright original spirits of the rising generation; but my reputation shall not suffer; it is built up fast and solid, like Shakespeare's, on an impregnable basis of dogmatic reiteration." Like Shakespeare's! What an irony, for the man who wished to have, not literary prestige "like Shakespeare's," but *influence* like Voltaire's or Luther's. "I see there is a tendency," Shaw said in 1921, "to begin treating me like an archbishop. I fear in that case that I must be becoming a hopeless old twaddler."

The new "G.B.S." proved another spirit that could not be exorcised. And the new "G.B.S." was worse than the old, for fogies have even less influence than iconoclasts. The old critics had at least feared and scorned Shaw. An admirer of the new sort wrote: "But I do not believe that we will thus scorn him or forget him when the irritation of his strictures on events that are close to our hearts or to our pride is removed." Unfortunately, for Shaw's purposes, irritation to our hearts and our pride was desirable, while praise for the irritator was neither here nor there. If the undirected rebelliousness of Mencken — whose first book of criticism (1905) was also the first

book ever written about Shaw — was only a negative and distorted Shavianism, that is the only sort of Shavianism that has as yet had any currency at all.

The people who have revered Shaw in his later years — revered him as patriarch, as senile prodigy — have not bothered to imbibe any of his teaching. This is best illustrated by the fact that Broadway, though always reluctant to stage anything but a new play, has revived old Shaw plays and made money with them, while his new plays were either left alone or played to half-empty houses. It was not that Shaw's new plays were so obviously inferior to his old plays. They were in any case much better plays than most of those on Broadway. It was that Shaw was no longer welcome as a living force. He was a Classic — that is, the author of plays old and awesome enough to be innocuous.

When Shaw won popular fame he lost his serious reputation. "The bright and original spirits of the rising generation" repudiated him and passed on. A *Nation* editorial of October, 1909, already reflects new departures: "The time has come . . . when the insolent Shavian advertising no longer fills us with astonishment or discovery, or disables our judgment from a cool inspection of the wares advertised. The youthful Athenians who darted most impetuously after his novelties are already hankering after some new thing. The deep young souls who looked to him as an evangelist are beginning to see through him and despair." The occasion of these patronizing remarks was the publication of Chesterton's brilliant book (still the best) on Shaw, which, despite Chesterton's avowed dislike of "time snobbery," was an attempt to make Shaw sound dated.

In 1913, D. H. Lawrence wrote that there ought to be a revolt against the generation of Shaw and Wells. In the same year a young English critic, Dixon Scott, who was soon after to be killed at Gallipoli, interpreted Shaw, in one of the best critical essays of that generation, as essentially a child of London in the eighties. Shortly after the First World War the leading poet of the new generation, T. S. Eliot, was careful to put Shaw in his place as "an Edwardian," a quaint survivor from before the flood. Several of the clever critics of this clever decade wrote essays to prove Shaw an old fool. Theatrical criticism followed the general trend. The gist of George Jean Nathan's notices in the twenties and thirties is that Shaw is played out.

When William Archer conferred the title of Grand Old Man, Shaw was not yet seventy. The wheel turned, and lo! an ancient of seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five. Diamond jubilees followed jubilees as the figure rose and rose. This year, when Shaw is ninety, some will laugh with him and some will laugh at him, some will laugh sentimentally and some will laugh superciliously. Few will laugh in the true Shavian fashion — seriously.

I hope some of the main features of Shaw's career are now clear. To gain an audience he invented a

pose. The pose gained him his audience but prevented him from having any influence. The mask of clowning in Shaw's career has as its counterpoint the mask of clowning, of farce and melodrama, of *Kitsch* and sheer entertainment, in his plays. Of this second mask a great theatrical critic, Egon Friedell, remarked that it was clever of Shaw so to sugar his pill but that it was even cleverer of the public to lick off the sugar and leave the pill alone. In that battle with his audience which is the main conflict in Shavian drama, in that battle with the public which is the main conflict in everything that Shaw writes or says, the audience, the public, has won. "I have solved practically all the pressing questions of our time," Shaw says, "but . . . they keep on being propounded as insoluble just as if I had never existed."

Up to this point Shaw's secret is an open one. Shaw's famous method, his "Shavianism," by which people mean his pose of arrogance, was a deliberate strategy in an altruistic struggle. As I have suggested, it was precisely because Shaw was so unusually immune from the common frailties of ambition and egoism that he could adopt the manner of the literary exhibitionist without risk to his integrity. His campaign of self-promotion was not the campaign of a clever careerist who decides to secure at once by cunning what he will never secure later by genius. Shaw had artistic genius enough, and knew it, but he was not primarily interested in artistic genius and artistic reputation. He wanted his pen to be his sword in a struggle that was more ethical than aesthetic.

Wishing to change the world, Shaw wished to speak to the public at large, not merely to his literary confreres. So he put his genius at the service of his moral passion. He knew that he risked sacrificing altogether a high literary reputation (like, say, Henry James's); and the fact that his name is so often linked with the publicist Wells indicates that, for a time at least, Shaw has forgone that kind of reputation. The arrogant pose was an act of self-sacrifice. Shaw's modesty was offered up on the altar of a higher purpose. In order to be influential he consented to be notorious.

His failure was double. Willingly he forwent his literary reputation. Unwillingly he had to admit his lack of influence as a thinker. The term Artist-Philosopher which Shaw coined for himself is perhaps a concealed admission that both as artist and as philosopher he had failed to make his mark.

3

IF THIS were the whole story, Shaw would be no more important than a hundred other men who have abandoned art for "action" or propaganda without making any noticeable dent in the world's armor. Shaw's is a more complicated case. If he is today a sad old man it is not himself that he has found disappointing. His unhappiness is not that of a Citizen

Kane finding that success does not bring contentment. It is in *us* that he is disappointed. It is modern civilization he grieves over. To the man who now proceeds to ask: but is not Shaw one of us? is he not an integral part of modern civilization? one would have to reply: his ideas are indeed typically modern, a synthesis of all our romanticism and realism, our traditionalism and our revolutionism, yet he himself is not one of us. He is further apart from his contemporaries than any other thinker since Nietzsche.

Shaw was born and bred a Protestant in the most fanatically Catholic city in the world. That indeed is his situation in a nutshell. His home, far from being one of puritanic pressures like Samuel Butler's, was one of abnormally tepid relationships. From the beginning Shaw was encouraged to be independent. Practically the only thing his education taught him was how to stand alone. His keenest pleasures were those which the imagination could feast on without intrusion from people around him; when he speaks of his voluptuous youth he means he read novels, wandered round an art gallery, reveled in opera and melodrama. Since his schooling was as untyrannical as his home, he was largely unaffected by it. The first time he felt the pressure of society was when he became a clerk. It was too much for him. He broke with his whole environment by going to seek his fortune in London. If he lived with his mother there, it was only to save money. Mother and son continued to see little of each other.

Shaw entered British society by the Bohemian gate. He never tried to become an established member of the upper, middle, or lower class. He remained "unassimilated." His first circle of acquaintance consisted largely of musicians, his later circle of writers and actors. Even his journalistic experience did not bring Shaw overmuch into contact with the general run of men. As book reviewer, art, drama, and music critic, he worked at home, at the gallery, the theater, and the concert hall, not at the office. A brief connection with the telephone business convinced Shaw for a second time that he must never try to "earn an honest living."

From 1882 on, Shaw was a socialist, addressed mass audiences, served on committees, was elected borough councillor, stood as candidate for the London County Council. But how far all this work was from any mingling with the working class, the middle class, or any class except that of intellectuals is clear to anyone who studies the life of Shaw in particular or the history of the Fabian Socialists in general. The Fabian Society should be thought of less as one of the several branches of the British Labor movement than as one of the many societies for intellectuals which abounded in Victorian, and especially Late Victorian, England.

One might almost say that the Fabians were nearer to the Aesthetes than to the trade-unions. Theirs was but another form of Bohemianism. "Instead of velvet jackets and a slap-dash joviality,"

as Dixon Scott put it, the young writers of the eighties "took to *saeva indignatio* and sandals," to "Jaeger and Ibsen and Esoteric Buddhism." "They became infidels," he added, "atheists, anarchists, cosmogonists, vegetarians, anti-vivisectionists, anti-vaccinationists." Far from involving Shaw personally in ordinary British society, socialism helped to keep him out of it. And for good. For he married a wealthy Fabian in 1898, and in the twentieth century has barely pretended to be a part of our world at all. At best he descends upon us from his country house at Ayot St. Lawrence like a prophet descending from mountain solitude.

If this version of Shaw's career seems fanciful, turn to the last page of the preface to *Immaturity*, the long essay which is the nearest approach to an autobiography that Shaw will ever write. Calling himself "a sojourner on this planet rather than a native of it," Shaw continues:—

Whether it be that I was born mad or a little too sane, my kingdom was not of this world: I was at home only in the realm of my imagination, and at my ease only with the mighty dead. Therefore I had to become an actor, and create for myself a fantastic personality fit and apt for dealing with men, and adaptable to the various parts I had to play as author, journalist, orator, politician, committeeman, man of the world and so forth. In this I succeeded later on only too well. In my boyhood I saw Charles Mathews act in a farce called *Cool as a Cucumber*. The hero was a young man just returned from a tour of the world, upon which he had been sent to cure him of an apparently hopeless bashfulness; and the fun lay in the cure having overshot the mark and transformed him into a monster of outrageous impudence. I am not sure that something of the kind did not happen to me; for when my imposture was at last accomplished, and I daily pulled the threads of the puppet who represented me in the public press, the applause that greeted it was not unlike that which Mathews drew in *Cool as a Cucumber*. . . . At the time of which I am writing, however, I had not yet learned to act, nor come to understand that my natural character was impossible on the great London stage. When I had to come out of the realm of imagination into that of actuality I was still uncomfortable. I was outside society, outside politics, outside sport, outside the church. If the term had been invented then I should have been called the Complete Outsider.

Shaw was certainly an outsider. And, as we have seen, the ruse by which he sought to get Inside was by no means successful.

4

AT THIS point Shaw's career is revealed to us as something more than a picturesque misadventure, and Shaw as something more than a frustrated propagandist or a frustrated man of action. Of course he *is* a frustrated propagandist to some extent — all preachers are. But he is not a man of action

at all. He is an artist, and therefore, whatever his didactic urge, whatever the naturalistic ardor with which he seeks to portray the outer world, he gives expression to his own nature and tells the story of himself. In the art of persuasion one Hitler or one Hearst is worth a thousand Shaws. The fact that Shaw did not descend to the methods of the politician, let alone of the demagogue, would indicate that — in spite of himself — he was not fundamentally a propagandist.

When remarking that the good advice of the Gospels, Dickens, Plato, has never been heeded, Shaw says in the foreword to his *Prefaces*: "You may well ask me why, with such examples before me, I took the trouble to write them. I can only reply that I do not know. There was no why about it: I had to: that was all." A cryptic solution? To those who know their Shaw it is suggestive of other Shavian tenets. Most basic of them is the statement in *The Sanity of Art*: "We are afraid to look life in the face and see in it, not the fulfilment of a moral law or of the deductions of reason, but the satisfaction of a passion in us of which we can give no account whatever." To satisfy passions we do many things because we "have to" — there is "no why about it." If the passion is a sufficiently high one — according to Shaw, chastity is passion, thought is passion — the action is justified.

Shaw's passions are high. In the preface to *Immaturity*, which I have already cited, Shaw refers to himself as an Insider. "The moment music, painting, literature, or science came into question the positions were reversed: it was I who was the Insider. I had the intellectual habit; and my natural combination of critical faculty with literary resource needed only a clear comprehension of life in the light of intelligible theory: in short, a religion, to set it in triumphant operation." One of the most interesting portraits of Shaw is his own John Tanner, the man of ideas who in this world of ours is rightly regarded as even more a gasbag than an iconoclast, but who in the realm of the spirit, as Don Juan Tenorio, is a true master.

Whatever his duties to us, Shaw had his duty to himself. Whatever his function as a deliberate preacher, Shaw also knew himself to be a *force* that had to act according to the inscrutable laws of its own nature. He was being used — for an unknown purpose — through the agency of a passion "of which we can give no account whatever." This passion led the man who thought of himself as a propagandist to what looks like the weakest and most unpromising of all propagandist media — the theater. Nor are the plays the most propagandist of plays. As far as the presentation of opinions was concerned, Shaw's forte is for presenting both sides of a question with equal conviction, an art he brought to such a pitch that some thought his *Saint Joan* a defense of the Inquisition, while others thought his later political plays a defense of fascism. From beginning to end Shaw's drama expresses his nature — his apprehen-

sion of many-faceted reality — much more than it champions particular doctrines. It even mirrors Shaw's life rather closely in a series of self-portraits.

5

IT IS not of course true, despite Mr. Wells, that *all* Shaw's characters are Shaw — at least not in any obvious or important way. Nor can one, as Mr. Laski hints, simply look for a character who talks a lot, who believes in socialism, or creative evolution, and stamp him as Shaw. In *Candida*, for example, there is actually more of Shaw's philosophy, more of Shaw's plight too, in the Pre-Raphaelite poet Marchbanks than in the platform-speaking socialist Morell. These two characters might perhaps be taken as two halves of Shaw's nature: his outer, glib, and confident half, at once socialist and social, and his spiritual, lonely, and artistic half, the half that puts him beyond the pale of society. Certainly the secret in the poet's heart is the secret of Shaw the Outsider who is the real Insider, the man who is strong enough to leave the homestead and live with himself and his vision.

In the later plays the two most interesting self-portraits are Captain Shotover in *Heartbreak House* and King Magnus in *The Apple Cart*. Both portray Shaw's role in modern civilization and in England in particular. In *Heartbreak House*, England is represented as a ship, with no captain, heading for the rocks. In a ship within this ship — a house in which the only room we see is got up like a ship's cabin — lives Shotover, half lunatic, half sage, an ex-sailor who sold himself to the devil at Zanzibar. He is conducting researches with the aim of discovering a death ray ostensibly "to blow up the human race if it goes too far."

Actually Shaw borrowed the death ray from a novel by Bulwer Lytton in order to repeat a fancy he had aired long before in an essay: either we must learn to respect justice as such or acquire the power to kill each other instantaneously by merely thinking. *Responsibility* (our supreme desideratum according to Shaw) must be attained by whatever method — if not by a passion for justice, then by the passion of fear. It is significant that Shaw does not present Shotover as a noble character but as a senile eccentric. As poignantly as Nietzsche, Shaw recognizes his own limitation. Although Shotover marries a young woman, in sadly ironic recognition of the Shavian union of Artist Man and Creator Woman, he does not discover the death ray any more than England learns to respect justice. The end is chaos and misunderstanding.

The Apple Cart was discussed flat-footedly at the time of its first productions as a play advocating monarchy. This is a misunderstanding. The situation of the play — a king confronting his Labor cabinet — is actually a fantasy which, like all Shavian fantasies, has very concrete implications.

The king is a philosopher-king. In fact he is Shaw (even to his love life, which includes a humdrum wife whom he prefers to a romantic mistress). The problem of the play is not King George versus Ramsay MacDonald but the question: Who knows better what is going on and who is better fitted to cope with it — Bernard Shaw the artist-philosopher or Ramsay MacDonald the prime minister? Their common enemy is Breakages Limited — that is, capitalism, the sinister power, thriving on destruction, which the critics took no notice of because it is not personified on the stage. It lurks in the background. Now just as in *Shotover* Shaw does not make himself patriarchal, so in *Magnus* he does not make himself majestic. It is not clear that Magnus could really have won if he had gone to the polls, as he threatened, against the politicians. It is not clear that the philosopher *can* replace the prime minister. No basic problems are cleared up at the end. We are left with the not very encouraging title of the play.

But perhaps the most complete picture of what I have called "Shaw's role in modern civilization" was long ago provided in *John Bull's Other Island*. As in *Man and Superman* Shaw represents himself by two characters and, as in *Candida*, the two Shaws are brought up against a more masterful person, one who really assumes that he — in *Candida*, it is *she* — has inherited the earth. In *Candida* the emphasis is chiefly psychological. In *John Bull's Other Island* it is chiefly philosophic, a matter of rival outlooks. The Antagonist is not a charming lady but the Shavian Englishman, the Shavian professional man, the Shavian politician, Broadbent, the two syllables of whose name tell us nearly all we need to know of him. Shaw himself, I think, is part Larry Doyle, part Father Keegan; that is, partly the worldly Irishman whose realism drives him to have his revenge on England by "succeeding" as an Englishman, partly the divinely mad priest who believes (Shaw has been quoting the line ever since) that "every jest is an earnest in the womb of time."

There is no passage in Shaw that more clearly shows what he is for and what he is against; there is no passage that more openly reveals his estrangement from our world, than this brief encounter between Keegan and Broadbent: —

BROADBENT: I find the world quite good enough for me: rather a jolly place in fact.

KEEGAN: You are satisfied?

BROADBENT: As a reasonable man, yes. I see no evils in the world — except of course, natural evils — that cannot be remedied by freedom, self-government, and English institutions. I think so, not because I am an Englishman, but as a matter of commonsense.

KEEGAN: You feel at home in the world then?

BROADBENT: Of course. Don't you?

KEEGAN (*from the very depths of his nature*): No.

BROADBENT: Try phosphorus pills. I always take them when my brain is over-worked. I'll give you the address in Oxford Street.

At the end of the play, when Larry Doyle again expresses his contempt for dreaming — it is Shaw's own contempt for illusions, for idealism — and Broadbent tells us he has dreamt of heaven as a dreadful place, "a sort of pale blue satin," Keegan gives us *his* dream. It is Shaw's own ideal, which he hopes is no illusion: —

In my dreams it is a country where the State is the Church and the Church the people: three in one and one in three. It is a commonwealth in which work is play and play is life: three in one and one in three. It is a temple in which the priest is the worshipper and the worshipper the worshipped: three in one and one in three. It is a godhead in which all life is human and all humanity divine: three in one and one in three.

But Father Keegan is obviously even madder than Captain Shotover. He summarizes his own vision: "It is in short the dream of a madman." To which Shaw's Englishman retorts: "What a regular old Church and State Tory he is! He's a character: he'll be an attraction here. Really almost equal to Ruskin and Carlyle." To which Shaw's other half, Larry Doyle, adds: "Yes: and much good *they* did with all their talk!"

Shaw's dream of a better world, his impatience with dreams of a better world, his idealism and his anti-idealism, his knowledge of the world of "Englishmen" and his alienation from this world — all these are implicit in the last pages of *John Bull's Other Island*. These are not pages of the Bernard Shaw the public knows. They are pages of the man who once wrote haughtily: "My heart knows only its own bitterness." They are pages of one whom the poet A.E. called a "suffering sensitive soul."

6

WE ARE now in a position to see what Shaw's career means over and above the well-attested fact that he wanted to be taken seriously and was not taken seriously. We can see that Shaw is a clear case of misunderstood genius. But, lest the story sound too much like that of the perennial "clown with a broken heart," we must see also that Shaw never relaxed into self-pity; that his celebrated gayety is precisely a prophylactic against such relaxation; that, alienated as he was, Shaw made a very special and subtle adjustment. He turned his alienation to artistic and moral profit. He is one of the very few great modern artists who have not been dismayed by their own estrangement.

Our times suffer from sick conscience, and our geniuses suffer with the times. Modern artists are mainly of two types. The first, to use Flaubert's figure, wants to vomit at the thought of the horror of our epoch, which it nevertheless looks straight in the eyes. The second looks in the other direction and calls loudly for literary Uplift, Patriotism, and something Wholesome. Shaw belonged to the first group. He vomited, but eventually emerged from the

vomitorium with an incredibly optimistic smile on his face. Had he decided to join the second group? No, but he had decided that vomiting did no good, that the facts had to be faced but that they had also to be changed, and that if one is alienated from one's environment one can recognize the fact and work out a plan of campaign.

Shaw's older contemporary, Nietzsche, had come to a similar conclusion but had followed up his affirmations of health by losing his reason. Shaw found a happier though in some ways a no less desperate solution: he pretended to have no reason to lose. If modern life was as unreasonable as *King Lear*, Shaw would cast himself as the Fool. Trace the word *mad* through his plays and you will find that the finest characters and the finest actions usually have it applied to them.

Accordingly I do not think Shaw can find a place in the paradise of the middle-brows despite his cheerful and moralistic manner. To be sure, there are subterranean realms which Shaw never enters, and we cannot find in him what we go to Dostoevsky, Proust, or Kafka for. Yet, like Ibsen, Shaw has had "a strange, fairy-tale fate," strange because in some ways so close to his age and in others so remote from it, strange because it was so hard for him to *communicate*. The problem of communication in the arts is never simple; the artist is one who tries to communicate the incommunicable. For the *modern* artist the problem, I think, is especially acute, and Shaw resorted to some very bizarre shifts. Living in this queer age, he found he had to give the impression that his highest quality — a sort of delicate spirituality, purity, or holiness — was fooling when what he meant was that his fooling was holy. The devil's advocate was a saint. The clown was a superman.

Unlike Nietzsche, who finished few of his major works, Shaw has been able to give his very remarkable mind full expression. Although the ninety-year campaign of his life has not abolished war or even capitalism, it has at least made us the beneficiaries of some of the best pamphlets and plays in the language. And in them is recorded for all time a great spirit.

I have reiterated the fact that, on his own confession, Shaw has been a failure as a propagandist. I would not say he is a failure as a teacher. (The teacher not only *need* not be a propagandist; I would say he *cannot* be a propagandist — defining a teacher as one who helps people to learn, learning being something a man has to do for himself.) *John Bull's Other Island* does not solve the Irish problem. It does not, as Mr. Odets's *Waiting for Lefty* tried to do, send the audience rushing out to take action. Nor does it present a situation with the merely external truth ("objectivity") of naturalists like Galsworthy. When Shaw feels the importance of a human situation, he presents it truthfully — that is to say, in all its many-sidedness — and with a passionate accuracy that betokens commitment without prejudice. This is teaching. Shaw's plays are not, though they seem to be, entertainments with propaganda awkwardly added. Their "propaganda" is itself a high art, their art is itself didactic. When they are faulty it is the "entertainment" that is awkwardly added — added to the art, added to the didacticism, added as a sheer redundancy.

The fact that Shaw really wrote his plays because he "had to" (and not to change the world) was in the end the saving of Shavian drama both as art and as teaching. Writing merely what he *had* to write, Shaw will leave us a rich legacy. He has obeyed the Life Force, lived out his Destiny, worn the mask of the madman "G.B.S." without really knowing why. We may learn in time not to despise even the mask, much less Bernard Shaw, as we have learned (I hope) not to despise the Bohemian mask of Oscar Wilde and the Diabolical mask of Nietzsche, two other lonely, estranged teachers of our times. The influence of a propagandist may be prodigious, as we learned from the case of Josef Goebbels. But that was not all we learned from the case of Josef Goebbels. The influence of teachers is lamentably small — or the world would not be in its present state. Yet to the extent that we believe that influence negligible we are cynics. To the extent that we find in that influence a solace and a hope we are men.



A POET IN THE MAKING

by LAURENCE HOUSMAN

1

WHEN A. E. H.'s *Shropshire Lad* had without question begun to make its mark in the literary world, a friend asked him whether, while he was writing it, he knew how good and original it was. "Yes," he replied, "I did think so, because it was so totally different from anything I had written before."

That statement is fully borne out by those of his earlier poems which are still in existence—not only those written in boyhood from the age of fourteen, or thereabouts, but also those which he produced during his undergraduate days at Oxford, when his taste in literature had become more developed and when classical scholarship had begun to be his main interest. Where else, indeed, is any anticipation of the style and sentiment of *A Shropshire Lad* to be found in English poetry? I have come across only two instances: the first is the Dirge in *Cymbeline*:—

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

The second is, of all unexpected writers, by Samuel Johnson! Was he writing prophetically? The title of the poem is "Imitation of the Style of ——" (the name is left blank); and in spite of its eighteenth-century flavor, it is not a bad imitation of what A. E. H. might have written had he lived in that period:—

"Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell
What is bliss, and which the way."

Thus I spoke, and speaking sighed,
Scarce repressed the starting tear;
When the hoary sage replied:
"Come, my lad, and drink some beer!"

That the boy is father of the man is especially true of poets, who as a rule are articulate at an earlier age than most of us. In this essay, LAURENCE HOUSMAN has drawn a youthful portrait of his brother, one of the great poets of our time.

How early A. E. H. started writing poetry we only know from his answer, quite late in life, to the inquiry of a French correspondent: "I wrote verse at eight or earlier, but very little until I was thirty-five." That is an understatement, due perhaps to loss of interest in material which had for him no subsequent value. Between fourteen and eighteen he had written a good deal; and if one includes nonsense verse, his output during that period was considerable; indeed, if bulk counted for anything, he had set out to be a writer of comic verse, in which he might have achieved a reputation alongside the author of *The Bab Ballads*.

About the earliest poem which can be approximately dated as written before rather than after fourteen was a humorous address to an aunt on her second marriage. It exists only in my own memory, and will die with me, as it is not good enough to quote as a whole. Its chief merit was an ingenious tagging of rhymes for the refrain "Honi soit qui mal y pense" with which each verse ended.

The first verse ran thus:—

So, when once a Countess bonny
Lost her garter at the dance,
Then they coined the motto "Honi
Soit qui mal y pense."

The second verse:—

So I write my talkee-talkie
In the language used in France—
Write, and send you "Honi soit qui
Mal y pense."

The third verse:—

Send it off to Dursley Valley,
Your espousals to enhance—
Send you "Honi soit qui mal y
Pense."

Ingenious rhymes, such as these, were a constant feature of his light verse, produced for the most part during the twenty minutes allowed while the family exercised itself over "End Rhymes," or "Nouns and Questions," or on the writing of verses which had to include an assortment of nouns supplied by each member of the family. Sometimes,

while the rest of us were writing one, Alfred would write two. His best (of which he thought well enough years later to allow me to publish it during his lifetime) ran as follows (I have italicized the nouns which had to be brought in):—

At the door of my own little hovel,
 Reading a *novel* I sat;
 And as I was reading the novel
 A gnat flew away with my *hat*:
 As fast as a fraudulent *banker*,
 Away with my hat it fled,
 And calmly came to an anchor
 In the midst of the *cucumber*-bed.
 I went and purchased a *yacht*,
 And traversed the garden tank;
 And I gave it that insect hot
 When I got to the other bank;
 Of its life I made an *abridgment*
 By squeezing it somewhat flat;
 And I cannot think what that midge meant
 By flying away with my hat.

Here, evidently, the whole poem grew out of *abridgment*: he devised a rhyme to it which brought a gnat into the story; and *gnat* rhyming with *hat* suggested the plot; and by finding a rhyme to all but one of the selected nouns, he built up the story point by point.

2

POEMS of this sort he wrote by the dozen, and we kept them for later delight. Serious poems he may also have written in equal numbers; but I don't think so, for in those days our literary productions were common property; only in later years did he become reticent and secretive, and relinquish the leadership which we had followed so willingly. It was that leadership in all our games and devices which probably caused him, many years later, to say, "Was there ever such an interesting family?" because at that time he was certainly its main interest; and he was very much interested in himself.

Our favorite paper game was "Nouns and Questions." Each wrote on one piece of paper a noun, on another a question; these were shuffled and then distributed, to each of us a question and a noun; and we were given twenty minutes in which to answer the question in rhyme, bringing in the noun—which generally, by malicious intention, was made difficult. At this game Alfred's rhyming ingenuity and speed of composition were remarkable. I give two specimens which have remained in my memory through all the seventy years since they were written.

The first, I must explain, was composed in 1876 just before the Russo-Turkish War, when the pro-Turkish policy of Lord Beaconsfield (who was at that time Prime Minister) was being violently denounced by Mr. Gladstone, and the Bulgarian massacres, charged against the Turkish bashibazouks, had become a bone of contention between

the Liberal and Tory parties. The question was: "If you were a bird, what bird would you be, what would you do, and where would you locate yourself?" and the noun was "Antimacassar." And this is how Alfred tackled the problem of bringing in a noun so incongruous to the question:—

Oh, what should I be but a turkey?
 And what should I have but a wattle—
 A wattle to grow on my throttle—
 A wattle to change like an opal?
 My looks should be gloomy and murky;
 My tail should be lively and perky;
 And my home should be Constantinople.

An Ottoman ('cos I am called so)
 My throne and my footstool should be;
 My beak, and my Beaconsfield also,
 Should be the protectors of me.
 I would laugh at the onsets of Russia;
 My protectors would certainly crush her,
 She never should cause me to stir.
 With wonderful ease I would smash her,
 Armed with an Antimacassar,
 And a fine new Bulgarian Massa-
 Cre.

Here is the other pair, which presented a similar incongruity between noun and question:—

Question: Have oysters whiskers as well as beards?
 Noun: Cucumber.

The oyster is found in the ocean,
 While cucumbers grow on the land;
 And the oyster is slightly the moister
 As most people well understand.
 And the reason I mentioned the fact was
 That oyster and moister will rhyme,
 And that 'cucumber' that word exact was
 The one to be brought in this time.
 And therefore, with joy the most boisterous,
 I conclude with the prudent remark
 That, as to the whiskers of oysters,
 I am totally quite in the dark.

Concerning my brother's speed of composition, I remember a very amusing instance. An aunt who was staying with us had received the question: "What do you most like doing?" and the noun "Acme." And this was her brief answer:—

In a Victoria to ride
 Around the Park, when days are bright,
 With fair companion by my side,
 I deem the Acme of delight.

This, along with the rest, was passed up to Alfred, for the final reading aloud. It was his custom, to get over difficulties of handwriting, to read them through to himself first.

In the short interval while we were waiting, he added to our aunt's lines the following:—

And so, I wish, and long, and sigh,
 But not for sordid gain, or pelf;
 I long for lunacy, that I
 May be beside myself.

Was it any wonder that, with such a gift for amusing impromptus, Alfred was the leader in all our recreational pursuits?

3

UNDER Alfred's guidance, we became a very literary family—in quantity if not in quality. New projects, which were seldom finished, were constantly cropping up. We started writing a novel, each of us supplying a character. Alfred's was the villain; mine was a clergyman with a long beard (I gave him a beard because my clerical godfather had one). Directly he heard of the beard, Alfred devised that in his own beard the villain should strangle him. The novel got no further than the first number of the *Family Magazine*, which contained also riddles and rhymes. After that we started writing a new "History of Europe"—a fictional one—mainly in order to form alliances and embark on a European war, in which Alfred, impersonating Napoleon and choosing France for his country (with all the rest of us in alliance against him), so maneuvered us to his will that he won all his battles with an ease which destroyed interest. When some of us began to see through his artfulness, the "History" died an early death.

But it was years earlier, and over poetry, that we were really communal, sometimes writing composite poems, to which each contributed a verse—with rather patchwork results—in different meters of our own choosing. The only one I can now remember was a poem on Death, which began:—

Death is a dreadful thought;
And every person ought
To think of it with reverence,
Before they go for ever hence.

That, which was quite the best verse, was by one of my sisters, who did really write her own poems, at a time when some of us, unconsciously, had our poems written for us by Alfred. Whether he contributed to that poem I cannot be sure; if he did, memory of it has gone.

The *Family Album of Verse*, to which we were all contributors, started when Alfred was fourteen; and I think now that the real reason for its existence was that he had more poems on hand than he knew what to do with: he wanted us to have the pleasure of them, and himself the pleasure of hearing them admired, but he preferred not to claim the authorship of those which he did not think quite up to his standard. And so, with promptings more or less extensive, those of us who were too young to know better became the authors of his superfluous poems; and though at that time I did not know what a sonnet was, I produced one entitled "Evening," and can remember, even now, the difficulty Alfred had in extracting from me the first line,

which ran (I have forgotten all the others): "The swan is sleeping on the river's breast." He asked me to name a suitable bird; but I could only think of ducks and geese, so he had to supply the swan; and I have no doubt now that he supplied the rest of the poem as well.

There was one duplication of a subject, which has a curious explanation. A narrative poem called "The Cruise of the Arrow" appeared in two versions, under the names of our two sisters. Clemence wrote her own; Kate, who was younger, had a good deal of hers written for her. In the *Family Magazine*, Alfred wrote a review of the two poems, in which he said that the poem by the younger was decidedly the better. Perhaps it was; if so, we know the reason why.

All these poems—good, bad, and indifferent—were copied out by Alfred himself. He was indeed the sole family amanuensis for all our composite productions: no other handwriting went into the *Family Album*. He seems to have had a curious fondness for copying out poetry, for not only did he write out all the family compositions, however poor, but at the age of sixteen, or thereabouts, started a commonplace-book, into which he copied seventy-two of what presumably were then his favorite poems and which ran to 159 pages, done with great neatness and accuracy, and containing no more than three erasures from first to last. It was a somewhat conventional selection, not showing much originality of choice: Tennyson and Shelley topped the list with nine poems each; then came Wordsworth, Keats, and Swinburne, with five; Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron with four; Coleridge with three. The other entries (single, with one exception) included Burns, Hood, Scott, Collins, Southey, Macaulay, Beddoes, Poe, and Matthew Arnold. Toward the end (at the age of nineteen or thereabouts, judging from the handwriting) there was more originality of choice; it included translations from Goethe and Klopstock, and poems by Barry Cornwall, Owen Meredith, Gabriel and Christina Rossetti. For Christina he retained a great admiration in later life, venturing the opinion that she might some day come to rank higher than Swinburne. This book he took with him to Oxford, where he added to it its main feature of interest: four long extracts (filling thirty-four pages—one fifth of the whole) from the *Poems and Romances* (1869) of George Augustus Simcox—a now almost forgotten poet.

I am fairly sure that the admiration which this seems to indicate was not a lasting one; but one of the four extracts—a ballad of two lovers approaching the borders of Hell—does, in subject at least, and in some of its descriptive imagery, suggest that A. E. H. was still influenced by that piece of his early choosing when he came to write "Hell's Gate," a poem different in style and treatment from all his others, and also written in the same meter as the Simcox ballad.

But the only contemporary poet whose influence Alfred admitted in after years was Matthew Arnold; and it was because he felt it to be somewhat derivative that he decided not to include "The Sage to the Young Man" either in *A Shropshire Lad* or in *Last Poems*; but as I considered it not inferior to some of the poems he did include, I was able (under the terms of the directions he left for my guidance) to include it in *More Poems*.

This poem was written some years before "Bredon Hill," the earliest of the *Shropshire Lad* poems. I do not myself find it more derivative than others. For those who have not read the poem, I give the first, third, and last verses:—

O youth whose heart is right,
Whose loins are girt to gain
The hell-defended height
Where virtue beckons plain;

• Well is thy war begun;
Endure, be strong and strive;
But think not, O my son,
To save thy soul alive.

O youth that wilt attain,
On, for thine hour is short.
It may be thou shalt gain
The hell-defended fort.

4

THE only quite early poem which gives any foretaste of *A Shropshire Lad's* love of nature appeared in the *Family Album* in or about the year 1874 (when Alfred was fifteen), under the title "Summer":—

Summer, and over brooding lands
A noonday haze of heat expands.
The gentle breeze along the meadows
Lifts a few leaflets on the trees,
But cannot stir the clouds that lie
Motionless on the dreaming sky,
And cannot shift the sleeping shadows
As motionless upon the leas.
Summer: and after summer, what?
Ah, happy trees, that know it not,
Would that with us it might be so!
And yet the broad-flung beech-tree heaves
Through all its slanting layer of leaves
With something of a sigh. Ah, no!
'Tis but the wind that with its breath
To them so softly murmureth:
For them hath still new sweets in store,
And sings new music evermore.
Only to us its tones seem sighs,
Only to us its prophecies
Of coming Autumn, coming death.

Of about the same date is a family competition poem on the ruins of Rome, which, though quite conventional in treatment, shows more mastery of form:—

The city is silent and solemn
That once was alive and divine;
And here stands the shaft of a column,
And there lies the wreck of a shrine;
But the wild bird still sings in the marshes,
The wild flower still blooms on the lea,
And under its infinite arches
The river runs down to the sea.

But the tide of the Tiber remembers
A time which is long overworn —
Saw Rome sinking down into embers,
And flowed by her when she was born:
When the people were gathered for slaughter
With Lucumo's princes and Lars,
And the bridge fell splashing the water
High up to the turrets of Mars.

Another competition poem — more characteristic of what was to follow in later years, and which A. E. H. himself thought the better, was one with "The Oak" for its subject:—

An acorn tumbled from the oak,
Who knows how many years ago,
How many years of nights and days?
Perhaps when over woodland ways
The hoary Druid came and broke
The consecrated mistletoe.

And now the oak-tree throws a shadow
And bears an acorn of its own,
That ripens in its fairy cup,
Looking at heaven; and being grown
Falls rustling to the autumn-meadow;
And pigs arise and eat it up.

A year later, for a composite play — which got no further than the first act and a few fragments of later scenes — entitled "The Tragedy of Lady Jane Grey," Alfred wrote this song for Lady Jane to sing in prison the night before her death:—

Breathe, my lute, beneath my fingers
One regretful breath,
One lament for life that lingers
Round the doors of death.
For the frost has killed the rose,
And our summer dies in snows,
And our morning once for all
Gathers to the evenfall.

Hush, my lute, return to sleeping,
Sing no songs again;
For the reaper stays his reaping
On the darkened plain;
And the day has drained its cup,
And the twilight cometh up;
Song and sorrow all that are
Shumber at the even-star.

In the following year, between the ages of sixteen and seventeen, Alfred wrote a translation in verse of Horace's Ode XI, Book III, on "Danäus' daughter, Hypermnestra, which did not find its way into the *Family Album*. But on going to Oxford he

left a copy behind him; and some years later our father, who had an amiable weakness for regarding himself as part author of anything we wrote which did credit to his parentage, got hold of it, made a few alterations (on which Alfred commented subsequently that he did not think they were improvements), and published it over his own initials in the local paper. It was a competent piece of schoolwork, but not remarkable; and as Alfred showed no wish to reclaim the credit of it, I do not reproduce it here.

5

WHAT did find publication in a more authentic form, and with the author's consent, were the two school prize poems, written, the first in 1874, the second in the year following. Of the first, on "The Death of Socrates," these last ten lines were about the best:—

Though weeping followers on the earth stand dumb
With sorrow, unto them no dawn has come,
On them no lifted veil has shed the light;
With lisping thought and visionary sight
They wait in twilight. But the day shall be
When a frail bark shall bear across the sea
One, in the wisdom of whose solemn eyes
A deeper, clearer well of light shall rise,
And on the hill thy feet so oft have trod,
He shall in fullness preach thine UNKNOWN GOD.

The second—its subject "Paul on Mars' Hill"—was of better quality, but still (restricted to the meter prescribed for all school poems at that date) only conventional in treatment and feeling. Unfortunately no copy of this poem has been kept. The issue of the local newspaper which contained it is missing, and that which was in the British Museum Newspaper Department was blitzed out of existence during the war.

Speaking of these poems in years long after, Alfred expressed the belief that one which he wrote in 1873, and which did not get the prize, was the best of the three. The poem, which still exists in his boyish handwriting, by no means bears this out. Its subject is "Sir Walter Raleigh"; it is exceedingly jingoish in tone—"England shall reign where'er the sun" being its prevailing note—and these four lines of adverse criticism on the character of James I are the only ones worth quoting:—

A King who sought the land to bind
Down to the meanness of his mind,
A man to coming times exempt
From every feeling but contempt.

During his first year at Oxford, Alfred wrote and published (but not under his own name) a few poems and articles of inferior quality about which in later years he said he would be much obliged to me if I would refrain from reprinting them, and leave them to the oblivion they deserved. About

the same date he produced, for the delectation of the family, a short story containing several poems of very much better quality—"A Morning with the Royal Family," which was subsequently published without his permission in our school magazine, the *Bromsgrovian*. This *jeu d'esprit* he wrote while at home during the Christmas vacation of 1879. And I am inclined to think that he devised it as an *omnium gatherum* of verses which he had previously written, and which he regarded as sufficiently good for family consumption. He brought them into the story by making his fictitious King go to see how his son, Prince Henry, was getting on with his lessons; and one after another the Prince recites them for his father's admiration. The first, inspired by Longfellow, ran as follows:—

The shades of night were falling fast,
And the rain was falling faster,
When through an Alpine village passed
An Alpine village pastor—
A youth who bore, mid snow and ice,
A bird that wouldn't chirrup,
And a banner with the strange device,
"Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup."

"Beware the pass," the old man said,
"My bold, my desperate feller:
Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
And you'll want your umbereller;
And the roaring torrent is deep and wide—
You can hear how loud it washes."
But still that clarion voice replied:
"I've got my old galoshes."

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
(For the wind blows from the nor'ward)
Thy weary head upon my breast;
And please don't think I'm forward!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
And he gladly would have tarried;
But still he answered with a sigh:
"Unhappily, I'm married!"

This was followed by a poem, less derivative in character, which I believe I am able to quote correctly, though I have not read the original for over thirty years:—

As I was walking slowly
Among the grassy hay,
Oh, there I met an old man
Whose nerve had given way.
His heels were in an ant's nest,
His head was in a tree,
And his arms went round and round and round,
And he squealed repeatedly.

I waited very kindly,
And attended to his wants:
I put his heels into the tree,
And his head among the ants;
I tied his hands with a bootlace,
And I filled his mouth with hay,
And I said, "Good-bye; fine morning;
Many happy returns of the day!"

He could not squeal distinctly,
 And his arms would not go round;
 Yet he did not leave off making
 A discontented sound.
 I gazed at him a little while,
 As I walked among the trees;
 And I said, "When old men's nerves give way,
 How hard they are to please!"

And here finally (out of a total of seven, I give what I think are the three best) is a dirge on the death of a dancing dervish — a characteristic example of A. E. H.'s delight in the invention of fantastic rhymes: —

Oh, play on the pianer, in a melancholy manner,
 Eating ipecacuanha, while you listen to my song!
 Oh, play the bag-pipe mellow, and the flute and violin-
 cello,
 And the tea tray, and the bellow, and the poker and
 the tong.

I said, "Oh do be steady! for your twirling makes me
 giddy,
 And you'll leave your wife a widdy, and tears will fill
 my eyes."
 But, in spite of all my cautions, he continued his
 contortions,
 Till he broke himself in portions of an unimportant
 size.

Oh good-bye, good-bye for ever, you were truly truly
 clever,
 Though you never never never would appreciate my
 songs.
 But it did not make me jealous, and I'll dig your grave
 most zealous,
 With the tea tray, and the bellows, and the poker, and
 the tongs.

6

A YEAR or two later he contributed to the *Broms-grovian* a dramatic parody which he thought good enough to initial, and of which an amended version appeared many years after in the *Cornhill Magazine*. I still prefer the earlier version, which is here reprinted for the first time: —

FRAGMENT OF A GREEK TRAGEDY

ALCMAEON and CHORUS

Cho. O gracefully-enveloped-in-a-cloak
 Head of a stranger, wherefore, seeking what,
 Whence, by what way, how purposed are you come
 To this well-nightingaled vicinity?
 My cause of asking is, I wish to know.
 But if perchance, from being deaf and dumb,
 You cannot understand a word I say,
 Then wave your hand, to signify as much.
Alc. I journeyed hither on Ambracian road.
Cho. Sailing on horseback, or with feet for oars?
Alc. Plying with speed my partnership of knees.
Cho. Beneath a shining or a rainy Zeus?
Alc. Mud's sister, not himself, adorns my legs.
Cho. Your name I not unwillingly would learn.
Alc. Not all that men desire do they obtain.

Cho. Might I then know at what your presence aims?
Alc. A shepherd's questioned tongue informed me that —
Cho. What? for I know not yet what you will say.
Alc. — this house was Eriphyle's, no one's else.
Cho. Nor did he shame his throat with hateful lies.
Alc. Might I then enter, going through the door?
Cho. Go; drag into the house a lucky foot;
 And, O my son, be on the one hand good,
 And do not on the other hand be bad.
 And then thou wilt be like the man who speaks,
 And not unlike thine interlocutor.
Alc. I go into the house with legs and speed.

CHORUS

(*Strophe*)

In speculation
 I would not willingly acquire a name
 For ill-digested thought;
 But, after pondering much,
 To this conclusion I at last have come:
Life is uncertain.
 This I have written deep
 In my reflective midriff,
 On tablets not of wax.
 Nor with a stylus did I write it there,
 For obvious reasons: Life, I say, is not
 Divested of uncertainty.
 Not from the flight of omen-yelling fowls
 This truth did I discover,
 Nor did the Delphian tripod bark it out,
 Nor yet Dodona.
 Its native ingenuity sufficed
 My self-taught diaphragm.

(*Antistrophe*)

Why should I mention
 The Inachian daughter, loved of Zeus,
 Her whom of old the gods,
 More provident than kind,
 Provided with four hoofs, two horns, one tail,
 A gift not asked for:
 And sent her forth to learn
 The unaccustomed science
 Of how to chew the cud?
 She, therefore, all about the Argive fields,
 Went cropping pale green grass and nettle tops,
 Nor did they disagree with her;
 But yet, however wholesome, such repasts,
 Myself, I deem unpleasant.
 Never may Cypris for her seat select
 My dappled liver!
 Why should I mention Io? I repeat.
 I have no notion why.

(*Epode*)

Why does my boding heart
 Unhired, unaccompanied, sing
 A most displeasing tune?
 Nay even the palace appears
 To my yoke of circular eyes,
 The right one as well as the left,
 Like a slaughter-house, so to speak,
 Garnished with woolly deaths
 And many shipwrecks of cows.
 I, therefore, in a Cissian strain lament,
 And with the rapid,
 Loud, linen-tattering thumps upon my chest
 Resounds in concert
 The battering of my unlucky head.

Eriphyle (*within*). Oh, I am smitten with a hatchet's jaw!
 In deed, I mean, and not in word alone.
Cho. Methinks I heard a sound within the house
 Unlike the accent of festivity.
Erip. He cracks my skull, not in a friendly way:
 It seems he purposes to kill me dead.
Cho. I would not be considered rash, but yet
 I doubt if all is well within the house.
Erip. Oh, oh, another blow! this makes the third:
 He stabs my heart, a harsh unkindly act.
Cho. Indeed, if that be so, ill-fated one,
 I fear we scarce can hope thou wilt survive.

7

EXCEPT for three translations which he contributed to A. W. Pollard's edition of *Odes from the Greek Dramatists* (1890), this parody was for a good many years Alfred's only experiment in the dramatic form. But when, in 1907, he heard that I was engaged in writing the libretto of an opera, he sent me — wishing to be helpful, and calling it "Model for young librettists" — the following: —

FRAGMENT OF AN ENGLISH OPERA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Father (bass) *Mother* (contralto) *Daughter* (soprano)

SCENE: A room

TIME: Evening

Father Retire, my daughter;
 Prayers have been said:
 Take your warm water,
 And go to bed.

Daughter But I had rather
 Sit up instead.

Father I am your father,
 So go to bed!

Daughter Are you my father?

Father I think so, rather:
 You go to bed.

Mother My daughter, vanish;
 You hear me speak:
 This is not Spanish,
 Nor is it Greek.

Daughter Oh, what a bother;
 Would I were dead.

Mother I am your mother,
 So go to bed.

Daughter Are you my mother?

Mother You have no other:
 You go to bed.

Father Take your bed-candle,
 And take it quick:
 This is the handle.

Daughter Is this the handle?

Father No, that's the wick.
 This is the handle,

At this end here.

Take your bed-candle
 And disappear.

Daughter Oh dear, oh dear!

Father & Take your warm water

Mother As we have said;

You are our daughter,
 So go to bed.

Daughter Am I your daughter?

Father & If not, you oughter:

Mother You go to bed.

(*And then the daughter sums it all up*)

Daughter I am their daughter,

If not I oughter:

Prayers have been said.

This is my mother;

I have no other:

Would I were dead.

This is my father;

He thinks so, rather:

Oh dear, oh dear.

I take my candle;

This is the handle:

I disappear.

Father & The coast is clear.
Mother

This was almost collaboration, though I cannot say that it gave me much help over the job which I then had in hand. Once, and once only, did he collaborate in the writing of one of my poems. In 1898 I sent to him for criticism my rhymed version of "The Story of the Seven Young Goslings." He approved of it as a whole, but proposed the following alternative for one quite bad couplet, dealing with the widowing of the Mother Goose: —

"Entombed in a wolf was her husband, the gander,
 And the painful event had completely unmanned her."

I accepted it gratefully; and friends to whom I have revealed the origin of those two lines assure me that they are the best in the whole poem.

Once when we were corresponding about sea poems (I had sent him a passage from a poem by George Darley which he admired) he wrote to me as follows: "*The sea is a subject by no means exhausted.* I have somewhere a poem which directs attention to one of its most striking characteristics, which hardly any of the poets seem to have observed. *They call it 'salt,' and 'blue,' and 'deep,' and 'dark,'* and so on: but they never make such profoundly true reflections as the following: —

"O billows bounding far,
 How wet, how wet ye are!
 When first my gaze ye met
 I said, 'Those waves are wet.'
 I said it, and am quite
 Convinced that I was right.
 Who saith that ye are dry, —
 I give that man the lie.
 Thy wetness, O thou sea,
 Is wonderful to me.
 It agitates my heart
 To think how wet thou art.
 No object I have met
 Is more profoundly wet.
 Methinks 'twere vain to try,
 O sea, to wipe thee dry.
 I therefore will refrain
 Farewell, thou humid main."

During his four years at Oxford, he only wrote, so far as I have been able to discover, three serious poems, one of which was a translation. In 1882 he entered for the Newdigate Poem Prize, but did not get it. The subject set for that year was "Iona." The poem that he wrote is no longer in existence; it was never published, and I do not think he ever showed it to any of the family. At the head of his composition he placed the four lines of Latin verse which here follow, and underneath, his translation of them:—

Omnia fanda nefanda malo permixta furore
Justificam nobis mentem avertere deorum,
Quare nec tales dignantur visere coetus
Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

Black spirits and white that mingle as they may
Have turned from earth the high gods' eyes away;
So they with sons of men no more commune,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.

The two other poems which he wrote and published while he was at Oxford are to be found in the *Collected Poems*: the translation entitled "Parta Quies," in *More Poems*; and the poem of fourteen stanzas (first published in *Waifs and Strays*, an Oxford magazine, in 1881) that bears the title "New Year's Eve." It would, therefore, be unnecessary to quote either of them here, were it not for the fact that this last-named poem, though not, perhaps, of outstanding merit, is of very significant importance for our understanding of A. E. H.'s poetic development both in thought and technique.

It was, in the first place, a definite farewell to Christianity; he had by then become a deist, on his way to a still wider separation from any form of religious belief. His two school poems had shown a conventional and rather insincere acceptance of religion, but now the mask was off. In style and technique "New Year's Eve" has considerable affinity with the decorative and semi-archaic use of the English language which, under the influence of Rossetti and Swinburne, was then very much the vogue. A few years before his death he told me that, though he thought he could have written in that style better than most of its practitioners, he had abandoned it because it seemed to him to lead nowhere.

It would appear, therefore, that he must have experimented in that direction; but this is the only poem he has left to us which gives any indication of it. After that poem, written when he was twenty, he never wrote another (except for translations) to which he cared to put his name; possibly having decided that poetry of that kind led nowhere, he did not write anything more until

— some twelve years later — he wrote "The Sage to the Young Man," then "Bredon Hill," and then, quite suddenly and all together, the rest of his *Shropshire Lad* poems — so different, as he realized, from any he had written previously, and all practically within a year.

"New Year's Eve," written when he was only twenty, gave proof of its writer's ability to be a poet of a very different kind from what he became later, and in that kind to make a considerable reputation, as the few verses which are here quoted are sufficient to show:—

"Lo, morning over our border
From out of the west comes cold;
Down ruins the ancient order
And empire builded of old.

"Our house at even is queenly
With psalm and censers alight:
Look thou never so keenly
Thou shalt not find us to-night.

"We are come to the end appointed
With sands not many to run;
Divinities disanointed
And kings whose kingdom is done.

"The peoples knelt down at our portal,
All kindreds under the sky;
We were gods and implored and immortal
Then; and to-day we die."

They turned them again to their praying,
They worshipped and took no rest,
Singing old tunes and saying
"We have seen his star in the west,"

Old tunes of the sacred psalters,
Set to wild farewells;
And I left them there at their altars
Ringing their own dead knells.

From all the foregoing quotations, so varied in kind, one might almost say that A. E. H. had in him the making of three poets: a poet of comic verse, good enough to bring him reputation but not fame; a poet of the Victorian convention, who might have ranked respectably alongside others whose poems, though one still reads them with pleasure, have become dated; and lastly — though of this my quotations give very little evidence — the poet of such outstanding originality that he actually became.

It is surely almost a unique case in the history of poetry that only at the age of thirty-five did the real poet appear, and become the creator of verse quite different from and so much better than any that he had written before.

THE USE OF HISTORY

by GARRETT MATTINGLY

1

HISTORY enters into our plans to persuade the Germans and Japanese to give up murdering their neighbors, and to teach ourselves to cope with the post-war world. But what kind of history and how to use it are more than we know. A few years ago a great newspaper created a hysterical uproar by announcing that some of our undergraduates could not identify Millard Fillmore or explain the Wilmot Proviso. There ensued a clamorous demand that all our colleges put in a compulsory course in American history, presumably at the expense of the one course in European or world civilization which was all the history most of them did require. Since the worldwide catastrophe then engulfing us had originated in Europe, without the faintest reference to the Wilmot Proviso, one could only conclude that a number of distinguished educators, politicians, and editors expected the memorable names of American history to serve our young men as incantations against Japanese bullets and German torpedoes. And recently an American general was understood to say that the history taught eventually in Japan would specially glorify things Japanese, since that was how every people taught its own history.

If our universities, now revising their curricula, have attained any insights clearer than the general's, they have not disclosed them. There, exactly, lies the root of the confusion. We Americans are, perforce, largely the products of a schoolroom culture. If our teachers are not agreed as to what history is, or what — if any — its use can be, how shall we not be confused?

This confusion in thinking about history is modern. Up to the end of the eighteenth century, educated men made the common-sense assumptions that they could influence events by their conduct, particularly by their choices between alternatives, and that they

would choose more wisely if guided by experience. To Frederick of Prussia or Edmund Burke or Alexander Hamilton, just as much as to Machiavelli or Plutarch or Polybius, history was the filtered experience necessary for the education of the ruling class. That was why men were concerned with it and what it was for.

This certainty dissolved during the same century and a half which saw the greatest development of historical studies. New, fruitful techniques were introduced, epochs were recovered from oblivion, narratives were enriched and clarified; and at the same time, historians began to have divided minds about the purpose of their labors. Unhappily enough, this uncertainty developed just when the beginnings of democracy were making some workable theory and practice of public education in statesmanship of paramount importance. There may have been a connection. Probably the sporadic interventions of the mob seemed to upset the accepted basis of the whole art of statecraft. One element in the pervasive romantic revolt against reason was surely the feeling that the irruption of the masses onto the stage of history had made public affairs no longer amenable to rational management.

Thereafter the currents began to set toward mystic poles and, as happens when reason yields to mysticism, history gave place to myth. The myth of the virtuous and immortal nation-state was the most popular, but there were many others: the myth of divinely legitimate authority; the myth of the demi-urgic idea or tendency or contradiction; the myth of the hero-leader; the various myths of blood and race. One of these, or one like them, became the necessary theme of every historian who wanted to be taken seriously.

All these myths had one thing in common. They might unify groups or divide them, inspire the most brutal aggressions or the noblest altruism, compensate for feelings of class and race inferiority or solace philosophic despair, throttle or stimulate what the period called progress; but they were alike in being equally unsafe guides to rational political conduct.

Many of the myths have been losing respectability in recent years — partly because of their mutual hostility; but, to our continued confusion,

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one group has flourished prodigiously under a variety of plausible disguises. This is the group generated by the awe and deference which, by their achievements, the natural scientists have exacted from their less successful brethren. Its common characteristic, in all its various forms, is the basic assumption that historians can shake off their unconfessed sense of guilt and failure by behaving more like physicists. One may call this whole group, for want of a better term, "the myths of the social sciences," and its proponents "the pseudo-scientists." The hero is always some avatar of the Historian.

In his most daring incarnation, he is the Finder of the Law, the seer who has proclaimed, or will proclaim, after patient search or sudden insight, the unalterable laws by which the universe of human societies is governed, and by which the whole course of future history may unerringly be plotted. Since historians have succeeded in prediction, so far, little better than astrologers, most of the would-be Finders have now seceded to the Sociology Department to change their luck.

A little below the Finder, and a more human and condescending figure, the Social Engineer promises presently to measure progress with a slide rule and to tell us how to circumvent our antisocial proclivities by some neat scientific dodge. The Interpreter of Relativities, on the other hand, is skeptical about engineering and the naïve idea of progress. His role is to explain that the more things change, the more they are the same, and that the worst crimes and follies and mistakes of the past were really inevitable under the circumstances and their perpetrators quite nice people. Ancillary to these major heroes toil the hosts of Industrious Candidates, refusing to question the human relevance of their imposed or self-imposed tasks, hoping that the sum of their "contributions" will reveal the pattern of human fate — if pattern there be — by mere accretion.

Into our textbooks and classrooms and into our popular thinking have seeped the conflicting formulations of all these subgroups of the pseudo-scientists, to contend there with more flagrant myths and with the chivvied remnants of our common sense. Meanwhile, delicately aloof, stand the Hamlet-like Pure Scholars, wearing like a badge the sense of futility which afflicts their colleagues, and proud to claim that their studies are merely the idle amusement of superior minds. "L'histoire," they assert, with slightly morbid dignity, "ne sert à rien." We learn from history that we learn nothing from history. By this time our confusion about the use of history is so complete that to hear on high authority that it has no use at all is almost a relief.

2

OUR deepest instincts and our common sense, however, reject so hopeless a conclusion.

If we are to find a use for history appropriate to our present needs, we had better begin by clearing our minds of false claims about it. Primarily this is a job for its teachers, but they may not carry it through without encouragement, and everyone concerned about the grave political problems of the next few decades ought to lend a hand. We shall need all the help we can get from history.

Most Americans are not likely, consciously, to seek such help from deliberate myths. Essentially, the view that socially useful fictions should be taught as history despairs of the general level of intelligence and suggests that the masses are to be manipulated by a hidden or overt ruling class. From the poisoning of history, as in Germany and Japan, to make it first an opium for the people and then a more deadly and maddening drug, we instinctively recoil. But, with the best of motives, we still dilute our schoolbook histories with myth, and some of us still insist that history courses should teach patriotism, regardless of strict accuracy. The danger is that even in small doses myth is a narcotic, steadying the nerves but blurring the edges of judgment, and its stealthy admixture with history may produce either a revulsion from the whole subject as doped, or an induced tolerance of the poison. Narcotics should be plainly declared on the label; myths should be left to the poets.

As for the unconscious myths of the pseudo-scientists, they are marked for discard by two major misconceptions: a misunderstanding of the limitations of science, and a failure to distinguish between men and molecules or mice. The first misconception need not detain us. Jacques Barzun has some telling pages on it in *Teacher in America*, and a few hours with a good history of science ought to dispel it forever. The inability to tell men from mice is pertinent; even at the risk of banality we must examine it.

It appears in the complaint that while the natural sciences have been alarmingly successful in controlling nature, the social sciences have failed to control mankind. As a metaphor this was once striking; as logical statement it was always preposterous. Sciences do not control men: men control sciences. Men may use scientific knowledge in controlling natural phenomena — a knowledge of hydrostatics helps them to control floods — or they may use it in controlling other men — a knowledge of anthropology (assisted by ballistics) helps them to control primitive populations.

But the control will always be precarious because the behavior of men is more unpredictable than the behavior of water. Men are free, as water is not, because men can choose between alternatives. The key to this freedom is the ability to profit by experience. Even savages are not obliged to go on making the same mistakes over and over. They may learn to circumvent the anthropologists and the machine guns, or to turn both against their tormentors. In other words, even savages can profit by attending to history. That is the main difference between men

and mice. That is the point to which the historians should have been attending all along.

Because men have this power of intelligent choice, they can change their ways of doing things; and the more they can control their environment, including its political organization, the more choices they find open. For this reason they have been changing recently very fast — to the embarrassment of the Finders of the Law, who proclaim absolute social uniformities.

Not that men's choices are ever unlimited. It is precisely the business of the social scientist (I should prefer to say historian) to help find out what real choices human beings have, and to make the relevant experience available. But the choice of free men cannot be dictated, or foisted on them by scientific sleight of hand, or even, with certainty, predicted. Man mastered all the other animals because he was less predictable than they were. That is why the insulting concept of the Social Engineer was obsolete before it was invented. All any science can do is to provide men with the knowledge which may help them to control themselves. For, within limits they have yet to discover, but always and unescapably to some limited extent, men really are in charge of their destiny. This is neither a myth nor a metaphor, but a fact.

In the United States we should like to delegate as much of that responsibility as possible to elected representatives and appointed experts, but we have found that a considerable part of it we cannot delegate. The experts either cannot make policies or cannot enforce them; the representatives represent us only too perfectly. By bitter experience we have learned how fruitless the most clear-sighted statesmanship can be without strong popular support, and how idle it is to expect elected persons to decide matters more wisely than they think the majority would approve. In the United States the people decide; we are at least that far along in democracy. If we are to decide wisely, we need access to the relevant experience. If there is anything useful for present statesmanship in the collective memory of mankind, we cannot afford to ignore it.

3

WE already have some notion of how to look for the useful experience. In spite of popular confusion, we have, in this country, made some correct and fruitful assumptions about history — chiefly, that an acquaintance with the development of our national institutions and politics is desirable for all citizens and ought to be taught in all public schools, and that the study of it ought to be encouraged, from this point of view, in colleges and universities.

Some historians among us, and many teachers, have taken this job of training citizens for democratic statesmanship with complete seriousness. They have not been ashamed of the dictum that history is past

politics, or afraid to assert that the importance of past politics is its relation to present political alternatives. They have attempted to analyze the full background of our current political problems and have concentrated much of their attention on those major decisions of our past which illuminate not only our national experience but the whole nature of political choice.

In the study and teaching of American history this method of critical analysis and pertinent comparison has an honorable record and wide acceptance. We owe to it many of our most valuable insights into politics, and perhaps it is responsible in no small measure for the success with which we have surmounted our recurrent domestic crises, preserved and strengthened our democracy against heavy odds in the last two decades, and emerged from our perilous recent trials a richer, stronger, and more confident nation.

This fruitful way of looking at American history is steadily gaining adherents and attracting an increasing number of our ablest young scholars, and therein lies not only encouragement but danger. The tendency to concentrate on the recent history of the United States has begun to create a gap between our teaching in that field and in others, as alarming and ominous for the future as the contrast between our relatively successful solutions of our domestic problems and our continuous bungling in international affairs.

One suspects a connection. A college course in American History, under a good teacher, has become an adventure in political understanding in which only the dullest student can fail to see, if not his own practical interest, at least the practical interest of his community. A college course in European History or in the History of Civilization usually seems pointless by comparison. It is "cultural" — a term with unfortunate connotations of ostentatious uselessness and snob appeal — and is in constant danger of degenerating into a hodgepodge of the names of kings and artists and philosophers, and the dates of treaties and congresses, dubiously enlivened by details of the quaint customs and deplorable behavior of foreigners, and loosely glued together with some condescending theory of inevitable development which implies the moral equivalence of all forms of conduct and the futility of human effort. Such courses students rightly regard as a burden to the memory and a weariness of the flesh, and promptly escape from them to English Literature or Freehand Drawing or some other "cultural" elective which, if equally unrelated to earning money, offers some present challenge or entertainment.

Not all courses in European history are made to seem so meaningless as this — there are exceptions under especially gifted teachers and in some whole departments; but talk to the teachers and students of enough American colleges, scan the outlines and skim the textbooks, and you will agree that the descrip-

tion is not unfair. And what happens in the colleges happens by necessity, in diluted form, on the lower levels. No wonder that the most obvious single fact about our armed forces abroad is their ignorance about all foreign countries and their open contempt for all foreigners. No wonder that that ignorance and contempt, in the last three decades, led the whole world to the brink of disaster and threatens, next time, to lead it beyond the brink.

4

IF WE are to have the best chance to avoid some fatal error in the conduct of our future affairs, we must reorganize our study and teaching of all history, as we are reorganizing the American field, trying to make it a genuine training in democratic statesmanship. We must break the spell of the purely American past, end the false dichotomy between American and other history, and orient our training in statesmanship towards our present position in the world. We need to find out who we are, and what lies about us, and what real choices lie ahead. If the answers are to be had, they are in the collective memory of mankind.

Concerning our present political environment and the real choices it offers in the immediate future, few doubts are admissible. The United States is now the active center in one of the leading power groups in a world society. We affect and shall be affected by events everywhere on the globe. Our decisions must take account of the peoples and conditions of six continents and all the islands of the sea. Our first and most obvious task, then, is to see that Americans know enough history to act wisely in relation to Poland, Greece, Iran, and China, and all the other parts of the world where choices will confront us hereafter.

We cannot separate ourselves from this world society, however much we may want to. We are going to be involved with it more and more closely. The only real major choice offered us is whether we are going to coöperate with our neighbors in a constantly closer and more democratic union, or whether we are going to try to split them and dominate them at the risk of our mutual destruction. If we are going to live peaceably in the world, we had better learn to look at it, not as a tiger looks at a jungle, but as a man looks at his home town, trying to learn enough of its past and its problems, and of the character and habits of its people, to know where he fits in. These are essentially the questions we ask of the history of our own country. These are the questions we must learn to ask of the histories of all the countries of the world.

The point is that we shall not be able to express our choice of coöperation or a bid for world empire in a single dramatic plebiscite and then forget about it. Our choice will be expressed by a series of political

decisions taken step by step, some of them partial and complicated and of obscure reference, and in making or consenting to them we are more likely to be betrayed by ignorance, faulty analysis, and irrelevant emotion than by a lust for power. So we need to know not only a good deal about the immediate background of current events everywhere, but as much as we can of all the relevant experience of the human past. Just as our personal decisions are not based exclusively on our own experience, but on everything we can learn of the experience of others, so for wise political choices we need the widest range of comparison possible. The valuable relevant experience may, and often will, be available not in the history of our own time but in the history of republican Rome, say, or ancient China, and the more such experiences we can put side by side, the better we shall understand them all.

Obviously college students (and the rest of us who are past college but who will have to learn history along with them if we expect to manage our own affairs) will find so vast a range of possible comparisons unmanageable at first. Teachers of history will have to select those critical periods which will best serve our major interests, and see that besides the necessarily rapid survey of the whole field of history (but not, one hopes, too rapid) such periods get intensive analytical study.

In selecting these periods and deciding how to look at them, the fresh work that is being done in comparative history, of which A. J. Toynbee's great *Study of History* is the leading example, will be helpful. One critical period is certainly those wars of the giants which preceded past efforts to found "World States." By looking at those parts of history, for instance, any citizen can check against past experience the improbable assumption, now current in high places, that the fewer and more powerful the states in a closed system, the more stable the balance among them will be. But a really profitable use of comparative history will require more thought and research than our historians have yet devoted to the subject.

Less research is called for to establish our own identity, but some elementary errors of emphasis will require the rewriting of a good many textbooks. Led astray by the divisive nationalisms of the past century, and erring in common with their confreres abroad, some of our historians have innocently confused us about who we really are. But there is no real doubt. The United States is a subsociety of the great society of Western Europe. We are members of Latin Christendom or, if you prefer, of Western Civilization. It is not merely that we derive from it, and draw from it our heritage of tradition and most of our biological inheritance. We have always belonged to it, and we belong to it still. The fact that we are also a nation, with certain ways and traditions peculiarly our own, no more separates us from the European community than similar circumstances separate France or Portugal.

We have been confused about this, because in order to realize our separate identity we have been in revolt against being thought of as British colonials, and have not been able to conceive how, if we refused to be English, we could still be Europeans. And we have been further confused by the fact that we occupy a separate continent (as if the Greeks ceased to be Greeks when they set up their altars in Sicily), although in point of fact our first settlements were no farther from Atlantic Europe than Norway was from Rome before the thirteenth century, and our whole continent is nearer to Rome now than London was to Paris a little more than a century ago. In a very real sense, we are the most European of peoples, because we are the most generalized of Europeans and the freest to express what was fundamental in the European heritage.

To know ourselves, we must begin with this fact. We must learn at the outset that the Crusades and the rise of the towns, the Renaissance and the Counter Reformation, are all an intimate part of our own history and not just something that happened once in a foreign country. We may then go on to discover that our history as a colony and as an independent nation has also been a part of European history, interlocked with it at every step in spite of three thousand miles of water; and to understand why the major crises of Europe have always been our crises, and why our destiny must be the same as that of the rest of our great society: to merge into the greater society of the world, which we Europeans have, ourselves, made possible, or to die in the struggle to create it.

Much of our memory of who we are lies on the surface; we have only to look at it. But memory is a tricky thing, and the recovery of a complete identity is rarely an elementary or an easy undertaking. Nor is it likely that it is less difficult or less important for a society than for an individual to get rid of the phantasies and the blanks which block some memories.

For instance, consider the repressed memory of the oneness of Western Civilization. We have never really recovered from the shock of the breakup of medieval Christendom, because we have never faced what happened. We insist that there was no such unity, or that it was never broken, or that the break was a necessity of growth, and we tell superficial, and contradictory, and sometimes fantastic stories about what occurred. A large part of the nationalistic histories of all our fragmentary subsocieties seems to be composed of phantasies invented to cover up an unbearable traumatic experience.

There are other such dangerous repressions in our history, some quite recent, others very early. The historian in the quiet of his study may be deceived about them. The teacher can identify them in the classroom by the resistance which their re-

examination provokes. Or he may recognize the place to probe from a textbook; Olympian impartiality and fancy double-talk are the textbook writer's techniques of avoidance. Under them, as under an unhealthy scab, lies the festering conflict, still unresolved. In the dark corners of our collective memory we hide our old failures of brain and nerve, sources of present frustrations and anxieties. With conventional circumlocution, with outraged feelings, with illogical anger, we defend from recovery the memories we need to make us whole. If we are to face the future with confidence, we must take them out and look at them. Failures are more instructive than successes.

Obviously what I have said applies especially to our national past. Although we have so much to claim our attention if we hope to make history really useful to us, a survey of the whole past and a critical analysis of many parts of it, we cannot afford to neglect our own time and place. On the contrary, we must increase our study of American history and allow it to realize fully what is so far mostly a promise. Unless we can solve our domestic problems, we shall cut but a sorry figure in world affairs.

In concrete terms, all this means that we ought to double or treble or increase even more the amount of history we now teach, and run a solid block of required social science courses, grouped around history, right through our high schools and colleges, and teach them well. That's impractical? It would cost too much money and take too much time, and crowd out valuable subjects like Applied Bookkeeping and Dress Design and Eighteenth-Century Drama, and oblige too many of our teachers to learn something besides the jargon of the schools of education?

All right; then let's stop talking about exercising intelligent citizenship and training our less fortunate neighbors in democracy (as if the high and difficult business of wise political choice were a breakfast food to be sold by radio jingles and colored posters), and let us admit that we trust ourselves wholly to blind instinct and dumb luck and the dark forces of fear and greed. We might win through anyway. And no amount of study and rational analysis and knowledge will give us any certain guarantee of winning through. The future on which we are entering is the most dangerous for man since the Ice Age.

There is no cheap and simple way out of danger. We must meet each decision as it comes, with what wisdom we can wring from hard-bought experience. If the readier access to experience afforded by the study of history can give us any help at all towards making the ineluctable decisions more wisely, — wisely enough perhaps to keep from blowing ourselves and our world into bits, — then the time and money for such study might turn out to be a bargain, even at a considerable fraction of our national income. How much, I wonder, will we gamble?

OUR NON-FICTION NOVELISTS

by JACQUES BARZUN

1

THOUGH it is a harmless guessing game to scan a stranger's bookshelves, it takes uncommon skill not to misconstrue the evidence. When new acquaintances practice their art upon me, they often say as they straighten out their spines, "Apparently, you don't like novels." And my usual impulse is to say, "You're right, I don't"; which is a true answer to their unspoken assumption that "novels" means current novels.

Yet the fact is that my books include a fair number of novels, and that I am almost always in the midst of rereading some one or other of them. Only, the author is likely to be dead; he may be Stendhal, Scott, Fielding, Balzac, Meredith, Peacock, Melville, Dickens, Henry James, Trollope, Zola, Fitzgerald, Gissing, Hardy, Samuel Butler, or James Joyce. Or he may be as good as dead so far as the established character of his performance is concerned: E. M. Forster, Dos Passos, Shaw, Sinclair Lewis, or John Cowper Powys. I also reread with pleasure a choice batch of detective stories, whose authors I shall not list, to avoid vendetta by mail. What is true, then, as well as "apparent" to the friendly prying of my guests, is that relatively few novels of the last two decades have stirred my imagination enough to make me want to keep them for a second look. What's the matter with me — or with them?

The first half of the question, the reader can perhaps answer for himself when he has finished my answer to the second half. So far as I know, I am moved by no hidden or special view of what a novel should be. It is not a formal or intellectual standard that I impose. In fact, I am rather impatient of critics who define the novel in the abstract and test every work for its conformity with their definition. As for me, I love *Gil Blas*, which "has no form," and *The Longest Journey*, which "does not keep to the point of view," and *The Woodlanders*, where there are "too many coincidences," and *Notre Dame*, where there is "not one real character."

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And if I ask myself what these and many other works of fiction that I enjoy have in common, I find the simple answer that they *are* fiction, that is, made up; and that reading each is invariably and strictly a *novel* experience — if not "news from nowhere," it is at least news from somewhere else. Each book, in short, gives me the impression of being at once a world and not *this* world. Each is clearly a creation, though it is a creation that strikes us as natural enough to seem an equivalent of the creation we know, or think we know. For example, in reading Tolstoy's account of the long-drawn-out agony of Prince Andrei, we feel "it must be so," though we have not experienced anything comparable. And since Tolstoy himself had not yet died when he wrote those wonderful chapters, he too must have said, "It must be so," creating the experience out of mysterious intimations in his own soul.

Since these artistic means are different in every creator, it follows that their worlds seem different and that only the different ones are worth re-exploring. An analogy suggests itself with the many schools of painting in Western art. A Dutch haystack differs from an Impressionist haystack as much as either does from a haystack by Millet or by Constable. Yet "haystack" is what they all truly denote, however simply or strangely that common object is used in the made-up, two-dimensional world of color, line, and personality.

And just as the painting has to be arresting in some fashion, through richness or bareness or quiet or drama, so the novel has to entice first and then compel the voyage of discovery. The great question about any novel is whether the opening paragraph gives appetite or nausea. By first paragraph, I mean its real beginning, for some novels — like *The Scarlet Letter* and *Ivanhoe* and even *War and Peace* — are preceded by a long and dreary gangplank, which on a first journey should be skipped over. Very soon after comes that unmistakable feeling of being embarked.

Some readers, I know, profess to "like stories" and to "like people," so that presumably for them any coherent tale has charms. They never ask themselves whether they want to hear about Bert and Angelina, what he said to her and what she said to him. With-

out flinching they can face that dreadful yanking backwards over forty years: "On the tenth of June, 1900, Maria fell off the kitchen chair and broke her leg. It was already hot in Mudville. . . ." They are steeled against the chatty first person: "No one could have called me a precocious child. . . ."

Well, temperaments vary and I am ready to admire these supermen who actually hanker after the mammoth tale, with three generations pickled and potted within its covers, or even better — from their point of view — the prose saga of which only the first volume, centered upon the invention of the cotton gin, has been finished after careful checking for historical accuracy.

But I believe that literary experiences vary even more than temperaments and that there is an inverse ratio between the enjoyment of new novels and the knowledge of earlier originals. For example, I turn to the book review section and read: "a well-realized novel of small-town life in the last century . . . narrow, day to day existence . . . catastrophe growing out of flaws in their undeveloped personalities . . . fine atmosphere — the church, social life, furnishings. . . ." I do not know the writer, but it is a fair guess that I know the book. It was first written by Balzac a hundred years ago, and perhaps a dozen great variations have been composed upon it since. There exists in consequence a repertoire, a "property room," from which the careful modern writer can select pieces to put together in the likeness of a novel. The result may be deft; it may fill a want of a semi-educational sort; but it belongs under the head of inexpensive reproductions of the old masters, for it is neither the edible haystack nor a fresh vision of it.

Perhaps we come too late to expect any novel experiences from the novel. The genre may be exhausted, though it is always pointless to prophesy artistic negatives of this sort. The only thing to say is that for a good while now, the alert reader has only had his memories stirred by new novels, not his sense of life and of life's endless translatability. Instead, looking back over a "new" work just read he could say: —

"Hardy country. A Jamesian young man, whose father is a Dickens character, steps out of a Galsworthy house just as a Jane Austen girl goes by. Thackeray suspicions are in order. Ah, the Meredith ahead! But no, the girl's father is a Trollope clergyman. Early a widower, he brought up his baby Austen as a Charlotte Yonge lady . . . Flaubert! Flaubert!"

2

IT WAS in this lighthearted and, I hope, inoffensive, state of mind that I took the almost unanimous advice of well-wishers and read Mr. Isherwood's *Prater Violet*. Though termed a novel on the jacket, it is in fact a short tale, told in the first person and in the author's own name. This device, coupled with constant

references to recent world events, should strongly reinforce the prime figment of fiction, the vivid feeling that it "really happened." But as I read on, with more courage than encouragement, I found the pulse of interest beating lower and lower. It may be a merit in the narrator to make one feel as fatigued as himself, and as unwilling to go on with *Prater Violet*, the book, as Mr. Isherwood was to go on with *Prater Violet*, the movie. But this merit seems to me purchased at the expense of the naïve man who inhabits every candid reader and who asks, "Why go on?"

On the critical plane, what bothered me most, aside from the occasional banalities of the prose, was the lack of substance, and of comprehensiveness in dealing with the meager fare laid out. The movie studio was not the bedlam it was painted. The Austrian horrors and the weak-minded intellectuals' response to them were not set off with discernible contours: it was a crucifixion in pastel. The character of Bergmann was meant to have size, even if grossness contributed to it; and his varied impersonations were supposed to endow him with a three-dimensional likeness; but they were dull and out of drawing. The portrait was seemingly done in a state of self-disgust on the part of the writer. The little world he had chosen never got the push to start it rolling because he was too tired.

This is, of course, a mere metaphor of criticism; I am not imputing motives nor describing character, and possibly a great deal of energy went into this delineation of halfhearted lassitude. About the effect there can be no doubt: the writer tells us of his constant bewilderment, blushes, and — it is his own word, used in the widest meaning — impotence. One theme of the story is in fact the theme of creative energy, and at two points this power is discussed as connected with passion in the narrower sense. Bergmann's admired inventiveness and strength of will go with a conscious claim upon the attentions — not necessarily physical — of women. At the end of the book, after Bergmann's vindication as a movie director, the narrator returns to the theme, and confessing his own distrust of love, virtually explains his own failure.

To be sure, it may be a sign of character to fail in such an enterprise as making a silly Viennese movie, though one clear lesson in the story is that even pot-boilers take art and generalship to put through. But the more Mr. Isherwood chooses to paint himself as listless, uncreative, and yet not rebellious, the more he proves himself deficient in the zest that is needed to make a novel. A lack of love in the artist may argue a lack of lovable things in his chosen subject, but a lack of love plus a lack of hate, or derision, or contempt argues a lack of passion altogether, when passion is the only thing that makes the fiction world go round.

This characteristic modern manner has to do with the modern artistic situation of coming after so many models and masterpieces. The writer is afraid to push too hard, for fear that he may fall through the thin

crust of his own perceptions and into the world already tagged "Balzac" or "Dostoevsky." Every word runs the risk of being an allusion instead of a fiat. I noticed in passing that Mr. Isherwood, in localizing the motion picture company, had to liken the premises to "a lawyer's office in a Dickens novel." If God had used Adam's rib in this fatally reminiscent way, life would be a great deal less exciting than it is.

No doubt many readers are flattered by seeing their choice literary background through these elegant transparencies called new novels, just as in modern music and modern painting the parody and pastiche styles find a ready following. But can any work sustain itself by making a specialty of tickling the palate, by subtlety, however artful? *Brideshead Revisited* makes the attempt, yet leaves one reader, at least, fairly sure that subtlety is no virtue in art except in relation to other qualities. When you have put up a cathedral or laid out a symphony, the delicate tracery of detail is an added joy for creator and beholder alike. But a structure cannot be made of lace alone; and in the modern novel, the ingenuity and the love of "touches" applied to a weak or nonexistent core suggest decorated dry rot. If weakness itself is the theme, then let us have a monument of weakness.

One can understand why as long ago as 1914 James Joyce sought strength by turning his back on the production of well-done stories in the Impressionist manner; why D. H. Lawrence, after a "realistic study" like *Sons and Lovers*, became weird and experimental; why Powys went in for passages of pure verbalism about vegetable life. Joyce, who was perhaps the greatest virtuoso, turned his knowledge to account by making parody and allusion serve a new form, in which the superposed layers of thought made a new world. That is what makes *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* readable (because unreadable) and vivid worlds — because unlike the costume-and-prop imitations that you can find in *Storybook Storehouse*.

3

DICKENS," I once read in a student notebook, "Dickens created no characters, only cockatoos." This inspired misunderstanding of some lecturer's commonplace brought me corroboration of another kind. We are on the wrong track if we think that what makes a story vivid is the lifelike representation of persons, and that after reading a novel we should be able to go out and, as we say, meet the characters on the street. On what street are we likely to meet Hamlet, Don Quixote, or Huckleberry Finn? And why meet them if they do not bear those attractive names and show all that power of doing and talking to the point? Is the fact not rather that we use these names as loose synonyms for hasty moral judgments on quite ordinary people who have no character and certainly no completeness?

Our debates about "types" as opposed to individuals seem critically just as negligible, especially when we remember that we daily say of our friends, — who are live and undoubted individuals, — "He's a type." The novel proceeds in fact on the assumption that we will recognize at a word enough ordinary things and traits so as to make us believe, by juxtaposition, in those unseen and forever unmet Pickwicks, Babbitts, or Karamazovs.

For the reality of a story does not depend on parts, whether persons or details, but on its spherical property, its being sizable, self-contained, and seamless. Characters may or may not inhabit it, and the characters, if any, need only find the air of that world breathable for themselves. Dickens's people live in a Dickens world, James's in a Jamesian. In Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame* the fifteenth century lives through stones and proper names and functions of the social order; that is quite enough, and if the performing goat seems more interesting than the gypsy who owns it, even that fact is in keeping with the lively anonymity that rules church and state and the Court of Beggars.

What then defines a world for fictional purposes? I suggest that it is an Idea, taking this word in the original sense of an image in the head. The novel may or may not contain ideas in the usual sense of notions, opinions. It makes no difference, for a successful novel can carry in its orbit any amount and many kinds of matter. We cheerfully stand Balzac's dissertations, Tolstoy's lectures on history, and Dos Passos's newspaper clippings. Indeed, they are wonderful ballast, and the motley effect of pudding stone only enhances the sensation that we are in a whirling globe, with a momentous admixture of irrelevance. In feeble work, the same cargo will be intolerable and probably destroy the illusion which it could help to create.

In short, the containing Idea is all-important, even though it is impossible to say ahead of time what it should be. Call it an infallible sense of physical limits, or of texture and internal coherence — you do not get closer to the secret; you only point to where it lies within the successful embodiments. Perhaps my earlier phrase, "it must be so," sufficiently suggests that instinct which the novelist must possess, not in the abstract, but in relation to several million concrete things and several thousand interchangeable words.

This incarnation of the secret is the reason why, on a small scale, the Sherlock Holmes stories still have vitality half a century after their modest first appearance. It is not because of Holmes himself, who is demonstrably no character, not even to his author. Conan Doyle contradicts himself again and again about Holmes's "characteristics" and is generally as careless of detail, diction, and probability as anyone who ever held a pen. But the outer limits of the Baker Street world are defined with a sure touch, and in spite of lapses there rings throughout the action the unmistakable voice of the creator, the

mother-mind which knows what is going on without having been told, and certainly without having *hineinstudiert* itself into the situation.

4

A NEARER illustration of my general thesis can be seen in the run of Boston novels. Their appeal to public and novelist alike is by no means entirely as vehicles for amusing satire. It is also, and I think mainly, as a ready-made world, which the readers find truly novel and which the writers need not carve out from the cosmos unaided. The contours were fixed for them historically by Boston's own cultural consciousness. Henry James was the first to see the possibilities of this separate universe before it had quite separated, and like many a pioneer he appears to come last, with a reprinting, just this year, of *The Bostonians* — first issued in 1886.

In our day, the Boston series by other hands comprises John Marquand's several variations on his initial *George Apley*; Mr. DeVoto's earlier *We Accept with Pleasure*; *Boston Adventure* by Jean Stafford, and *The Whole Heart* by Helen Howe, whose satirical monologues on Boston manners antedate all of these. In *We Happy Few*, her second novel now off the press, Miss Howe returns to the locale, but with additions and modifications which command our interest.

Leaving aside her notable advance in technique and her unquestioned powers of informed derision, Miss Howe's new book strikes me as fulfilling twice over the requirement that a novel should be a world in itself. Her first world is the workaday historical one of a university in wartime. Happily, in spite of the name Harvard, which recurs through her pages, the novel is not a "study" or a "cockatoo" of a particular place; *We Happy Few* is not a second Harvard Report in dialogue. It is a group portrait against a factual background. As she says in a note on the fly-leaf, "The spectator who hopes to find the proscenium arch in the shape of a keyhole will be disappointed." And the Boston side of the Cambridge story, with its national and international complications, is similarly disengaged from literalness. The author has kept in view, perhaps unconsciously, all that we have latterly soaked up about Beacon Hill and Its Ways, and she is not repeating a formula under changed names.

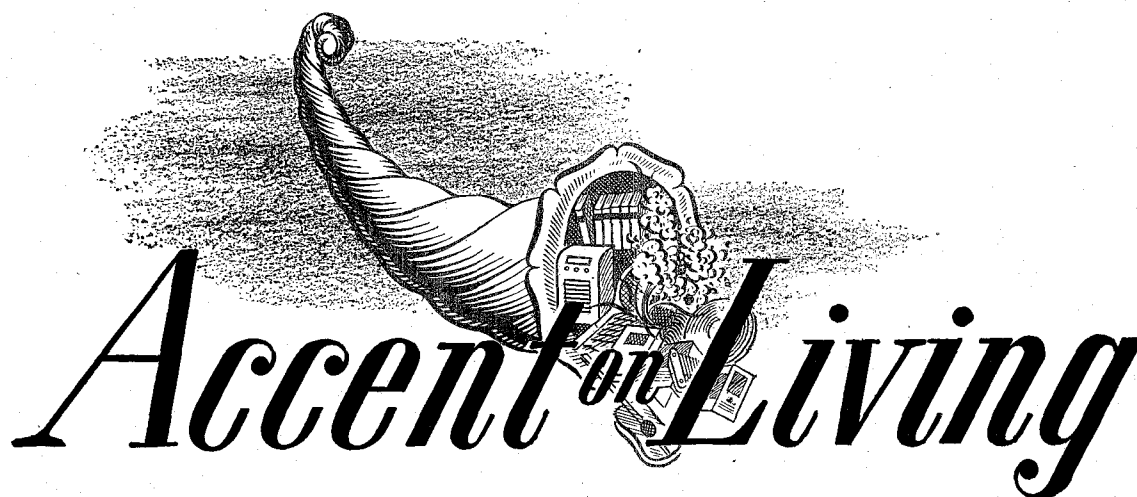
Even so, we might feel that hers must be the farewell bit of Bostoniana for some time to come, if she had not, with considerable boldness, taken for her second province a hitherto neglected world of opinions and superimposed it upon the geographical one. Her spiritual microcosm could be called, in Lionel Trilling's phrase, "the liberal imagination," and her physical carriers for it are the Natwick family. She has created Natwickery, as notable a creation as Podsnappery and perhaps more elusive. For hith-

erto — say in Huxley or in Forster — the workings of the liberal mind have been shown fragmentarily, in individuals, and in episodes incidental to a larger story. Even in James's *Bostonians* an earlier embodiment of the same idea (Miss Birdseye) remains secondary. Helen Howe's originality consists in having shown the inner coherence of a thousand petty actions with what we usually think of as a philosophy of life.

For this purpose a family was indispensable, though the difficulty was magnified by that choice. This can be shown by comparing the Natwicks with the Quaker group that Dreiser has "studied" — and failed to represent — in his posthumous novel *The Bulwark*. Everything in Dreiser is contrived and reported; whereas everything in *We Happy Few* is witnessed, by both author and reader. The central figure in the Natwick family, who is also the heroine of the novel, Dorothea, moves at last in a labyrinth of several intersecting schemes of life, and the skill with which the writer has kept the woman whole and Natwickish while the lines of force pulled asunder, or converged with crushing effect, argues the possession of that instinct which says, "It must be so."

I do not myself wish to crush *We Happy Few* under the burden of an excessive duty, the duty of giving a new impulse to a genre that has fallen into the repetitiousness of old age. Miss Howe uses traditional means and these remind us of the more massive achievements from which they derive. But unlike others, her work recognizes what — to vary my image — I might call the anthropological duty of the novel as originally conceived. Every great example of the form has drawn its verisimilitude from the passion to show how a culture, a class, a state of mind, a moral law, would look if we had divine omniscience. The novel has been addressed to an ever widening democratic public which, being untaught and heterogeneous, could take little for granted. From the beginning, the novel has had an educational function; it has been an encyclopedia of fact and feeling, which may be why it has now reached superannuation. We are all "educated," or at least we resist any further learning, which comes to the same thing.

Our "new" novels are therefore feeble apings of the old pedagogic gestures. We feel the writer's cramp, as in Mr. Isherwood, or his dutiful performance of a drill, as in the usual lending-library "success." Hence the unexpected pleasure of finding in Miss Howe's second novel, despite the familiarity of the design, the fair resolution of the problem set, done with zest and more than a touch of passion. There is hope, too, in the fact that this is only her second book. Balzac wrote ten before finding himself, and you never can tell: lightning may strike Helen Howe's pen before her next attempt, and fuse together the elements of a new fictional world; so that friends who bend over bookshelves and see what fills the blank space after Joyce will say, "Of course!"



Accent on Living

This Month

IN setting out to publish articles about food and drink in this part of the *Atlantic*, we have turned resolutely away from certain specific ideologies in that field. Our general position is that the enjoyment of food and drink is one of the really great destinies of intelligent people. A wide subject, never static, it affects everyone. Although man has pursued it since he first discovered fire and the process of fermentation, its curriculum must be mastered anew, from baby food to Burgundy, by each generation. And as we have said, our own thoughts about it all have to do with enjoyment.

We omit freaky diets for the obese, the scrawny, or the ailing; neither do we wish to vie with the food interests shown by the consumers' organizations. These groups might be called the soybean school: one pound of soybeans contains enough of everything to meet your energy needs for a whole week-end; why eat steak? From such sources we learn what we should eat in terms of necessary fatty acids, with vitamin D supplements in the wintertime; that vegetable fats and fortified oleomargarine are every bit as good as butter in this respect. We should eat with one eye on our pellagra potential, mindful of beriberi, the middleman, our calcium and dental decay, secondary anemia, and the household budget.

We should avoid wasting fuel by making sure that the gas flame *never* reaches up along the side of the kettle. (If there's a tinge of yellow in it, we should clean out the burners then and there or complain to the company about the quality of the gas, and we ought not to overlook a chance to put the whole meal in a fireless cooker at an immense saving.) Our ice cream should be tested for the bacillus coli, mayon-

naise for a deficiency in egg solids. Sweetbreads are a disadvantageous buy, practically immoral.

There is nothing for *Atlantic* readers, as we see it, in the literature of Household Hints, the I-served-tuna-fish-instead-of-chicken-for-my-bridge-club-and-nobody-knew-the-difference kind of advice. This school goes in for novel table decorations, perhaps little men made of toothpicks, prunes, processed cheese, gherkins, and peanut shells. It believes maraschino cherries and chopped nuts are just as

basic a part of the salad as olive oil and vinegar. Its disciples are all tomato stuffers, sculptors in orange peel and green peppers. They like whipped sweet potatoes topped with marshmallow and they add peas to all soups and sauces. A slice of roast beef would seem as outlandish to these people as American bison or shark fin. Their tables make many a four-color page in the illustrated magazines, but fortunately the *Atlantic* does not use photographs.



Our readers will escape involvement, also, in the *haute cuisine*. If they happen to possess old cognac and fine wines, our advice is to drink these rarities, judiciously, and not to expend them on soaking, stewing, and poaching sundry meats and fish. We believe in wine cookery as a handy way of boosting the standard of living, but we feel that vintage champagne is at its best bubbling in a glass and not in a Dutch oven. Our efforts will relate to less Lucullan but nevertheless effective proposals. We have found, for instance, that a pound of 35-cent coffee and two cups of molasses added to the parboiling stage of baked ham will prove rewarding; it may sound less sumptuous than "stewed in champagne" but it seems to us somehow a better idea.

The series in Accent on Living from the pen of Crosby Gaige represents for us a reasonable point of view about food and drink. Gaige is a sound, practical cook. He made in his own kitchen, on one occasion, the soup for a serious demonstration of foodstuffs at a Waldorf-Astoria banquet. His data have been gathered thoughtfully all over the earth. We have never been able to come up with a reference to a dish or a drink of which Gaige lacked firsthand experience.

Never the man to overstate a dish just because it is unfamiliar or exotic, he once accepted gratefully from us a simple suggestion that thick, rare steaks, served and carved on a platter bedded with plain, piping hot spaghetti aided only by butter and salt and pepper, was a scheme of distinction. We feel a sense of reassurance in hearing from Gaige how much he has enjoyed one of his parties, or a ham or a green salad or a turkey. His case for cold meats and such has our hearty endorsement.



FOOD

Cold Buffet

By CROSBY GAIGE

THE cold buffet can be made a memorable occasion if approached with a certain carefree generosity and a mind unhampered by such sordid considerations as budgets and home economics.

Originally a buffet was a cupboard for displaying dishes and glassware; later it was a restaurant bar; today it connotes a real party with action, fun, and plenty to eat. There are drinks, but the highballs are handmaidens to the hash. It is, or should be, the antithesis of the cocktail party, which, to my mind, is the lowest form of social intercourse.

It is pleasant to plan a buffet party to celebrate some special event like a birthday or baby's first tooth. Anyone who expects to be successful at it with things disinterred from tin cans or with leftovers from the refrigerator had much better devote his time and energy to some other pursuit. Likewise the hors d'oeuvres, *antipasto*, or *smörgåsbord* fiend will never excel as the designer of a proper cold buffet. Some day I hope to startle a world swarming with tidbit tinkerers by an all-out attack upon the so-called appetizer, which formerly, if served at all, came after the soup at well-considered tables. I will lay special stress on the *smörgåsbord*, which stems from the pleasant land of Sweden, where the consumption of canned, smoked, or pickled fish is a national obsession.

Let me emphasize the fact that a dish for a cold buffet is an end in itself. It must be prepared with the point well in mind that its primary function is to be served cold rather than hot. It must have eye-appeal as it stands among its neighbors on the table. Whether it be a five-rib roast of beef, a saddle of mutton, a leg of lamb, or a bird of one sort or another, it must never present the tired look of something left over from last night's dinner. If you carve a hot roast, it naturally gives out its juices. If the same

roast, intended as a lavish and wholly intact offering for the cold buffet, is cooled, refrigerated, and *then* carved for the first time, it will make the ordinary cold leftovers seem dry and tasteless indeed.

Once you have reached the momentous decision that a party is in order you should invite to it a few stout lads and lassies who are fitted for special jobs and are not only willing but eager to perform them. It is my mature conviction that the perfect host never works. He has the inspired gift of hospitality that makes each guest feel that he is a vital part of the household, and as such, the real Amphytrion of the occasion. You will never get the milk of human kindness from a harassed or hurried host who whirls from guest to guest scattering cocktails and canapés in all directions.



The Old Farmer's Almanac had truthfully predicted a perfect day. The seventy-odd guests began to troop in about six o'clock sunset.

The buffet had been set up in the house. The bar was placed beneath a big black birch that sheltered a terrace. It was amply stocked with spiritual refreshments of all sorts. There was a new wooden washtub filled with cracked ice, and another tub piled high with ice and bottled beer.

Terraces and lawns were furnished with bridge tables and chairs sufficient for everyone to have a seat. It has always seemed to me to be the boiling point of discomfort to pack a crowd of people into a room not large enough to hold half the number. Everyone stands. Everyone has to stand, with a dry Martini in one hand and a dill pickle in the other, and say, "How are you?" and "Glad to meet you," and try to shake hands without dropping either pickle or cocktail. It's all very uncomfortable until you finally crash your way to the open and to escape.

The components of the buffet were arranged upon the dining-room table, which had been let out to its

full length. At one end of the table was a thirty-pound turkey, roasted to brown perfection the day before, and reposing invitingly on a white mahogany carving board. At the other end of the table was a majestic Smithfield ham which had been wrapped in a blanket of sour rye dough and baked, like the turkey, the day before. On one side of the table was a long silver fish platter proudly bearing a full-sized lake trout boiled in court bouillon and cooled in the refrigerator. On the other side were two huge wooden bowls, one of mixed green salad and the other of potato salad. There was a two-gallon pot of baked beans.

In between were scattered vases of young scallions, iced dishes piled high with crisp and creamy-white raw cauliflower buds, sliced young raw carrots, and tender scarlet radishes. There were piles of bread-and-butter sandwiches — homemade white bread, rye, and pumpernickel. Plates and silverware for service were stacked upon the sideboard, and as the ham and the turkey were carved, each guest helped himself or took on the extra duty of attending to a lady as well.

As the turkey easily ranked as the headliner in an all-star performance, let's have a few quiet words among ourselves as to how to deal justly and competently with our national bird.

The turkey and not the eagle, by all rights and justice, is really our national bird and as such should appear upon our coins and stamps and flags as well as upon our tables. The eagle is a thief and a scavenger. The turkey, despite his loud talk, has made himself popular in all parts of the world.

Whoever it was that first got the notion of stuffing a turkey would be considered, in my own school of thought, in the same class as the heretic who devised the idea of dunking a delicious oyster, fresh from the sea, in a birdbath of indifferent catsup dolled up with tabasco and horse-radish.

In other words, turkeys to be at their best should never be stuffed. You either like the turkey or you prefer the stuffing. The problem is as simple as that. Those addicts who say that the stuffing is the best part of a turkey dinner are unaware of the fact that the stuffing has acted as a blotter for absorbing the natural juices of the bird. For those who must have stuffing, an acceptable substitute may be had by making the stuffing in the usual manner, tying it up in a bag of cheesecloth, baking it in the pan along with the turkey, and basting it when the fowl is basted.

When the turkey for our buffet has been prepared for the roasting pan, the inside cavity should be anointed with melted butter and rubbed with a tablespoon of salt. The outside should have a bath of boiling butter, which will tend to sear it and close the pores. Then a massage of salt and pepper. A big bird should be roasted resting first on one wing and then on the other until back and both sides are nicely browned. Then it goes on its back for the final browning of the breast, which may be covered with a few



slices of bacon. Put a little butter and hot water in the pan to start the liquid for basting and baste every 15 minutes. For a large turkey, 20 minutes roasting time per pound is about right.

When we come to the ham I would suggest a well-aged Smithfield ham of ample size — it might be 18 to 20 pounds — for a large party. The ham should be well scrubbed and soaked for at least 24 hours in cold water. Remove from the soak and scrub again with a brush so that any foreign material is removed. Place the ham, skin side down, in a large boiler and cover with cold water to which you have added a quart of dry ginger ale and a pint of vinegar. Add a bay leaf, 6 whole cloves, 2 or 3 onions, some peppercorns, and 2 or 3 sliced young carrots. Bring the water to a boil and then simmer slowly just below the boiling point for at least 20 minutes per pound of ham. Slow cooking is the secret of tender meat.

When the small bones are loose the ham will have been cooked sufficiently. No matter what any lady of the skillet may tell you, never stick a fork or any other sharp instrument into a cooking ham to see if it is tender. As a matter of fact, old-time cooks used to say that when the ham was done it would turn over. I have seen this happen with a 12-pound Smithfield cooked in a vessel sufficiently large; the ham actually did perform a slow, stately, bobbing somersault at the psychological moment. You will need to add hot water from time to time as the cooking liquid evaporates.

When the boiling process is finished, remove the boiler from the stove and let the ham stay in the liquor until it cools. Then remove the ham and carefully skin without breaking or tearing the fat. Trim nicely so that the ham presents a neat appearance. Slowly bathe the ham with a cup of good brandy, letting it soak into the meat. Dust on about a teaspoon of black pepper and a like amount of powdered cloves. You should have on hand about 3 pounds of sour rye bread dough which you have either ordered from your baker or have made yourself. This should be rolled out into a blanket about an inch and a half thick and of sufficient size to wrap the ham completely. Fold this mantle tenderly around the ham and seal the edges so that you have a tight covering, with the seams on the bottom side. Place the ham, flat side down, in a large baking pan and bake in a slow oven, about 375° Fahrenheit, for 3 hours. Present it to your guests in its brown overcoat, which you crack off before carving. Many people will be bound to nibble at the crisp crust.

Daydream

By LOUIS KRONENBERGER

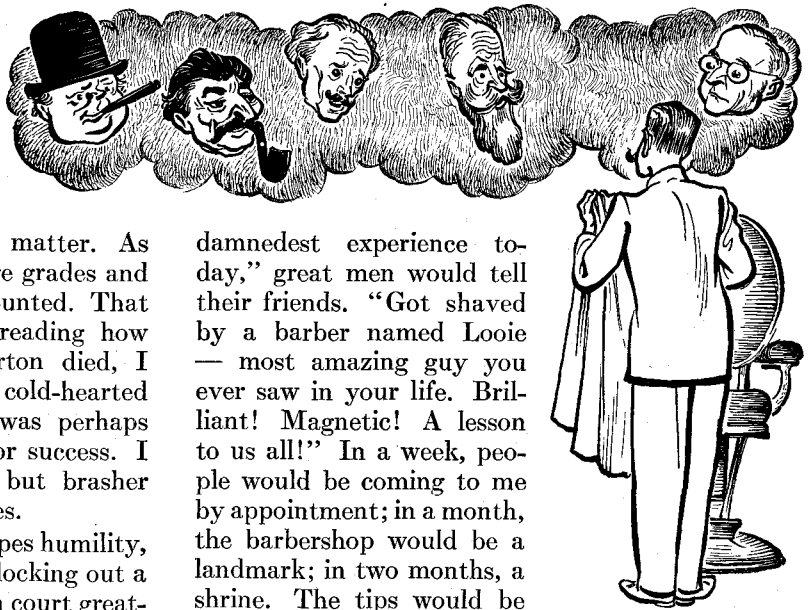
IN my youth I, like everyone else, planned to become a great man. At times, however,—for all that I had skipped the seventh grade and won a silver badge from *St. Nicholas*,—I began to have misgivings in the matter. As the years passed, and I skipped no more grades and won no more badges, the misgivings mounted. That I had genius I never doubted; but, reading how Francis Thompson lived and Chatterton died, I was forced to wonder whether a coarse, cold-hearted world would ever discern it. There was perhaps something a little too fine about me for success. I rather lacked push; not better men, but brasher ones, would probably carry off the prizes.

About that time, with the pride that apes humility, I began to take a perverse pleasure in blocking out a different sort of future. I would not even court greatness; instead, I would go masked in the garments of mediocrity—and in those deceptive togs, electrify whoever came my way. I would be the cigar clerk who suddenly quoted Plato, the Western Union boy who unraveled Einstein. It was not so bold a dream, this plan of traveling intellectually incognito; but it had its own kind of lure. Surely it is the fellow who does not seem impressive that can most signally impress; it is only someone not featured in the billing who can really steal the show.

I mulled over my possible roles—postman, pan-handler, baggage-smasher, cop; but they involved too hurried entrances or too agitated scenes. I needed an audience with time on its hands and no possible avenue of escape. The right role, I saw in a flash, was that of a barber. A barber, besides keeping you chained and sedentary, is of all men the least esteemed for his conversation. But I would be a barber whose conversation made Boswells of his customers.

The customers themselves would be—they somehow had to be—as remarkable as I was. Toscanini should climb into my chair, dreading my chatter and all set to demolish it. But I would quietly hum an air from *Orfeo* or *Die Zauberflöte*, and then for an hour and a half—for in his excitement, the maestro would submit to every item in the barber's repertory—I would flourish a mental razor along with a manual one; he should hear plainsong deftly dissected, and nod gratefully about the tempo of a Schubert first movement. Or Bernard Shaw (for this would be a barbershop that sneered at geography) would step up for a beard trim, and stand down with his eyes alight. Scholars would find me at home in Arabic; to bankers I would expound the currency, to geologists the terrain; and the town wits would scamper off to repeat—or pilfer—my mots.

You can foresee what would happen. "Had the



damnedest experience to-day," great men would tell their friends. "Got shaved by a barber named Looie—most amazing guy you ever saw in your life. Brilliant! Magnetic! A lesson to us all!" In a week, people would be coming to me by appointment; in a month, the barbershop would be a landmark; in two months, a shrine. The tips would be stupendous. But no, it would seem a sacrilege to tip me—my customers would send me rare wines, exquisite water colors, hand-tooled books, seats for the opera (though never, from a sense of delicacy, one particular opera of Rossini's). They would build dinner parties around me.

Universities would ask me to lecture, as they did Gene Tunney; *Information Please* would feature me as an infinitely more dazzling Moe Berg. Fame, which I felt had barred me from the front door, would by now have pushed me, with all its might, through the back. I would even suffer that final manifestation of it: ennui. And then, fed up, I would cast all this glitter from me: one day Toscanini would suddenly snarl at a barber who dithered on about the weather, and Shaw would stomp out of his chair, his ears clogged with how the Dodgers were doing. I should, you can see, have triumphed right to the end.

If, after some thought, I declined the role, it was not because I feared I could not bring it off. It was because I had doubts of a different sort. After all, Toscanini might rave about my music criticism—until he saw what I had done to his mustache. Ambassadors might wish to whisk me off to palaces, but hardly when their faces were crisscrossed with sticking plaster. A great painter might relish a discussion of Van Gogh; but not when he found that, like Van Gogh, he had only one ear.

Epitaph for Our Landlord

By CAROL TURNER HALL

UNDERNEATH this blossoming bough
Is Stanley's house of stone.
He cannot rent it to us now.
He must dwell there alone.



Editor, anthologist, and author of many books, LOUIS KRONENBERGER is the drama critic of the newspaper *PM*.

TRAVEL

Mexico, 1946

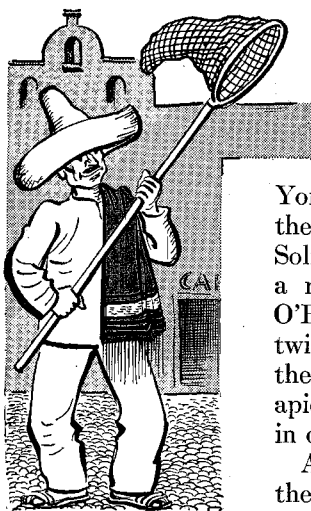
By MACKINLEY HELM

MIGUEL ALEMÁN, this year's official party candidate for the Mexican presidency, proclaimed during the campaign of President Manuel Ávila Camacho, in 1940, that his country might be then saved by fish. He has now declared that Mexico can be saved by the tourists. What with the present high cost of travel in Mexico, the candidate's program implies that he is still thinking of fish. But he seems to hope now that more fish will swarm over the border in cars than ever were caught in the deep waters off Acapulco. Except in the provinces, Mexican travel requires a substantial investment which is well worth hooking or netting.

The American people will no doubt continue to pay visits south of the border because there is no other foreign and picturesque place where one can go quite so easily. But unless there is a sharp fall in hotel and restaurant prices, there will be many who will go back where they came from before they are gaffed. Like the tourists last winter, they will complain of the cost — and with sound justification, for the cost has no real basis in logic.

Let me give an example. In my favorite restaurant in New York, on East Forty-eighth Street, I lunched quite delightfully, the day I last left for Mexico, for less than two dollars, including what is now known as a beverage. I had *pâté de fois gras*, an asparagus soup, a plate of smoked turkey, and some real Stilton cheese. I was served by the head waiter, a working waiter, and a bus boy. My table was spread with good linen, the china was intact and spotless, the tableware heavy and handsome. The overhead charges there must have been high; yet I was made to feel well fed and served for my money.

A few days later in Mexico City, where I sampled some of the restaurants in the interest of a guidebook I had undertaken to write, I paid twenty dollars, with tips, for lunch for four people in a place not half so attractive as the restaurant in New York. We had good steaks, to be sure, but they were served on thick platters which had come from the kitchen; and although the café was supposed to be smart, there was so much confusion of service that no two of us had the same course at the same time. Even counting the cost of the bottled water which foreigners think they must drink to escape the perils which lurk in the reservoirs,



I could not see in my bill half the value of the money it called for.

I do not mean to say that all the restaurants in Mexico City are clip joints, for I can name about four in which I found correspondence, at about the same price, with my lunch in New York. In a sunny restaurant-bar called Sans Souci, the table appointments were entirely adequate. Solicitous minions served us a hot table d'hôte from a near-by serving table, and my "steak minute O'Brien" was tender and sweet. The cocktails were twice as expensive as those in New York, so that the bill came to something more than two dollars apiece. Still, I had no complaint. Everything was in order.

At the Papillon on Avenida Madero, a block from the Ritz, at Club 123 on the Calle de Liverpool, and at famous old Prendes, a similar effort is made to give value received. But in almost every other big-name establishment that I took pains to visit, I felt cheated. And I dare say that most tourists, having paid from three to five dollars for indifferent eating, would feel as I felt. If by eating indifferently you can save money for some other purpose, you may perhaps be consoled. If by paying well you live amply, you might stand, for a while, the strain on your wallet. But you get mad when you pay a high price for poor quality — especially when, as in Mexico now, you can see no good reason for that combination of evils.

Inflation is by no means the chief cause of the high cost of living in Mexican hotels and restaurants. If it were, there would not be so much difference between the high City prices and the lower hotel costs in the provinces, where tourists still get a break when they find their way out there. Inflation is largely an official excuse.

The present degree of inflation is undeniably serious, for it is destroying the country in more ways than one. In eight winters in Mexico, I have seen the all-over cost of living go up at least 300 per cent. Live chickens that used to be brought to our door at around fifty cents now cost more than two dollars. *Tortillas*, the bread of the country, have more than doubled in price, and homely beans, providing the national protein, are now quoted at luxury figures. Eggs, which we used to get for two cents apiece, are now seven or eight, and the good fillets of Mexican beef have gone up more than the average 300 per cent.

A standard two-dollar shirt costs five dollars. Taxis, which used to range for two or three miles for about fifteen cents, now cost fifty or more within walkable distance — for an old car will fetch as much as \$2000 and a tire still costs nearly \$50. And although certain controls are applied to the renting of buildings and houses, rents are sky-high in the new structures, which the old price controls do not govern.

Inflation has hit Mexico hard, destroying the plain man's economy. But when you write down all the

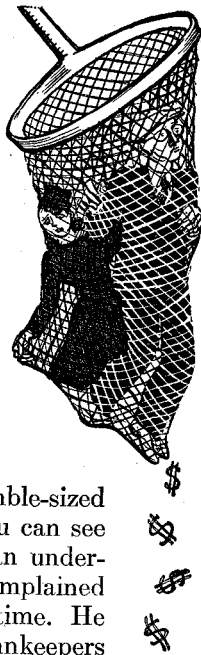
MACKINLEY HELM, who winters in Mexico, is the author of *Modern Mexican Painters* and of *Angel Mo' and Her Son, Roland Hayes*, parts of which appeared in the *Atlantic*. A report from him on Mexican painting will appear in an early issue.

high costs, they cannot be honestly said to add up to American charges; for labor stays cheap. In a Mexican house a considerable staff receives less than one servant in the United States; and I have spoken to waiters who are paid slightly more than a dollar a day by the management, and to chefs who get less than a hundred dollars a month for cooking food to be sold at exorbitant prices. When you further consider that savings are made for the house in substandard appointments, such as cheap tableware and rough cotton napery, not to speak of thimble-sized highballs at a dollar a thimble, you can see that the costs are illogical, and can understand why many a winter tourist complained and went home in advance of his time. He was fed up with the greed of the innkeepers in resort and metropolis.

People can still eat without paying holiday prices, and I have looked around for such places to put in my guidebook. A few hotels, like the Ritz, the Majestic, and the María Cristina, still serve a table d'hôte lunch — the wise tourist takes his principal meal at around two o'clock in the City — but for the most part that wayfarers' board at which you feed cheaply, if not too fastidiously, has gone out of fashion. And even where it exists in the capital, it has survived at a price at which a tourist family of four still pays more than six dollars for a meal they would hardly care to detail in their diary.

I regret that some tourists I meet on the road are willing to pay twenty pesos for a tepid plate lunch at a catering shop run by a notorious foreigner, and to lie at great cost on one of the beaches at Mexico's most famous and shabby resort. But unless you travel to visit the polyglot night clubs up in the capital, without thought for the cost, or to swim and fish in hot Acapulco, where crowded hotels charge as much as the traffic will stand, you can, I am happy to say, still see what Mexico looks like without spending your whole stock of war bonds. You can have plenty of fun in the provinces, where, perhaps at the cost of some of the civilized comforts, you can go four in a car and still eat and sleep for around \$16 a day for the carload.

Take the town of Córdoba, not far from the Gulf. It is reached, in the first place, over the most spectacular piece of paved highway existing in Mexico. I stayed there last winter at an inn on the plaza. My washbasin, a new job in white porcelain, drained into a bucket which I had to empty into the toilet. My shower stood behind transparent windows giving onto the bedroom. But lords and ladies slept in that room for the space of two centuries. They danced across the white balcony overlooking the plaza, where now the whole town takes its sup-



per of sweet bread and coffee in the outdoor cafés.

I felt I was closer to Mexico than some friends who stayed at a resort five miles away at three times the cost. Resort hotels everywhere copy the capital prices, but innkeepers in the towns, where real life still goes on, give as much as they can for whatever they take. They may not provide you with lamps for your bedside, and they may keep you short on hot water; but they set a good country table and provide cheerful service.

Córdoba is by no means the only provincial town that is sunny and warm from autumn to spring, and green, cool, and moist in the summer. You could make a Walt Whitman poem of the names of Córdoba's colonial sisters scattered out on the highways — rich in tradition, brimming with beauty, and teeming with good-natured and colorful life: Querétaro, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato; Morelia, Pátzcuaro, Uruapan, Guadalajara; Puebla, Vera Cruz, and Oaxaca. These are the places where the gringo tourist is treated as more man than fish.

"When Last Seen"

By HORTENSE FLEXNER

WHEN last seen the earth was wearing
A high steel tower and a milling crowd,
Her short-wave skirt was wide and flaring,
Searchlight stripes were veiled in cloud.

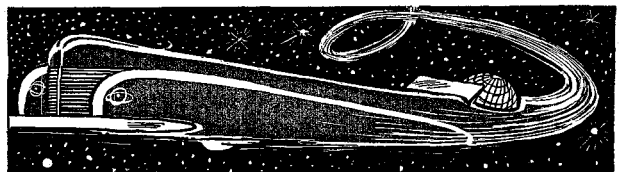
She had a book with a billboard cover,
Radio sets dripped from each ear,
Her white metal parasol seemed to hover
In and out of the stratosphere.

All was trim, though an odd-looking spot
Or a burn on her sleeve needed tending soon;
She was often seen drinking her sulfa hot,
And they said she was carrying on with the moon.

Her newest purchase was a car to drive
So fast that her permanent came uncurled,
The model, Uranium 235,
Was really something out of this world.

Chorus by Mars and Jupiter

What's become of the earth tonight,
She used to be here, but she's not in sight,
She couldn't be lost, and yet she might —
A nice little star, but not very bright.



FACTS

The Ghost Crab

By LORUS J. MILNE

ALTHOUGH many people relax on beaches between Atlantic City and Rio de Janeiro, and although these sandy coasts are densely populated by ghost crabs, meetings of man and ghost are not especially common. The crabs are primarily nocturnal and not only stay in their beach burrows when the sun is high, but plug up the openings to them after retiring for the day. A slight wind drifts the fine sand enough to obliterate all traces of the crabs from a beach in which there are hundreds.

Toward evening, as people go home for supper and the sand cools off in the slanting rays of the setting sun, ghost crabs come out from their places of concealment and run over the beach. They appear one at a time, each standing awhile in the tunnel opening it has just cleared of its daytime plug of earth. The crab is a grayish-brown body with four good running legs of the same color on each side, and with a pair of white pincers and two upright stalked brown eyes. It blends well with the shadow in its burrow mouth, while it views the surrounding beach. Gaining confidence in what it sees, a crab will take another step. Suddenly it runs out lightly for a distance of several feet and stops to watch again.

Unless a person strains his eyes, the crab vanishes and earns its name of ghost. Its body changes to a creamy gray which blends perfectly with the sand, although its eight curved brownish-yellow legs hold it well off the ground and it casts a long black shadow. The legs, fringed with golden hair to which sand grains cling, arch away and back under toward the crab's shadow, so that the animal stands on the outer surfaces of its sharply pointed, inturned claws. An extra pair of legs which end in pincers are near the mouth, held high, and to the crab are knife and fork, and spade and hod, a means of making love and war, and home and music. The crab uses its hand-like nippers for all these phases of its active life.

By dusk more crabs are running on the beach. Each moves quickly for a short distance, then pauses before continuing its intermittent course across the sand. At every step its eight sharp claws dig slanting footprints in the beach and make a trail such as hunters follow in a winter snow. When night has come, these tracks lead to the water's edge, and there the crabs find cool relief for gills parched in the day's dry heat. But the ghost crab is no swimmer and shows no liking for the sea. Each creeps out sideways to where the average waves just reach the shore, and



there it waits, one flank toward the ocean, the other with its four sharp feet clinging firmly to the land. At last a larger wave comes rolling in and washes over the crouching crab. When the water recedes, the crab has had enough and hurries up to drier ground. It drips and stands to drain itself of extra moisture. Even its gill chambers are full of water, and the excess is

blown out as bubbles which snap and burst among the pure white mouth-parts which hide the crab's true jaws.

The ghost crab lives out the bargain made by Kipling's crab. It "can breathe in the dry air" and only once or twice a night needs the sea to wet the spaces where its gills are hidden. The chambers are much larger than these gills require and are lined throughout with a net of blood-rich tissues in which the gas exchange takes place, oxygen from the air replacing carbon dioxide in the blood just as it does in human lungs. Indeed a ghost crab will drown in water. The gills have lost their aquatic usefulness, and the moist lining of the chamber must be exposed to air for the animal to breathe and live.

By midnight the ghost crab population of the beach is near the water's edge, each searching for flotsam which the tide has lined up along the beach, or feeling with sensitive nippers in the still-wet sand where larger waves have come, finding tiny bits of food to be carried with quick, precise movements to the mouth-parts. Small fish, drowned insects, seaweed, and the lively little beach fleas which feed on even smaller bits of this same refuse of the sea — all these the ghost crabs find or catch and feed upon. Small ghosts are careful to stay well out of reach of larger crabs, while the latter watch each other with a wary eye, the largest having right of way whenever they advance with nippers raised. A full-grown ghost crab straddles nine inches, and is ready and able to do battle whenever dignified retreat seems needless or impossible.

Among the morsels which the ghost crabs seek is the meaty, egg-shaped body of a burrowing animal, familiar to seashore naturalists as Hippa. This is a crustacean too, but it hides in the sand beneath the washing waves or swims out to greater depths to disappear. Sometimes it is left when the tide goes out, and dead ones stud the beach drift until the crabs appear. To watch a ghost crab with a Hippa steak is a lesson in table manners. The crab holds the Hippa in its larger pincer, or perhaps in both at once, and eats away, manipulating the food as human beings do an ear of corn. Or using just the smaller nipper at great speed, the crab picks out tiny morsels as Orientals handle chopsticks. Sometimes a tough connecting fiber stops the meal awhile, and then the

LORUS J. MILNE is a teacher, biologist, and biophysicist at the University of Pennsylvania and Beaver College.

crab holds its food firmly in both pincers while horny jaws are brought to play upon the tightly stretched piece. Grinding and munching, the crab is far from its ghostly role, and seems more like an Eskimo wife chewing hides to make them soft. The ghost crab shows the



complete gamut of human eating habits, good and bad, even to deftly picking its grinding teeth with the smaller nipper after every meal.

All through the night the ghosts haunt the beach. Until midsummer, large females wade out into the sea at intervals to wash the greenish yellow eggs glued to their swimmerets. The bulky mass keeps each mother from holding her broad maternal abdomen curled under between her legs in its customary place. Instead it droops as the young develop to the hatching stage. The parent gives her brood the best of care. In shallow water she clings to the bottom with eggs hugged tight against her when a wave passes over, but lowers her abdomen still more to expose her charges when the water has partly drained away and cleared itself of coarse, suspended sand. Sometimes when the waves combine in such a way that clean and quiet sea covers the standing mother, she opens the fold of her body just a little more, and quickly rocks completely upside down, to force refreshing water through the strands of eggs.

Ghost crabs show little fear of human beings on the beach at night. If a man lies down, they crawl over him, even enter pockets, and test his hands and feet as food by pinching them. They range the beach from damp sand to the dunes with their stunted vegetation. By morning every stranded sea shell, each log of driftwood, every clump of dune grass, has been investigated by one or more crabs. Early rays of the rising sun cast dark shadows in interlacing tracks of ghosts.

Toward morning the crabs cease their roving and busy themselves with burrows which they will occupy during the day. A few return to tunnels used before and take great care in smoothing out the entries and rounding up the mouths. Others dig fresh passageways. Where a crab finds a beached fish which will serve for food, it makes a burrow at that spot. In the morning every cast-up carcass has its near-by tunnel mouth. The smaller crabs restrict themselves to areas near the high-tide mark, but larger ghosts dig passageways in dunes and beach far from the water. Most tunnels have a second exit to the surface, a back door from which no tracks are seen. The burrow may be U-shaped or Y-shaped, but the pile of earth is dragged or pushed from only one opening. The other may serve as an emergency escape route for crabs driven from their homes by larger members of their kind which enter by the main "front" door.

Each ghost crab follows a definite plan in digging a burrow. The four running legs of one side do most

of the work; always it is the side with the smaller nipper. With the four sharp claws the crab pulls at the surface of the beach, working up a lump of earth below its body. As the mound becomes uncomfortably large, the animal makes a basket of the digging legs, cupping them over the loose earth and dragging sand and self away from the hole by means of its other four legs. The large nipper remains alertly ready in case of surprise attack. Then over the mound it steps, back into the hole to repeat the process. In less than a minute the crab has a tunnel slanting obliquely downward and large enough to crouch in. The big pincer remains exposed.

As the burrow progresses from this point, the animal must make longer journeys from the digging site to the mouth of the tunnel, where it can leave the loosened earth. Each time it enters the hole, the forward eye is quickly dropped into a trough-like protecting groove, while the other eye watches for any possible danger. Sometimes a crab uses the larger pincer and the four legs on that side as a combined bulldozer blade, to push the sand out into the open. Clear of the tunnel, however, the earth is picked up again into the basket of the digging legs, and hauled uphill to be thrown from the top of the growing mound at the burrow mouth. A large crab weighs two ounces, but pounds of damp earth are moved as the passageway is extended several feet, slanting at a sharp angle into the beach.

Later in the morning each crab spreads out the mound of earth into a neat fan of level beach in front of the burrow mouth, filling in all hollows and evening off the surface, making countless overlapping tracks which fork and branch to end in tiny piles of sand. The sun dries out the moisture which holds the earth in rough masses, and the beach acquires a smoothness which gives no clue to activities in the early hours. The crabs trim the burrow openings of loosened sand, and as the sun becomes hotter or a breeze springs up to drift the sand, a plug of earth is formed at the tunnel mouth to hide its presence while the ghost remains concealed until the evening comes.

During the day a few ghost crabs come forth on errands they alone can know. Each blends with the beach except for two brown eyestalks and a black shadow. Even these escape one's notice when the crab stands still. If pursued, the crab runs to its burrow and vanishes from sight; or if surprised and driven over unfamiliar beach, it shows another ghostly trick. Hurrying on ahead of you, and finding a small depression in the loose dry sand, the crab

squats down and quickly works its legs and body into the earth so that only its upright eyes remain exposed, casting short black shadows as it watches for you to pass it by.

Then out it comes to hurry back to its burrow or quickly to dig another if you chased it far. For dogs which follow and discover such self-buried crabs, another surprise is ready for quick use. Two sturdy pincers grasp a tender spot, and all at once the crab lets go with one (the larger nipper) and sheds the other. This smaller pincer clings tightly while the crab makes good its escape, to grow another nipper-ended arm if fortune smiles.

The tracks a ghost crab leaves along a beach tell much about how it ran in making them. When coursing only at its own selected speed, the crab uses all four legs on each side, and leaves a trail of parallel footprints. But when pursued and hurrying off as quickly as it can, the crab holds its hindermost pair of legs clear of the sand and runs on six, three to a side. Perhaps this too is a mark of highly developed intelligence; eight legs may be two too many to guide in sequence at high speed.

THEATER

"Seats 3 Months in Advance . . ."

By RUSSELL MALONEY

A GOOD exercise for the philosopher who has not yet given up the struggle to make some sense out of the contemporary commercial theater is to attend a performance of a hit show and, after inspecting the audience, ask himself the simple, literal question, "How do these particular people happen to be at this particular performance?"

The answer won't be simple. The people are there because they want to see the play? Yes, in a general way, that's true. But the nearest the potential members of an audience can come to controlling their destinies these days is to say that they'd like to see some play sometime. An appreciable percentage of the audience at any New York production are out-of-town visitors who must do their playgoing within a limited time and must go to whatever play has seats available. The rest are natives who have managed somehow to get hold of seats well in advance. Thus we have a mixed audience of drama-lovers who (a)



didn't especially want to see this play, or (b) didn't especially want to see this play on this particular evening.

Now this may sound like a laborious analysis of a fairly obvious situation, but I'm making a point in just a minute. Theater people, in their sentimental moments, will tell you that the stage has one great advantage, from the actor's point of view, over the movies and the radio: there's a living audience right before him, and he can get an immediate reaction. Acting in a play is supposed to be better than participating in the making of a film, which will just be put into a can and shipped off to theaters all over the world. As for *radio* — nobody in the theater would touch it, except for the ten or fifteen thousand a year you can pick up by taking on a soap opera.

Well, at the risk of astonishing the entire membership of Actor's Equity and throwing the luncheon crowd at Sardi's Restaurant into a turmoil, I'm going to suggest that, in terms of warmth, immediacy, intimacy, or whatever else you want to call it, the present-day theater runs a poor third to the movies and the radio. By and large, the public thinks of movie-going in a relaxed and happy way. Somebody says, "Let's go to the movies," and that's that; you go or you don't go. As for the radio, the despised radio, you don't have to listen if you don't want to — a state of affairs which surely indicates some degree of cordiality on the part of the audience which *is* listening.

But now let us look at a theater-bound couple. Some months ago, these fortunate folk were allowed by a box-office man — a "treasurer," as the theater program calls him — to purchase two seats, at a total cost of twelve dollars, to a reigning musical hit. All you can say about them is that they are people who once wanted to go to the theater. If, now that the night has finally come, they *still* want to go to the theater, that's fortunate.

And here's a slight aside on the matter of the cash purchase of seats in advance of the performance. A big musical show may gross forty thousand dollars a week — that is, the sale of seats for that week will be forty thousand, before deduction of expenses. Now the management's expenses are met out of the week's receipts, *after* the week is up. But with all the popular shows virtually selling out well in advance of the performance — three months in advance is by no means an inflated estimate — we get a curious financial setup, or at least a setup that would look curious to anybody but a theater man. The management is always twelve weeks ahead, with something just under half a million dollars in the till. To be sure, the management can't touch it, but neither can anybody else; it represents a waste of six hundred dollars a week, at the current loan-shark rates of interest.

The current spate of long-run plays represents no terrific spirit of vitality in the theater. It represents all we have left from the utter and hopeless destruction of what was once the mainstay of the business:

This is another in a series of theater notes from New York by RUSSELL MALONEY.

the "road," the out-of-town engagements that followed the Broadway run. "Road company," as it is now used, is a misnomer; it means only a second company which will play a few of the big cities outside New York for an indefinite time. The intricate

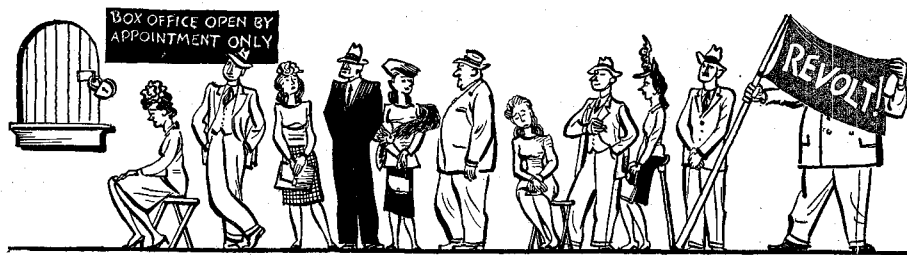
schedule of weeks, split weeks, and one-night stands which brought every first-class play to every one of the big cities is forgotten. Katharine Cornell, to be sure, played *Candida* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* on an old-time road schedule, and Alexander Woolcott wrote a touching piece about an audience which waited until after midnight for a performance to start when the scenery was delayed by a blizzard.

Nevertheless, the majority of out-of-town playgoers prefer not to have to depend on such generous whims as Miss Cornell's; and they like their plays to be performed on time, blizzard or no blizzard. This leads them to New York. I don't know how many hotels there are in New York, or how many rooms each hotel has; but anybody who wants to do the arithmetic will know how many potential playgoers have been added to the normal New York audience. It seems safe to say that almost nobody comes to New York without trying to see a play, any play, because this is now an experience you can't have anywhere but in New York.

Within the memory of relatively young New Yorkers, it was possible to buy seats for good plays as late as twenty-four hours in advance; indeed, the management considered it no serious disgrace if a few pair were available just before curtain time. The theater box offices simply weren't designed to handle seats more than six or eight weeks in advance. Nowadays these offices often have to operate at double and triple their capacity; there are extra racks for the tickets, and still further tickets spread out in odd corners.

I was fortunate enough to be present when this whole system of advance selling broke down, not with a bang but a whimper. I was queued up in the lobby of the St. James Theatre, where the Theatre Guild was (and as we go to press still is) presenting "*Oklahoma!*" I was prepared to buy two seats for any evening performance in the future, be it two nights or two months in advance, or even four months. The fact was, though, that there were no seats for sale. No seats at all. They were sold out up to such-and-such a date, and for the succeeding performances there were as yet no tickets printed.

The box-office staff, obviously feeling itself under no obligation gratuitously to volunteer this information, merely told each applicant that the specific seats he asked for — and his second and third and fourth choices — weren't available. No, nothing for the matinee four weeks from Wednesday. No,



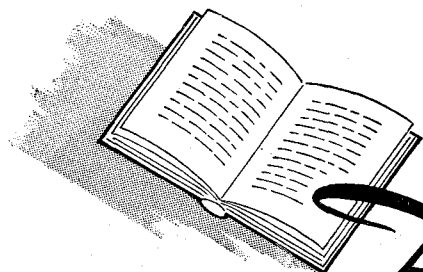
nothing eight weeks from Thursday night. "What it comes down to," I said, when my turn came, "is that you haven't any seats at all, then?" "That's right," the box-office man replied, plainly deciding that I was a bright young fellow. The psychology of the situation was plain enough. It is so silly to buy theater seats three or four months in advance — as silly, certainly, as buying a chocolate ice-cream soda under the same circumstances — it hardly matters whether or not there are really any seats to buy. Once down the rabbit hole, anything goes.

In *The Voice of the Turtle*, John Van Druten's prim little effort to make sex respectable and popular, there is a grim passage about a theatrical institution called "house seats." A soldier on leave wants to take a young actress he has just met to one of the hit plays, but he's afraid he won't be able to get seats on such short notice. So she tells him about the house seats; at every performance, no matter how fierce the demand for seats, four are reserved, right up to the rise of the curtain, in the name of the producer. If you know the right people, you can get into any play you want, any time you want. (This is really so.)

You would think that an audience composed of people who had bought their seats infinite weeks ago would, upon learning about the house seats, start thrashing about and muttering rebelliously; but they never do. They are, after all, the kind of people who are willing to buy theater tickets four months in advance. The other kind of people are not present.

If movies are canned entertainment, I say that theater audiences these days are canned audiences. They have been canned, weeks in advance, by the box-office staff. The composition of an audience is finally fixed, right up to the last row in the balcony, so far ahead that, on the night of the performance, they are stale and overtrained; they've worked too hard for what they're going to get, and they're bound to suffer a letdown.

Oh, yes, it would be perfectly practical for the producers to agree on a schedule by which seats could be released week by week, on a first-come-first-served basis, with a few remaining for release on the day of the performance. But it would be a little trouble, and it wouldn't mean any more money. And meanwhile the theater is losing the only superiority it has ever claimed over other forms of entertainment: the spontaneous and happy getting together of actor and audience.



THE ATLANTIC

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THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

AM I alone in thinking that for the first half of 1946 this country has been living a gigantic paradox? Everywhere I have traveled, the countryside has seemed more green and inviting, the shrubs more colorful, the trees more umbrageous than I can remember during the war. Wherever I look I see Americans embracing peace with both arms — the ball parks overflow, the bets on the horses set a new high; there are not enough park benches for the lovers, nor enough houses for the newlyweds; not enough cars, or pleasure boats, or summer cottages for the holidays. Come Friday afternoon, the roads leading from every city are a happy stream of family cars, outward bound for the week-end.

We are living peace with a gusto. Yet this happiness seems to ignore the divisive forces which are straining the nation apart. Seen from the perspective of Washington, one is impressed by the small-mindedness of Labor, by the new militancy of the Church and the State Department, and by the ever threatening talk of Russia and of war. Living peace and talking war — that is our paradox.

In the East Wing of the White House a group of us sat listening to Mr. Hoover's account of what the well-fed nations have done and must do to narrow the gap between the living and the starving. In measure of calories he drew a dividing line between order and revolution, between vitality and slow death. Below 1200 calories a day, watch out. Buchenwald's diet was 875. The present British diet is 2700. In this country we get along on an average of 3400, though the heavy eaters shoot way up beyond this. Now, by voluntary means and by taking wheat at the source, we are trying to close that four-million-ton gap which imperils Europe and Asia.

At the close of the talk we filed into the projection room to watch in aghast silence the eighteen-minute film *Seeds of Destiny*, a documentary to break your heart (and ruin your appetite), the work of Major Miller of the Signal Corps. "Of course," someone explained, "this is too shocking for the general public. It will have to be cut down, but we are hoping to get some of it into the theaters this summer." Why only some? Why is it too shocking for our public to witness what the public of France and Italy and Germany and China are going through? The grubbing through American Army garbage tins, the wolf packs of orphans stealing amid the ruins, and the little tots with rickets, who have to be fed like brittle birds — why are we too tender-minded to see how other people are living in peacetime?

Pictures as shocking as that could not fail to convince a conscientious striker of the relation between our failure to deliver and Europe's failure to revive. I ask myself why labor leaders in their attitude toward the public seem to be following the contemptuous example of W. H. Vanderbilt: "The public be damned." In the utterances of John L. Lewis and A. F. Whitney, as in the mutterings of the maritime leaders, I hear plenty of demands but no recognition of what American stoppage means to our responsibility for world peace. That, in my judgment, is small-minded. If Europe has not enough food in reserve for thirty days, how can our ships tie up?

Either we are a responsible people, or we are selfish and evasive. I blame no one for wanting fairer working conditions. But in these crucial months, more crucial and divisive than any since the Civil War, I blame our spokesmen for not keeping us more steadily aware of the larger choices ahead.

As I see it, the choices are three. War. War, or as some would call it, a preventive war. But for this Fourth of July, let there be no rhetoric about atomic warfare. Let those who incline toward war put the cost squarely on the line. Let them explain what atomic energy and biological poisons will do to flesh and blood. Let them explain how vulnerable to rockets are our great industrial plants and our cities.

The second choice is the choice of spheres — the

Russian sphere and the Anglo-American sphere, with sparks flying as the edges meet. This is war deferred, and in their Fourth of July oratory I hope that the proponents of this policy will figure out in public what it would cost the Ford Motor Company and General Electric and Du Pont — to name but three of our greatest — to decentralize and to erect subterranean plants. Let them also explain what such warlike precautions will cost us in civil liberties, and in our standard of living as we begin to live like crazed moles.

The third choice is to believe that peace is still possible. To tell the people, with more candor than Secretary Byrnes and the President have yet employed, the obstacles in the way and the responsibilities which as a people we must assume if the first of those obstacles is to be removed this summer. To tell and keep telling.

Doing what was expected

At Ernie Pyle's age and with his record in North Africa, Italy, France, and Germany, it would have been perfectly plausible for him to turn home in 1945. Plausible but not natural. For by that time the country had come to expect certain things of this writer, and sick at heart, punch drunk as he must have been, he could not duck that responsibility. So after a minimum leave with "That Girl," he crossed the Pacific in February, 1945, to write in the Marianas, at Saipan, aboard the carrier known in the fleet as "The Iron Woman," and finally at Okinawa these dispatches which constitute his *Last Chapter*.

Here is the same keenly observant and warmly alive writing which made *Brave Men* a high point in reportorial history. The text is briefer and it is made more poignant because we can see that the author is wearing out ("A lifetime of sin and crime finally does catch up with you," he wrote when after a mile and a half he could no longer keep up with the Marines on Okinawa) and because we know the ending. I asked Edgar Jones, one of his fellow correspondents, how it was Pyle did his work. "Ernie," he said, "would go ashore with the troops for a week, — he went in on the sixth wave at Okinawa, — then he'd come back to ship to write up his notes for ten or twelve columns. After Okinawa he didn't want to take part in another operation and he promised his wife he would not. But he was on a headquarters ship. I guess he couldn't resist the pressure. It was always part of the morale if Ernie Pyle went along: if he was there, it was okay. I guess that is why he went in to Ie Shima."

The Adventures of Wesley Jackson are the adventures of William Saroyan's alter ego in uniform. Prior to his basic training, Wesley lived with his father in San Francisco, and his father, who had never completely recovered from the gas, shrapnel, and shock of the First World War, was very much on the town. Wesley himself is fresh and impressionable, afraid of nothing and with a gift of speech which

talks him out of trouble and into some quite unusual friendships. He never sees action, but he does see a good deal of the unmolested world — Alaska, New York, the Army Training Films, the OWI — and while he is land-based in London, he comes to know the English and to fall head over heels in love with young Jill from Gloucester. This is the *opéra bouffe* of war, laughing, sentimental, threatened by the tragedy off stage, and throughout wistful for peace.

Britannia in fiction

In *Singing Waters* Ann Bridge reverts to that narrative pattern which served her so successfully in her earlier novels, *Peking Picnic* and *The Ginger Griffin*. The story opens with an unattached but attractive young woman — in this case her name is Gloire — bound for the Inaccessible. On the way she is taken in hand by a group of experienced travelers. Kindly but very firmly, the British reprove her for her ignorance; they provide her with camping equipment and then, the men on foot, the women on horses, the little party sets forth, headed for a remote and dangerous mountain. They climb higher and higher. Propinquity begins to do its work, and the travel which might grow tedious in the hands of a less versatile writer is given an extra edge by the threat of danger. After some delays and dalliance, the goal is reached and the heroine is then returned to civilization, chastened and rededicated.

The narrative in *Singing Waters* moves slowly; it pauses to observe the birds, the landscape, the flowers of Albania; and it halts for long exchanges of dialogue which, as they verge on preachments, may dry up an American's interest. As a partisan of Old Europe, Miss Bridge has allowed herself to become both tart and didactic, and when her characters condemn the United States, our justice, our big business, our education, our scholarship, our classless society, or when they sing praises of Europe's peasantry and handwork, the author behind them is speaking with a condescension and a snobbery which are more than her people can bear. I am sorry that thesis has discolored what might otherwise have been a picturesque if tenuous story.

The English comedy in Margery Sharp's early books, *The Nutmeg Tree* and *Cluny Brown*, — comedy of the George Robey school, strutting, hilarious, awkward, and farcical, — attracted a wide reading in this country. In *Britannia Mews* she has turned serious — perhaps too serious for her capacity.

Britannia Mews, in which her story is centered, was in the 1880's the well-kept coachmen's row for well-to-do families like the Culvers and Hambros, living their orderly if repressive lives in Albion Place and Kensington. The author is quick to hint at the contrast between their Victorian pretentiousness and the benign slavery at their back doors.

As fashion moves to the suburbs and fortunes decline, the Mews becomes a slum. It also becomes the refuge of Adelaide Culver, the strongest and



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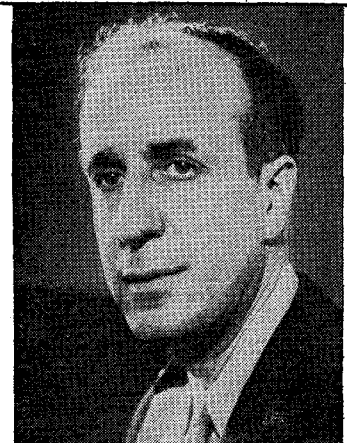
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The Education of a Correspondent

most rebellious daughter of the Victorians, who defies the conventions by running off with her art teacher and who, during her degradation in the Mews, builds up such a stiff defense that she is nicknamed "Poker Back" by the inmates. Thanks to her husband and her lover, Adelaide becomes the artistic dowager of the district, and when, after the First World War, the Mews is revived as a fashionable Bohemia, she reigns as its queen, white-haired, beautiful, and detached, the living symbol of that Victorian middle-class England she despised.

Adelaide is the heroine and time the antagonist of this long and unequal narrative. Miss Sharp has attempted within the compass of a single book what Galsworthy accomplished in a trilogy, and I do not think her talent is equal to the undertaking. In her effort to compass the eighty years her chronicle requires, she cannot give her transitions the attention they deserve. Thus Adelaide's change from a repressed schoolgirl to the resourceful Poker Back, or her lover's conversion from a sprawling drunkard to a neat artisan, or her brother's alteration from a clinging vine to a companionable elder, leaves me incredulous.

Miss Sharp is also handicapped with having to work with too large a cast. She makes her people of passing interest but she leaves them again and again flat rather than developed characters. The social contrast seems forced to me, and usually too obvious to be important. And Adelaide's seizure at the close, when her life passes in review as she staggers home, is a technical device which many English novelists borrowed from Lytton Strachey and one which I no longer find moving.

It is an indication of the paucity of good fiction that these two English novels should have been chosen by our book clubs.

EDUCATION THE HARD WAY

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

THESE days, when "poor, honest men" look about them, when they read their papers and their new books, their thoughts may be long, long thoughts, but they are not happy ones. Overseas, famine and misery, brooding threats from suspicious, truculent Russia, clashing interests, civilization in the balance; at home, unrest, selfishness rampant, cowardice and indecision controlling government, the post-war decay in full rot, the black market and the blackguard gnawing away at our decencies. Over all, the incredible and dreadful threat of atomic destruction. No, there is small comfort in the present picture, and little encouragement for the future.

At this time it seems that a responsibility far heavier than usual rests on all publicists — on journalists, foreign correspondents, writers of current histories, on news commentators and columnists —

to work towards a common understanding among the perplexed peoples of the world. They must not twist or distort the news, by commission or omission — that is the unforgivable sin. They must not avoid dispute by professing a blind benevolence, but must speak out frankly and honestly concerning the situations and events which they have faithfully studied and are competent to assess and discuss. An education in men and things, an historical sense, a willingness to understand the other person's point of view — these are qualities essential to the publicist if his work is to be profitable and constructive in these cloudy times.

Most of our better journalists are not lacking in good will. Many of them have had long experience in reporting events and interviewing responsible authorities. As a group they are conscientious workmen in a profession of which they are proud. Their most serious limitation — if it is safe to generalize about so diverse a gathering — is that they have been, in the nature of things, so busy going up and down the world that they have had little time for study and reflection. They learn through experience; and in the long run, if they are good men, they acquire an education the hard way. But their profession obliges them to speak out loud and clear, with confidence, just when they are in the process of educating themselves. Moreover, being human, they take sides and align themselves for A and against B. The result too often is good reporting of things seen and heard, but an inadequate interpretation of their importance and significance.

One feels this lack of historical perspective in many of the recent books dealing with various phases of the last war. No one, for instance, will question Mr. Ralph Ingersoll's skill as a reporter, and few will deny a substantial element of truth behind his most controversial assertions in *Top Secret*, but thoughtful readers will question his scale of relative values and the conclusions he reaches so confidently. It is obvious that he can know only a part of the relevant facts and that his opinions are colored by prejudice. Similarly in *Wrath in Burma* (Doubleday, \$3.00), the author, Mr. Fred Eldridge, writes his "Uncensored Story of General Stilwell and International Maneuvers in the Far East" not as a detached student and observer but as a partisan, and an angry one at that. I do not in the least question his veracity. He went through the whole Burma campaign in close contact with General Stilwell and he wrote the thing as he saw it.

To him the British and the Chinese were more than willing to fight the war in Burma and China as cheaply as possible, to let the Americans do the hard and expensive work, and then to cash in on the results for the greater glory of the British Empire and the government of Chiang Kai-shek. He records a series of delays and obstructions, and of failures to meet commitments, which he attributes to duplicity and double-dealing. Nothing could be more

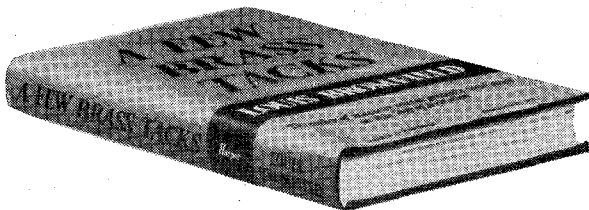
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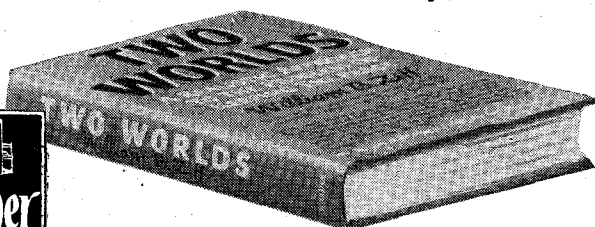
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natural than such an assumption, given the extraordinary efforts of the Americans and the languid coöperation of their allies. But I think that Mr. Eldridge only vaguely comprehends the political significance of war as understood by the responsible statesmen and soldiers of far-flung domains. A victory in Burma would have had small value to them if it jeopardized British interests in India or the Generalissimo's in China. It is infinitely distressing to the soldier in the field to believe that his allies are withholding aid when he most needs it, because their interests in the struggle are not the same as his own.

Mr. Eldridge makes an honest effort to try to see the British point of view but, frankly, he can't quite understand it. On the other hand, few Americans would understand how the British felt in 1940 and 1941 when they faced alone the overwhelming forces of the Axis, fighting, as they believed, in defense of Western civilization, and America sent them obsolete destroyers, World War I equipment, and Lend-Lease. One needs a certain detachment and a knowledge of more than current events to understand the violent inconsistencies of human actions in wartime.

The Last Phase: The Allied Victory in Western Europe, by Walter Millis (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50), is a far more restrained and thoughtful book than *Wrath in Burma*. Its tone is quiet, unexcited, and notably impartial. The author avoids the discussion of differences between the Allied commanders; he gives great credit to the Russian effort and to the activities of the French underground. Montgomery's battle around Caen is highly praised, as is the skillful extrication of essential elements by the German High Command after their crushing defeat in Normandy. The blunders of the Nazis' strategy, their failure to grasp the power of the forces opposed to them, their "moral incompetence," are clearly if quietly presented. A small book, a calm one, and one which makes no pretense of covering anything but the most important elements in the campaign, it will give military historians something to think about when most of the shouters have been forgotten.

A book of wider interest and significance is Mr. Herbert L. Matthews's *The Education of a Correspondent* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00). Like other correspondents, Mr. Matthews acquired his education in foreign affairs — and war — the hard way and at first hand. Unlike many of them, he was always a conscientious student and an open-minded one. Constantly he reviewed his opinions and conclusions in the light of further experience and greater information. He took his obligations as a responsible journalist seriously. If I have criticized the slapdash omniscience of newspaper correspondents, here is Mr. Matthews to support me: —

I find myself unable to apologize for the slowness, the lateness, the reluctance with which I arrived at some degree of political education. The omniscience that so many journalists assume has always seemed silly and illogical to me. There is no royal road to

knowledge or wisdom in a profession dealing with the most complicated forces of life. It should seem perfectly obvious that newspapermen, like other human beings, make mistakes, and yet how seldom does one find a willingness on the part of correspondents, and even more so on the part of their agencies and newspapers, to admit having been wrong about a particular story or situation! Political knowledge is not intuitive. It is reached by an exhaustive process of trial and error, of patient accumulation of facts that are judged and studied and pondered over and then placed in their proper perspective. . . .

It is easy for the young in age or mind to be quite sure of their political beliefs, but if they have not reached that assurance through a painstaking process of living and thinking, they deserve no hearing and no respect. You find that type of mind among young Communists, for instance, who may have lived the hard way and the right way, but whose reading has been confined to Marxist literature or whose attitude toward other literature is such that they approach it with closed minds. The blind acceptance of any doctrine, whether it be democracy, Communism, Fascism, or some other ism, does not entitle a man to claim virtue, even though such belief may place him on the side of righteousness in particular situations.

From 1929, when Mr. Matthews was sent on a junket to Japan, China, Manchuria, and Korea, he represented the *New York Times* as a foreign correspondent and, for much of the time, as a war correspondent. From the beginning he was ready and eager to learn. His book is divided chronologically into the courses in which he majored during his long education: "Abyssinian Course," "Spanish Course," "Italian Course," "Indian Course," and "Post-Graduate Italian." He marched with the Italian armies as a correspondent to Addis Ababa. Always a friend of Italian culture and the Italian people, Mr. Matthews mildly approved of Mussolini in his earlier phases and recognized value in some of the reforms introduced by the Fascists.

But he learned better. His service in the Spanish Civil War was long, arduous, and heartbreaking. He graduated from his "Spanish Course" a thorough enemy of Fascism and Nazism, a Liberal to the backbone. This attitude is most clearly indicated in his "Indian Course." He visited that perplexing, unhappy country during the war, trying as best he might to arrive at some conclusions on the rights and wrongs of the "Indian problem" and its possible solutions. He finds no party altogether guilty and no party altogether guiltless. He believes that ultimately the British will withdraw from ruling India, but that India is not yet ready for self-government.

The Indians have a right to self-government and they are capable in the long run of governing themselves, but they will not find independence along the roads on which they are now traveling. They will find it only when Hindu and Moslem, Punjabi, Bengali, Madras, and Pathan, Prince and villager, can stand up together and say, "We are Indians, and we will all fight together for India."

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He must have been in India at the same time as Mr. Beverley Nichols, whose *Verdict on India* created a furor a few years ago. A reading of Mr. Nichols's superficial but entertaining pages provides sufficient endorsement of Mr. Matthews's more careful methods and his more restrained conclusions. Mr. Nichols finds Gandhi to be a hypocrite and a political self-seeker; Mr. Matthews finds him to be a bewildering enigma, for which he has yet no definite answer. To Mr. Nichols the Hindu cult of cow protection and the caste system are false and vile; to Mr. Matthews the Sacred Cow is "tragic farce" and the caste system a hideous handicap on India's development.

But Mr. Matthews's attempt to understand the Hindu religiosity, the attitude of mind which upholds what are to Western minds such vicious absurdities, is far more painstaking and his exposition is far clearer than Mr. Nichols's. Mr. Matthews studied hard in his Indian course, and he rates high marks from me. Incidentally, an excellent handbook on conditions in India has just appeared: *India Today: An Introduction to Indian Politics*, by Raleigh Parkin (John Day, \$3.75). This is a new issue brought up to the autumn of 1945 — with much new and valuable material.

So Mr. Matthews goes on to his post-graduate course with General Mark Clark as his professor, and the long South-to-North Italian campaign as his semester. This book is the record of an honest seeker after truth, of a fine and conscientious correspondent, and, I feel, of a brave and good American. In conclusion I want to quote him again: —

This is my examination paper, and I am putting down what I have learned. The things I have seen and done in my career forbid me to accept any dogmatic, all-inclusive political faith, such as the economic interpretation of history in particular or Communism in general. I try to fit things into the picture of my experiences and knowledge — such as they are — and Communism does not fit.

Democracy and liberalism do fit in with my ideas, for I feel that through them liberty of a sort is realized on the political plane — not perfect, abstract liberty, but the nearest thing to it which modern political institutions can provide. I want a government which will respect my rights as an individual as long as I obey its just laws and do not harm my neighbor and fulfill my legal obligations as a citizen. I want freedom of speech and press and all similar freedoms. I want the right, in so far as it is feasible, to choose the men who will run my government, and to turn them out if they run it badly. I want to feel that the ruling minority is open to the pressure of public opinion, and that its ranks are open to new men coming from below — even to me, if I should ever prove my worthiness and desire to play my part in government.

That seems to me a good answer for any examination paper in this sad year. My salute to alumnus Matthews. Let us, like him, keep faith and lift up our hearts.

THE PACK RATS OF SCIENCE

by DAVID FAIRCHILD

A Naturalist's Scrapbook by Thomas Barbour (Harvard University Press, \$3.00) opens the door to the museums of the world and reveals something of the lives of the great "pack rats" of science, as he calls himself and other collectors. It tells, in simple words, stories about some of those who have spent their lives preserving from destruction not only the unbelievably interesting fossil fragments and skeletons of creatures which, many millions of years ago, filled the swamps and walked the beaches of the world, but also many extant species of animals and plants which may be on the way to extinction.

It is a most revealing narrative of a boy who took a fancy to snakes and turtles and birds and frogs and to fossil remains which he either found himself or came to know by visiting Natural History Museums. He associated with men who were devoting their days and nights to poring over specimens which they pinned in insect boxes, or pickled in alcohol, or patched together with cement and glue, fanatically careful to see that their specimens were made safe, preserved for a hundred years or more. These men knew that their specimens form the factual basis of man's philosophy regarding living substance and its changing form.

Through Dr. Barbour's book, there runs the enthusiasm of a great man who did not care much about machines or chemical discoveries, but possessed a phenomenal memory for any animal form which was alive or had ever lived. Anything which bore on the great question of evolution fascinated him. A craving for something deeper than the mere facts tinges the whole philosophy of the book. He was much interested in land bridges between islands now far apart, which might have been in existence when there was more ice in the polar icecaps and less water in the oceans, and which might explain the puzzling distribution of animals and plants. Knowing that the eruption of Krakatau had killed all the animals on that tropical island in the Sunda Strait, he was curious to learn what animals had first returned to populate its barren wastes.

Harlow Shapley's theory that the earth in its journey might have passed through the tail of some enormous comet which would have altered profoundly the temperature of the world's atmosphere entered deeply into Dr. Barbour's consideration of the problems in which he was most interested.

I think he mourned, as few have, the extinction of rare birds, such as those of the island of Guadalupe and the ivory-billed woodpecker of our Atlantic coast. The threatened extinction of a reptile species disturbed him. He tells fascinating stories of how specimens in private hands were got into the Museum of Comparative Zoology, of which he was the Director. When he was asked the obvious ques-

tion, "How many specimens of birds are there in the Museum?" he replied, "I cannot answer, nor can anyone else without spending months of time or trouble, which is not worth the doing."

His book is full of anecdotes about interesting personalities from the time of Louis Agassiz to the present. Some of them would perhaps have been left out had Tom been other than he was, a grown-up boy with the habit of speaking out his prejudices, and with a warmth of affection and a sentimentality which many at first could not imagine formed an important part of such a physical giant.

He admits to being a "sentimental old codger," and anyone who reads the touching petition addressed to Warren Hastings by an Indian princess pleading for the life of her husband, who had been condemned to death by that ruthless governor, will understand the tears that came into his eyes. It was found by chance on a little scrap of paper that had been tucked into the skull of an Indian tiger shot by Mrs. Barbour's uncle, James Higginson.

Tom was a gourmet and enjoyed the flavor of an amazing variety of game, having tasted wherever he traveled the specialties of the region, from the fat grubs of the Maoris of New Zealand to the armadillos of the West Indies. He was one of the few men of my acquaintance who really liked to try the new fruits and vegetables which we plant explorers introduced from different parts of the world. I came to look upon his "Eateria" in his Museum as a place where any new food would be given a kindly reception.

The chapters of the book which describe his travels in New Guinea and among the Spice Islands forty years ago, and later in Africa, South America, and the islands of the Caribbean, contain his observations on evolution and reflect his boyish enthusiasm about natural objects of all sorts. I could follow him in some of these journeys, for I landed thirty-five years later on Morotai, that strange island of the Pacific about which he had written in his diary: "This is the best place yet." And I had looked longingly across the strait at Halmahera, along whose coast he had collected so many years before.

I cannot help thinking that as T.B. let his mind run over the scenes of his life while he was writing this book, he suspected his days were numbered, and that he wanted to unburden his mind of some things which worried him about museums. He and I spent hours discussing the problem of labels; he wanted to make the exhibits more appealing. The difficulties of interesting a wide public in such things as fossils, minerals, butterflies, sea shells, the vanishing mammals of the earth, and the endless variety of fishes and other denizens of the deep bothered him.

I used to try to cheer him with the idea that museums were repositories of unique things, things often not replaceable, things entirely distinct from wordy descriptions of them. Our opinions about them are subject to change at any time, but the objects themselves remain indefinitely. "Be content, dear Tom," I said, "that you have built up a marvelous

**GLOIRE
THURSTON**
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nobody but interested persons would be allowed to
visit, the public would have a truer idea of the value
of those collections. But if the great museums are
allowed to decay, what we call our culture may
perhaps go with them, for they are the cornerstones
of knowledge—knowledge of the living creatures,
past and present, which inhabit this planet. Tom
Barbour's contribution to that knowledge will be
remembered long and affectionately.

1 1 1

THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL

\$3.00

Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.

KNOFF

With a degree of objectivity rarely found in eyewitness
accounts of battles, a thirty-year-old Marine combat cor-
respondent has written the unofficial history of the Third
Marine Division in action on Guam and Iwo Jima. Alvin
Josephy does not pose as a GI philosopher or a military
tactician; he has recorded what he saw and heard in two
decisive victories over the Japanese, and he gives it to the
reader straight, without attempting to be significant or to
draw any conclusions.

While the story of Iwo Jima can stand retelling, it is per-
haps fortunate that the bulk of *The Long and the Short
and the Tall* deals with the recapture of Guam, because
the reports of that campaign were overshadowed in the
newspapers by more headline-worthy events which took
place simultaneously in Normandy. The invasion of Guam
was typical of many other frontal assaults on a fortified
position, and Mr. Josephy describes graphically the de-
mands made upon men who had to go in against pillboxes
and hidden machine guns with rifles and hand grenades.
The campaign was high-lighted by a midnight banzai
attack which nearly drove the center of the Marine line
back into the sea, and Josephy describes it so vividly that
the reader can almost smell the *sake* on the breaths of the
screaming attackers.

Guam was declared secure on D plus 20, but an esti-
mated ten thousand or more Japanese remained in the un-
explored jungles. While the Seabees were building the
largest port between Pearl Harbor and Manila, and the
Army Engineers were clearing the underbrush to make
landing strips for Superfortresses, the Marines were deep
in the "boondocks" killing the recalcitrant enemy. In less
than three months of mopping-up operations they killed
more than five thousand cave-bound Japanese, and they
captured several hundred additional ones in the first de-
termined effort made in the Pacific to convince the Japanese
that surrender was preferable to continued hostility.

Sergeant Josephy drew a tough assignment for his first
time under fire. He waded ashore on Guam in one of the
first waves of assault troops and carried with him recording
apparatus to make a running commentary of what hap-
pened to him and to the men close to him. A transcript of
his unrehearsed remarks is included in the appendix of his
book and makes the best reading of all. In the disjointed,
often explosive chatter of a green soldier facing death
knowingly and without hesitation, the civilian home front

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can find a ready clue to what the war was like for many of our American youth.

EDGAR L. JONES

PEACE OF MIND

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Joshua Loth Liebman

SIMON AND SCHUSTER

"A HALF loaf eaten in courage and accepted in truth is infinitely better than a moldy whole loaf." These words, from the chapter "Grief's Slow Wisdom," reveal both the limitation and the appeal of this book by the brilliant rabbi of Temple Israel, Boston. Some readers will miss the ringing affirmations that are natural to those who possess the "whole loaf" of unclouded religious faith; but the book is not meant for them.

Rather it is meant for those who have turned from traditional religion because they cannot adjust their confidence in the findings of science to the requirements of orthodoxy — Christian or Jewish. They have courage, though it often wears thin; they accept whatever commends itself to their minds as truth; but they no longer expect help from the inherited forms of religion. To many such, this book will offer a "half loaf" that will go a long way toward bringing them peace of mind and heart.

Dr. Liebman finds in contemporary psychology, especially in the writings of Freud and his colleagues, the key to "the predicament of modern man"; and with sound wisdom he sets forth the religious values of modern psychiatry and the psychiatric values of timeless religion.

FREDERICK MAY ELIOT

RIVER OF YEARS

\$3.00

Joseph Fort Newton

LIPPINCOTT

My first look at the jacket through which this *River of Years* flows on its abundant way revealed a picture of the church in Philadelphia of which my father began a long rectorship precisely a hundred years ago, the church in which I myself was baptized I will not say just how many years later. How could I fail to be interested in the story of a later rector of that particular church?

The first and strongest impression this autobiography makes upon me is that of the changes which have come to pass between 1846 and 1946. The contrast involved extends far beyond one Episcopal church in one American city. Few ministers of the Gospel could represent the twentieth-century aspect of this contrast more strikingly than Dr. Newton. Texas-born, and trained at the Baptist Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky, he began his ministry in Baptist churches of Texas towns. He roamed far afield — through nonsectarian churches in the Middle West to the ministry of the Congregational City Temple in London, and thence, after World War I, to New York and Philadelphia, and ordination in the Episcopal Church. This itinerary suggests a variety of background and a mobility of body and mind hard to duplicate among the clergy of any faith. Dr. Newton has also been a prolific writer, with a long list of books in many fields, including Freemasonry, and a prodigious output as a newspaper columnist.

The story of such a pilgrimage is not to be told with much reticence, and reticence is not one of Dr. Newton's qualities. The enthusiasm for his calling which made such a career possible inevitably pervades his writing. He has innumerable good words to say for his innumerable friends, of the highest and lowliest estate. Only once does "most unique" invade his vocabulary. Hitler is among the few he cannot commend.



"Lovers of G. B. STERN

will

greet this book with cheers"

—WINGS, LITERARY GUILD REVIEW

When Uncle Lionel said, "Which corner do we fit up for the homeless Wayfarer when he arrives at the castle, weary and footsore, his pack on his back?" it took Jessamy a few minutes to figure out that he meant, "Where will I sleep?" Her mother had just run away with an artist, and Uncle Lionel had come to help carry on.

But it turned out that Jessamy herself had to do most of the carrying. It was not at all simple for a girl of sixteen to keep house for an embittered father, four brothers and sisters, and Uncle Lionel. Miss Stern has drawn, with delicate pathos and humor, the portrait of a young girl's emergence onto the "reasonable shores" of maturity.

The Reasonable Shores

By
G. B. Stern

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Dr. Newton is not alone among autobiographers in letting others say handsome things about him which he cannot quite decently say himself. In one instance he quotes, without intimating that they are not his own, some lines from a noble poem by Ralph Hodgson, which he used at the close of one of his sermons. Von Hügel and other mystics have struck a quickly responsive chord in his nature. He sees all the good he can in the "Oxford Group," and shows a still greater sympathy with psychic communications. His gift of felicitous expression bears many happy fruits, such as the characterization of Americans in general as so "bigoted in religion, and so narrow that we could see through a key-hole with both eyes at the same time."

The generous, inclusive spirit of it all, no less than the frontispiece portrait, gives one to understand why somebody in England called him "a kind of religious Wendell Willkie." As between this century and the nineteenth, what matters more in a city parish now grown old than the preaching and living of essential Christianity in terms of the preacher's own time?

M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THE TIME OF OUR LIVES

\$3.00

Martine Rouchaud

PANTHEON

THE fact that this prize-winning French autobiography was penned by a fourteen-year-old girl invites comparison with the teen-age English autobiographer Denton Welch, whose *Maiden Voyage* attracted considerable critical attention last year. (Even Beverley Nichols awaited the ripeness of twenty-five to write his memoirs.) No two books could be more different. *Maiden Voyage* was perversely precocious, decadent, exhibitionist, nightmarish, painfully introverted, and repellantly sophisticated. *The Time of Our Lives* is enormously sane, unassuming, genuinely childish, and yet brilliantly perceptive in its well-mannered objectivity.

A faithful description of family life under the German occupation, — the family was not involved in the Resistance and was fortunate in having minimum contact with the Boche, — it is essentially a record of changes of residence (determined largely by food conditions), life on a farm, lessons, children's games, and food-purchasing expeditions throughout the French countryside. The only dramatic pages are the last twenty, describing the arrival of the first Americans and the family's return to Paris.

All this could easily be dull, but is in fact far from dull. Martine Rouchaud is completely successful in communicating to the reader the exuberance, the vitality, and the gaiety of youth which transformed the harassments and privations of the occupation into exhilarating adventure. You share wholeheartedly in her fun as she wheedles eggs out of grouchy farmers, plays pranks on her stuffy relatives, and demurely trips up swaggering Nazis in a crowded railway station.

But Miss Rouchaud has, too, an enchanting sense of humor, acute powers of observation, and the proper measure of seriousness for a *jeune fille bien pensante* brought up by a firm-willed, intelligent mother who made her commute to the city for piano lessons and saw to it that, war or no war, she and her sisters worked away at their Latin, English, History, and Composition. *The Figaro* was not exaggerating when it observed somewhat pompously: "Future historians will exhume such unassuming works in order to recapture the humble realities of life during great social upheavals." It is perhaps a comment on the French upbringing, as contrasted with the Anglo-Saxon, that the more childishly written diary of the French *jeune fille* is more absorbing and more genuinely mature than the mundane confessions of Denton Welch, the English *enfant terrible*,

The translation is a disgrace to a publisher as discerning as Pantheon. The spirit of the French original (which this reviewer has read) is wholly lost in a moronic transcription which sets out, with gruesome diligence, to render French slang into its exact American equivalent. The resulting deluge of "boy-oh-boys," "zowies," "yippees," "swell guys," "old girls," and expressions such as "neat!" "drips," and "going places" makes Miss Rouchaud sound like a cross between Mickey Rooney and a dead-end kid. This is the sort of "idiomatic" rendition which would conscientiously translate a *salaam* in an Arabic text into "Hiya Butch, how's tricks?"

CHARLES ROLO

POTPOURRI

by LEO LERMAN

Beautiful Book

Born in Ferrara, in 1474, Lodovico Ariosto lived there and composed his labyrinthine *Orlando Furioso* for Ferrara's ruling family, the Este. During its four-hundred-year existence it has been translated into many languages, but the Anglo-American reading public is not so familiar with it as are Romance language readers. There is no first-rate translation of it in English, nor are there editions easily accessible in good type and format.

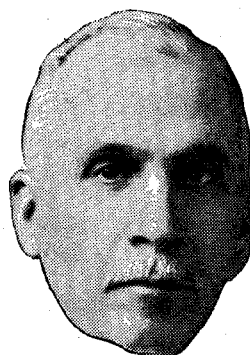
An intricate romantic love story set within a confusing saga of Saracen and Christian wars for the possession of Europe in Charlemagne's day, the poem is a complex of high-flown versification, Renaissance conceits, abstruse history and mythology, convoluted subplots, and involved allegorical compliments to patrons and patrons hoped for. To readers who revel in the esoteric and to omnivorous poetry lovers, it brings a delight similar to that of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. But to the general reader it remains a lost literary world or, at best, a curious echo. Ariosto left his impress upon the main stream of English letters — the Elizabethans knew him well — but today his *Furioso* remains literally a closed book. Its legends have become children's stories. Bulfinch gathered them into his *Legends of Charlemagne*; even he failed to integrate them into tales as beautiful and exciting as the Arthurian cycles.

Fragonard, the glove merchant's son who became the favorite decorator-painter of the pre-Revolution French court, made some 137 drawings for *Orlando Furioso*. These drawings, extraordinary examples of the light, movement, textures, and fantasy which have made Fragonard famous, are more than excellent illustrations of Orlando's exploits: through their numerous details, they permit a comprehensive look into the eighteenth-century mind. Orlando, his lovely Angelica, and all Charlemagne's paladins are, naturally, more rococo than early Gothic. Orlando's hand outstretched for vengeance conjures up romantic eighteenth-century France and the elaborate court of a Louis rather than Ariosto's robust Renaissance Italy or Charlemagne's medieval land. These drawings are, however, unique both as works of art and as inadvertent historical documents.

Fragonard Drawings for Ariosto is not only an art and publishing event but an occasion of literary importance. The volume contains three explanatory essays, bibliographies, ample quotations from the *Furioso* (unfortunately most of these are in Italian), and notes. "Fragonard the Draughtsman," by Elizabeth Mongan of the Rosenwald collections, is outstanding. Her essay blends sound art criticism, a concise account of Fragonard's life, and a brief but memorable glimpse of his times. Technical experts rarely write readable prose; Elizabeth Mongan's prose is not only readable: it has a distinctive style.

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Ten Percenter

A ten percenter is an agent — that is, a person who arranges the employment of other persons who then pay him ten per cent of their earnings. The designation has been specially employed for theatrical, literary, lecture, and concert agents. But when a ten percenter becomes genuine big time, when he becomes a manager who arranges — and perhaps subsidizes — long tours, he usually gets more than ten per cent (some lecture agents get as much as sixty per cent) and he is then an impresario. In the concert-dance world, S. Hurok is doubtless the world's leading impresario. Now in his memoirs, succinctly titled *Impresario*, he tells all — or almost all — about how he got that way. He tells the story, but Ruth Goode, a ghost sensibly materialized for all to see as part author, probably wrote most of it down.

Impresario is not literature, nor does it pretend to be. It is a fluctuating chronicle of temperament (mostly artistic), and extravagance (mostly emotional), and make-believe. It belongs to that special department of letters, memoirs, for which the only criteria are how much the autobiographer tells, how well he tells it, and how important to the reader is what he tells. These memoirs are diverting despite pedestrian writing, because the people they portray are fascinating — and Sol Hurok has seen them at their most unusual. The celebrities here have been Hurok's life; he has been theirs. The result is revealing, full-length, backstage portraits of Pavlova, Chaliapin, Isadora Duncan, Mary Wigman, Marian Anderson, Shan-Kar, the Ballet Russe, the Ballet Theatre, and all the others Hurok has managed. But even more impressive is Hurok's personal story — how an obscure immigrant from a remote Russian village arrived in this country, a few rubles in his torn pocket, and within two decades became one of our most potent cultural forces. That makes heartening reading.

Ritz Chef

Louis Diat is chef at New York's Ritz-Carlton. Some forty years ago he came, from years of experience at the London and Paris Ritzes, to the Manhattan caravansary. But even before his culinary endeavors in those kitchens, he had become food-wise in the Bourbonnais kitchens of his mother and grandmother. They, too, were famous cooks. But they did not write books. On a busman's holiday, Monsieur Diat wrote *Cooking à la Ritz*. It revealed some of the Ritz's most famous gastronomical secrets, and it was a great success. Now he has written a *Home Cookbook* — you can too cook Ritz.

There is a special delight in reading cookbooks. This pleasure is intensified when the books offer something extra in the way of amusing writing. M. F. K. Fisher's cookbooks and Richardson Wright's stand high in kitchen literature. For the charm with which Louis Diat presents his early cooking adventures and the economical good sense with which he generally introduces his recipe groups, his *Home Cookbook* deserves to stand beside Miss Fisher's and Mr. Wright's volumes. There is a brief but pointed introduction by Monty Woolley, former college professor and hard-working gourmet.

The publishers assert that the book is the answer to the prayers of inexperienced or hasty cooks. But you had better not set about whipping up a *Lobster à l'Armoricaïne* unless you have a long day to spare and twenty-two ingredients including olive oil (almost impossible to get), four tablespoons butter (almost equally difficult), and a few other delectables which the publishers assure us are "available to American housewives." I have, however, enjoyed Monsieur Diat's cookbook as much as I have, on occasion enjoyed his cooking, even if I don't agree with his publisher's blurbs. There are six hundred recipes, all interesting to read.

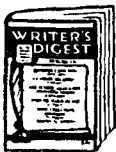
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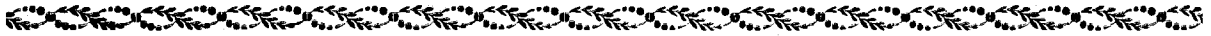
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THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

Leo Tolstoy



THE LATER YEARS



BY

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

CHAPTERS. XXII-XLIII

Foreword

Five years ago, after extensive research, Ernest J. Simmons began his two-volume life and appraisal of Russia's great writer, Leo Tolstoy. In the first half of this biography, chapters of which were serialized in the *Atlantic* in 1945, he traced the gusty, exuberant career of the young Tolstoy. Leo was the fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman. Leo's mother died before he was two; and he knew little of his good-natured but ineffectual father, who died when the boy was eight. Leo, his three brothers, and a sister were brought up by their aunts in a golden age on the family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, with its thousands of acres and hundreds of serfs.

For the future novelist the road to wisdom lay through the valley of excess. Intensely passionate, vain, hypersensitive, Leo loved society and yearned to be *comme il faut* like his brother Sergei, but his coarse peasant features and his awkwardness did not make him popular with students and the well-bred girls of Kazan when he matriculated at the university there in 1844.

Young Tolstoy took pride in his physical strength. Studies interfered with his gymnastic exercises, and with sudden contempt he broke away from the university and returned to his estate, where for a time he played at being a bucolic philosopher and at reforming the serfs. But the serfs objected, and in the face of their recalcitrance the fleshpots of Moscow and Petersburg seemed more inviting.

In the city the eligible young man had more invitations than were good for him. His love of cards and his conviviality endeared him to the other young bachelors, who introduced him to the shady restaurants, the haunts of the gypsy singers. He struggled against these temptations,

mercilessly flagellating himself for weaknesses of the flesh. With sudden resolution he left the city wasteland and accompanied his Army brother, Nikolai, who was returning to his battery in the Caucasus. There, in the intervals of frontier life, Leo found time to write his first book, *Childhood*, which was widely acclaimed on its publication in Petersburg. But in the rough-and-tumble life his spiritual resolution was as hard as ever to sustain.

During the Crimean War, Leo received a commission in the artillery and fought gallantly at Sevastopol. He wrote a series of *Sevastopol Tales*, and on his return to Petersburg after the war he was welcomed as a literary hero by Turgenev and other contributors to the *Contemporary* magazine. But Leo was too strident to fit with ease in a literary coterie. He would argue at the drop of a hat, and a dispute with Turgenev led to an angry challenge to a duel. Turgenev averted the duel by apologizing, but the estrangement between the two lasted seventeen years.

Again Tolstoy returned to Yasnaya Polyana with reforms in mind. With great zeal he plunged into the work of educating peasant children. But in 1861, as he approached his thirty-third birthday, he reached the point in his struggle between spiritual perfection and material happiness when neither education nor work nor literature could satisfy the urge within him. In September, 1862, after a stormy courtship, he married Sonya Bers, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a childhood playmate. In the next fifteen years, Sonya bore him nine children, and Tolstoy wrote *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. In 1876 he turned again to the spiritual quest from which he had been diverted during his fifteen years of happy marriage.

LEO TOLSTOY: THE LATER YEARS

by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

22

AT THE end of *Confession* Tolstoy indicated his distrust of the Orthodox Church and declared his intentions of separating what was true from what was false in the teachings of the Church and in the Bible. Over the next few years he devoted himself to this task. With magnificent arrogance, he swept through centuries of accumulated Biblical scholarship, textual exegesis, commentaries, and historical studies. Like an intellectual titan, he absorbed this mountain of material as he had the "whole libraries" connected with the theme of *War and Peace*. Only now he worked with the spirit of God in his soul and with the consciousness that what he wrote might never see the light of day, in Russia at least. That his attitude towards established religion would be deeply hostile was almost a foregone conclusion: his entire previous intellectual history had been steeped in dissent.

After having dismissed the dogmas of the Church and the whole theology in which they were imbedded, Tolstoy turned to an investigation of the Gospels, for he was mystified by what he considered the Church's distortion of the spirit of Christ's teaching. By accepting the literal meaning of nonresistance to evil with all its implications, much that had been obscure in the Gospels became plain to him. For by not resisting him that is evil, one will never do violence, will never do an act contrary to love, which Tolstoy felt was the real substance of Christianity. All who would fulfill the law must be prepared to abandon everything and endure all consequences.

Once having decided upon an acceptance of the literal meaning of Christ's words in this instance, Tolstoy applied the principle to many other significant precepts enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount and in the Gospels in general. And from this study he elucidated five commandments of Christ that he himself accepted, and that, if observed by all, would alter the whole course of men's lives. Put in brief form they are: *Do not be angry; Do not lust; Do not swear oaths* (by which is meant: "Do not give away the control of your future actions"); *Resist not him that is evil; and Love your enemies*.

Tolstoy maintained that these commandments represented the core of Christ's teaching, and if practiced would link religion to our daily lives. He

saw clearly all their far-reaching implications. For a man who refuses to swear an oath cannot take any part in the offices of civil government or serve in the army; the complete observance of the commandment *Resist not him that is evil* involves ultimately the entire abolition of compulsory legislation, law courts, police, and prisons, as well as all forcible restraints of man by man; and adherence to *Love your enemies* would mean the end of all wars. He fully realized, of course, that man is weak and incapable of a strict observance of such precepts as *Do not be angry* or *Do not lust*; and to abstain from anger and lust as much as possible, he admitted, was perhaps all that our animal natures would allow.

All these commandments were implicit in much that he had said and written in his diaries, letters, and artistic works before 1880. Unlike the traditional theologian, he was not concerned with the personality of God or the creation and redemption of the world. He simply wanted an explanation of the meaning of life, and he found it in some Higher Power that manifested itself through the workings of reason and conscience. And by experience he became convinced that the existence of that Power in him constituted a moral force for good which in turn gave a meaning and purpose to life that was not defeated by death.

In striking contrast to the spiritual suffering Tolstoy had been through was the happiness he now derived from his newly found faith. Experience would soon teach him how difficult it was to conform to his religious precepts. In the meantime, he could not keep quiet about the failure of others to live up to them. In fact, he had scarcely formulated the commandments before he attempted to persuade the Tsar of All the Russias to observe several of them in a situation of grave national consequence.

In the 1860's and 1870's Alexander II had striven to correct the abuses of his predecessor's reign, one of the most reactionary in Russia, by supporting liberal legislation, such as the emancipation act that freed the serfs. These progressive measures by no means satisfied the adherents of a growing revolutionary movement that demanded nothing less than the end of autocratic rule. The activities of the revolutionists were met with severe reprisals and their

organizations were forced underground, but they continued to perpetrate violent acts, freely risking their lives to murder those they considered the enemies of the people. On March 1, 1881, a group of terrorists belonging to the revolutionary organization Peoples' Freedom blew up the carriage of Alexander II and killed the Tsar. Six of the terrorists were apprehended (including one woman, Sofya Perovskii) and were subsequently condemned to death.

The assassination of the Tsar shocked Tolstoy, as it did nearly everyone in Russia, but he was even more distressed over the condemned terrorists. His instinctive repulsion to capital punishment was now intensified by the faith he had adopted, a faith that regarded the taking of human life as a mortal sin. In a dream he saw the execution of the slayers of Alexander II, and instead of the executioners designated by the court, it was as though he himself executed them. He awoke in horror and at once wrote a letter to Alexander III. It began in a humble tone: "I, an insignificant, unrecognized, weak, and wretched man, write a letter to the Russian Emperor and advise him how to act in the most complex and difficult circumstances that have ever occurred. I feel how strange, improper, and bold this is, and yet I write."

His tone soon changed, however, to that of a tremendously earnest and courageous pleader. He acknowledged how horrible was the crime that had been committed by the terrorists, and he admitted the possibility that their adherents, "for the sake of the imaginary general good they seek, must wish to kill you too." That the Tsar's soul was filled with a desire for vengeance on his father's murderers, he could well understand. Yet his primary duty was not as tsar, but as a man, and if he would only follow the teaching of Christ, the temptation of vengeance would be destroyed.

In an eloquent peroration Tolstoy concluded his letter as follows:—

"Forgive! Return good for evil, and from among a hundred evil-doers scores will turn not to you, not to them (this is not important), but they will turn from the devil to God, and the hearts of thousands, of millions, will throb with joy and tenderness at this example of goodness shown from the throne, at a moment so terrible for the son of a murdered father. . . . Who are these revolutionists? They are people who hate the existing order of things; they find it bad, and they have in mind the establishment of a future order that will be better. It is impossible to contend against them by killing and destroying them. Their number is not important, but their thought. To struggle against them one must struggle spiritually. Their ideal is a sufficiency for all, equality, and freedom. To oppose them one must oppose their ideal with one that is superior to theirs and includes it. . . .

"There is only one ideal that can be opposed to them. And that ideal, the one from which they start

— though not understanding and blaspheming it — and which includes theirs, is the ideal of love, of forgiveness, and of returning good for evil. Only one word of forgiveness and Christian love, spoken and fulfilled from the height of the throne, and the path of Christian rule which is before you, waiting to be trod, can destroy the evil that is corroding Russia. As wax before the fire, every revolutionary struggle will melt away before the man-tsar who fulfills the law of Christ."

23

TO GET such a letter to the Tsar was no easy task. Tolstoy had recourse to his friend Strakhov in Petersburg. He sent him the letter and asked him to deliver it to K. P. Pobedonostsev, former tutor of Alexander III, and at this time Procurator of the Holy Synod. Tolstoy hoped Pobedonostsev, who had the confidence of the Tsar, would present the letter to him. Tolstoy also wrote to Pobedonostsev, explaining his sense of moral responsibility which had obliged him to compose the letter, and soliciting his aid in seeing that it reached the Emperor. But the influential Pobedonostsev, who soon gained the reputation of being the most reactionary force in Russia, flatly refused to transmit Tolstoy's letter to the Emperor.

Strakhov then turned the letter over to Professor K. N. Bestuzhev-Ryumin, who put it in the hands of the Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovich. Through him it is reported to have reached the Emperor, but his only response, how authentic is uncertain, is recorded by Sonya: "Concerning this letter, Alexander III commanded that Count L. N. Tolstoy be told that if an attempt had been made on his own life, he could pardon it, but he did not have the right to pardon the murderers of his father."

Tolstoy's letter to the Emperor, however, did cause some repercussions which appear to have worried the powerful Pobedonostsev. Fearful that rumors of the intervention of so distinguished an author might create a party opposed to the execution, he wrote the Emperor pleading that nothing be allowed to interfere with the executions. Alexander III reassured him. "Be calm," he replied, "no one will dare to come to me with such proposals; I guarantee that *all six will be hanged*." And so they were.

Three months after Tolstoy had written to him to secure his assistance, and when the terrorists had long been cold in their graves, Pobedonostsev condescended to reply. The letter began with a sniveling excuse for tardiness, but it contained also a veiled warning that boded ill for Tolstoy in the future. "In such an important affair," he wrote in explanation of his unwillingness to accommodate Tolstoy, "everything must be done in accordance with one's faith. And after reading your letter, I saw that your faith is one thing, and mine and that of the Church another, and that our Christ is not your Christ. Mine I know as a man of strength and truth, healing

the weak; but in yours I thought I detected the features of one who is feeble and himself needs to be cured."

So Tolstoy had failed in his first major attempt to persuade another to practice the faith he had embraced. The letter to the Emperor is a fair sample of the attitude towards public affairs that Tolstoy retained for the rest of his life. And this attitude raises the question of how thorough was his understanding of the processes of government in Russia. In the past, with few exceptions, he had avoided any active participation in political matters. His distrust of civil institutions had been manifested on frequent occasions. Nor can there be any doubt that deeply rooted prejudice, springing from his own aristocratic background, made it difficult for him to have any sympathy for the widespread revolutionary movement. His conviction that the ills of society could be corrected by observing the law of Christ led him into a dangerous oversimplification of political and social problems. He did not see that pardoning a few terrorists, who were quite willing to sacrifice their lives to achieve their ends, would not solve an age-old problem that involved the deprivation of the most elementary human rights for millions of subjects of a despotic government.

The fact is, Tolstoy was seeking for the Kingdom of God on earth. His premise was that men can exist successfully and happily by living according to the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount alone. Human experience, however, does not support the premise. Outside the confines of society, no limit need be placed on an individual's striving for moral perfection. But as a member of organized society, the individual is obliged to submit to forces that are inimical to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. Eventually, Tolstoy recognized this fact. His great virtue and his largest service to humanity was his insistence that most of the suffering of mankind resulted from failure to abide by moral laws. Implicit in his letter to the Emperor is the clear realization that the failure of both the established government and its revolutionary opponents, in Russia and elsewhere, was caused then, and always will be caused, by the absence of morality in striving for political and social betterment.

24

KNOWLEDGE of Tolstoy's religious experience and his new faith came as a surprise, and sometimes an unpleasant one, to his close friends. Many of his admirers, to whom he was the famous author of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, were shocked and bewildered by his abandonment of literature for religion, and idle rumors about this defection quickly went the rounds. "Here in Petersburg," communicated the faithful Strakhov, "all discuss your revolution"; and Dostoyevsky, while on a visit to Moscow, wrote to his wife: "Grigorovich reported that . . .

Tolstoy has almost lost his mind and perhaps may have gone completely insane."

Turgenev could only lament the great loss to Russian literature that would result from Tolstoy's preoccupation with religion. As though he felt that praise might tempt Tolstoy to hew to the literary line, he wrote him from Paris in January, 1880, to tell him of his success among the French. The glamour of artistic success, however, was something Tolstoy was beginning to think of as a positive evil.

The next year Turgenev paid his last visit to Yasnaya Polyana. It was Sonya's birthday and merriment reigned in the household. Turgenev entered into the spirit of the occasion and danced a quadrille the young folks arranged. Then, taking off his coat and sticking his thumbs into his waistcoat, he began to perform weird movements with his legs, declaring that this was the way the *cancan* was danced in Paris. All were amused, but the stern Tolstoy entered in his diary that day: "Turgenev — the *cancan*! It is sad."

The one Russian author who might have sympathized with Tolstoy's faith in Christ's teaching was Dostoyevsky. And it is an interesting fact that at just about this time Tolstoy had begun to manifest a lively interest in Dostoyevsky, who had already acclaimed him in print as one of the great writers of the age. Dostoyevsky had been eager to go to Yasnaya Polyana to meet him, but when he consulted Turgenev on the matter the latter discouraged the visit by telling him how difficult it was to approach Tolstoy. The two never did meet.

Years before (1862) Tolstoy had strongly recommended Dostoyevsky's *House of the Dead* to Granny, and in 1880 he wrote to Strakhov, who was close to Dostoyevsky and became his biographer, that he had just reread this work and did not know "of a better book in all modern literature, including Pushkin. Not the tone, but the point of view is surprising — sincere, natural, and Christian. . . . If you see Dostoyevsky, tell him that I love him." Strakhov showed the letter to Dostoyevsky, who was immensely pleased with this praise from a man whose literary art he thought supreme.

The next year Dostoyevsky died. In answer to a letter from Strakhov about the death, Tolstoy wrote: "I never saw this man and never had any direct relations with him, and suddenly, when he died, I understood that he was the closest, dearest, and most necessary man to me. . . . I reckoned him as my friend. . . . What a support has been torn from me. . . . I wept and weep now."

Tolstoy did not deceive himself. Of all the Russian writers of the time Dostoyevsky was probably closest to him in an ideological sense, however strikingly contrasted their artistic works may be. In their thought and in an insistence upon the importance of morality in life, they had a great deal in common. Dostoyevsky's sweeping doctrine of salvation by suffering and his condemnation of reason as an approach to faith would have repelled Tolstoy. But

Christ was their hero. Both men were seekers after God, and in faith in Him they saw the only possibility of salvation. Dostoyevsky, however, attempted to realize the Kingdom of God in his art; Tolstoy sought through his active deeds to establish it on earth.

25

ALTHOUGH Tolstoy's new faith obliged him to give no offense and to live in amity with all men, his strenuous nature and emphatic expression often led him into being severe on the conduct and occupations of others. He was soon made to realize that the discoverer of a truth, even though it be old and forgotten, must pay a price in friendship. For his friends and the public, he was a writer of great fiction, and they resented his preaching Christian ethics and donning the prophet's robe. A still greater tragedy brought about by his devotion to the Prince of Peace was that it strained his relations with his family and ultimately left him spiritually alone in his own household.

In her diary at the beginning of 1881, Sonya well described the changed atmosphere of the household. "Every day," she wrote of her husband, "he sits at his work, surrounded by books, and keeps at it until dinner. His health has become very weak, his head aches, and he has grown gray and thin this winter. Obviously, he is not entirely as happy as I should desire, and he has become quiet, self-absorbed, and silent. Almost never does that jolly, lively frame of mind appear which formerly attracted all of us around him. . . . The clarity and calm of the personal state of his soul are undoubted, but suffering over the misfortunes and injustices of people, their poverty and imprisonment, over the evil of people, over oppression — all this acts on his sensitive spirit and consumes his existence."

From the outset Sonya did not agree with her husband's new religious beliefs, but at first she was willing to recognize their value, and in moments of spiritual closeness to him she tried hard to believe in them. Such moments of closeness, however, grew increasingly rare. The seeds of discord that had been planted in the early years of marriage had begun to bear fruit, and his religious change hastened the ripening.

In letters to her sister Tanya at this time, Sonya, perhaps with a touch of exaggeration and self-pity, complained of her grief and suffering, and her desire for death, and she hinted darkly of a crisis in her life with her husband. There were two reasons for her fear. The first and more important was an old one — her opposition to having more children. Her protests in the past had been swiftly crushed by Tolstoy's uncompromising attitude. Shortly after the birth of her tenth child (a son, Mikhail, born December 20, 1879), she wrote in an almost hysterical tone to Tanya: "At times I should like to fly away to you, to mama, to Moscow — anywhere, anywhere

away from my half-dark bedroom, where bending over the flushed little face of a new boy fourteen times a day I have shrunk away and almost fallen into a faint from the pain in my breasts. I've resolved to be consistent and nurse the last one too." And in succeeding letters to Tanya in 1880, Sonya complained bitterly of the "solitary life" forced on her by childbearing. In October of that year, however, she wrote to her sister: "Misha is always throwing up the little milk that he sucks, and I feel ill. On that score, to my extreme horror, I'm surely pregnant again."

No one would censure Sonya for her protests now, for almost without interruption she had spent her whole youth in burdensome pregnancies and painful nursing. Nevertheless, Tolstoy evinced no disposition to take into consideration her physical and psychical limitations. Undoubtedly this vital disagreement aggravated old wounds and intensified the dissension that now arose because of the new demands that his religious life necessitated — the second reason for her fear.

The uncongenial atmosphere at home, for which he was largely, though unwittingly, responsible, no doubt had something to do with Tolstoy's frequent absence from Yasnaya Polyana during 1880 and part of the following year. With irritation Sonya wrote to her sister in November, 1880: "Lyovochka has plunged into his work, visiting prisons, justices of the peace, district courts, and recruiting stations out of extreme pity for people and for all the oppressed. All this is no doubt fine, great, and lofty, if only to feel the more one's own insignificance and nastiness. But, alas! life has its own rights; it longs for the other side, and the discord is only more painful and powerful."

She complained of his sudden contempt for money and of the bountiful way in which he had begun to distribute it to poor peasants, and she lent an attentive ear to her brother Alexander, who asserted that profound religious and philosophical preoccupation endangered one's mind. For a time relations between husband and wife grew so unpleasant that Sonya confessed to her sister that she even wanted to leave home. "Truly, this is because they have begun to live a Christian life. Formerly, in my opinion, without this Christianity it was much better."

Meanwhile Sonya had decided that the family must move to Moscow. Sergei wished to enter the university. In the normal course of things he would have been sent alone to Moscow to pursue his studies, for he had arrived at the college age, when such freedom was considered a necessity. The assassination of Alexander II, however, had stirred up the university students and intensified revolutionary activities among them. Already the government had instituted repressive measures. Sonya feared that her son might become involved in the radical movement if he were freed from parental supervision. Besides, the younger children could obtain better educational facilities in the city, and Tanya, who

would soon be seventeen, needed to be brought out into the social life of Moscow.

The decision was largely Sonya's, and it was she who had to hunt down a house in Moscow that would suit their social position and also their dwindling income. It was an onerous task. Further, it had to be undertaken at a time when she was expecting her eleventh child. Tolstoy was away in Samara, and her letters about the difficulties she was encountering in finding a suitable house, and about her trials with the children, eventually touched her husband and evoked a sudden upsurge of his former sense of duty and devotion to his wife. "You would not believe how troubled I am at the thought that you may be overtaxing your strength," he wrote, "and how I repent of having given you little or no help. . . . My justification is that in order to work with the intensity with which I have worked, and to get something done, one has to forget all else. And I have forgotten you too much, and I now repent. For God's sake and for the sake of our love, take care of yourself as much as possible. Put off as much as you can till my return. I will gladly do everything and will not do it badly, because I will take pains."

Yet Tolstoy did not hurry home, and by the time he arrived the removal to Moscow had been nearly all arranged. In truth, he regarded this event with dark foreboding. Just before he left Yasnaya Polyana, he wrote to friends in Samara: "We are leaving on the 15th of September. I cannot imagine how I will live there." He dreaded the life in a great city with all its glaring contrasts of wealth and poverty. What his reactions would be are suggested in a striking entry in his diary shortly before his departure: "An economic revolution not only may but must come. It is extraordinary that it has not come already."

26

ON MORE than one occasion since his marriage Tolstoy had expressed a dislike for city life, but for Sonya it offered the glad promise of a change from the monotony that had bored and fretted her spirit at Yasnaya Polyana. At last she would be able to assume a social position and enjoy the sophisticated pleasures of Moscow.

The family settled in a spacious rented house in Money Lane. Sergei enrolled in Moscow University; Ilya and young Leo entered a *Gymnasium*; and Tanya soon began her studies in an art school. The pattern of their future existence in Moscow was quickly determined. Comings and goings of playmates of the children, relatives and literary friends of Tolstoy, and persistent worshipers of the famous author kept the house as busy as a railway station. "What a quantity and variety of people come to see us," Sonya wrote her sister, "authors and painters . . . *le grand monde*, nihilists, and all sorts!" Sonya, still young, attractive, and elegantly dressed in the

latest style, played the charming hostess at the samovar.

If her husband was in the mood, he would enter the large drawing room at the tea hour. All conversation ceased upon his appearance, and he would behave with gracious aristocratic politeness to the guests, who hung upon his every word. At times, however, something of the real contempt he felt for convention would manifest itself, much to Sonya's chagrin, in a refusal to wear his coat when company was present, because the room was too hot. More often he preferred to desert the large drawing room for the two small chambers that he had appropriated for himself. There, amid clouds of tobacco smoke, he held forth to eager admirers.

Beneath the pleasing surface that confronted their guests, family dissension grew with increasing tempo. The nature of their life together had changed; it had lost its simplicity, its artlessness, its originality. The older children, as well as husband and wife, felt this growing estrangement. The new life according to God that Tolstoy wished to live had nothing in common with the traditional aristocratic city existence that had been instilled into the family. The children felt it was not that they failed to understand their father, but that he had ceased to understand them, and they unconsciously drew away from him in order not to have their own happiness spoiled. Gloomily he walked the streets and grew irritated at the curious eyes that stared at him and at the occasional strangers who, recognizing the author of *War and Peace*, obsequiously bowed.

Before Tolstoy had been long in Moscow, he entered his reactions in his diary: "A month has passed. The most miserable in my life. The move to Moscow. All are busy arranging — when will they begin to live? All is not for the sake of living, but in order to be like other people. Unfortunates! There is no life. Stench, stones, luxury, poverty, debauchery. Malefactors have come together, robbing the people; they have collected soldiers and set up law courts to protect their orgies, and they feast."

If Tolstoy's reactions to life in Moscow were bitter, his wife's were no less so on the score of his behavior, for she wrote to her sister Tanya: "We have been here a month tomorrow and I have not written a word to anyone. During the first two weeks I cried every day, because Lyovochka not only became sad, but even fell into a kind of desperate apathy. He didn't sleep or eat and sometimes literally wept, and I thought I would really go mad. You would be surprised to see how I have changed and how thin I have grown. . . . Now he has arranged to work in a wing of the house, where he has hired two small quiet rooms for himself at six rubles a month; he walks to Maiden Field, makes his way across the river to the Sparrow Hills and there saws and splits wood with some peasants. It is good for his health and cheers him up."

Although the poverty and evil Tolstoy observed in the city discouraged him, he felt keenly that he

must do something to remedy the situation. Determined to see the worst the city had to offer, one late December afternoon in 1881 he made his way to the Khitrov market, a disreputable section of the town. His well-dressed appearance quickly attracted attention among the throng of ragged, shivering, hungry, importunate human derelicts and they crowded around him. He listened to their tales of desperate circumstances, and in an agony of helplessness he bought them hot drinks and distributed money freely.

The news of the ministering angel ran through the street. Each upturned begging face seemed to him more pitiful and degraded than the last. The press of people became great; disorder and a crush ensued. Tolstoy took refuge in Lyapin House, a charitable institution that provided free night lodgings. The sight of the tiers of bunks, each with its impoverished occupant in tatters, further sickened him. Feeling terribly ashamed of himself, he hurried away.

Tolstoy reached home that night, ascended the carpeted stairway, took off his fur coat, and sat down to a five-course dinner served by two lackeys in dress clothes with white ties and gloves. And at that moment he understood with his whole being that the existence of tens of thousands of destitute people in Moscow was a crime, not committed once, but again and again; and that he with his luxury not merely tolerated it, but shared in it. That same evening, he described his impressions to a friend. With some satisfaction the friend began to explain that poverty was a most natural thing in the city and an inevitable condition of civilization. In the argument that followed, Tolstoy, quite unconscious of his rising temper, waved his arms at his friend and with tears in his voice shouted: "One cannot live so, one cannot live so! It is impossible!" His alarmed wife ran into the room, and both she and the friend remonstrated with him for his unnecessary ardor and reminded him that the existence of poverty-stricken people did not justify his spoiling the lives of those around him.

Tolstoy agreed that their criticism was just, but in the depths of his heart he felt that he too was right. When he told his experiences to other friends and acquaintances, they approved of his kindheartedness, but insisted that the most that wealthy people could do was to attempt to alleviate the misery of the poor by philanthropy.

Perhaps organized philanthropy, Tolstoy thought, was the only answer to the problem of the poor, and he decided to make use of the approaching decennial census (January, 1882) for this purpose. His plan was to persuade the numerous census takers to conduct a canvass of the city's poor in the course of their official duties. On the basis of the detailed information thus obtained, a complete list of the most worthy cases would be compiled along with the relevant data necessary to provide the most effective kind of aid. In order to implement the scheme, he intended to

use his influence in setting up a large charitable fund.

Tolstoy began the campaign with a stirring newspaper article, "On the Moscow Census," in which he outlined his plan and made a forthright appeal for aid. Carried away by his own enthusiasm, he declared towards the end of the article: "However little may be done, it will be of importance. But why not hope that everything will be done? Why not hope that we will strive so that in Moscow there will not be one person unclothed, not one hungry, not one human being sold for money, not one unfortunate crushed by fate who does not know where to find brotherly aid?" He repeated the substance of this plea in the homes of wealthy friends and received promises of financial assistance, but he did not fail to notice among those he solicited the uncomfortable feeling of guilty people and an attitude plainly indicating that his plan was a well-intentioned yet hopeless endeavor.

27

TOLSTOY secured a position as an organizer in the census and asked to have assigned to him one of the worst sections of the city, where was situated Rzhanov House, a series of cheap lodgings that had the reputation of being a den of extreme poverty and vice. His first reaction was one of pained disillusion. He saw that the majority of wretched inhabitants of these cheap lodgings were not at all exceptional, but just such people as those among whom he lived, and that their unhappiness depended not on external conditions, but on themselves — a kind of unhappiness that money could not remedy. He was amazed at the contentedness and self-sufficiency of many of these poor people and at their charity to each other.

The more he worked among the poor during the census and thought of the ultimate causes of all this poverty, the more Tolstoy lost heart in the practicality of his grandiose philanthropic scheme. He soon began to wonder whether dispensing money was a remedy. People constantly told him lies to get a few kopeks, and he knew that often the money did them more harm than good. Was not money an evil in itself?

Tolstoy described the last night he visited Rzhanov House in the company of census takers and some interested friends: "All the lodgings were full, all the bunks occupied, and not only by one, but often by two people. This crowding was a horrible spectacle in which men and women were mingled together. Women, who were not dead-drunk, slept with men. Many women with children were sleeping with strange men in the narrow bunks. Terrible was the sight of the destitution, filth, raggedness, and fear of these people. And especially terrible was the immense number of people in this condition. One tenement, another the same way, then a third, a tenth, a twentieth, and no end to them. And everywhere the same stench, the same stifling atmosphere, the

same overcrowding, the same mingling of the sexes, the same spectacle of men and women drunk to stupefaction, and the same fear, submissiveness, and culpability on all faces; and again I felt pained and ashamed of myself, as I had done at Lyapin House, and I understood that what I had undertaken was horrid, stupid, and therefore impossible."

Perplexed, his nerves frayed, Tolstoy left Moscow for a rest at Yasnaya Polyana at the beginning of February, 1882. He dutifully wrote Sonya of his safe arrival, and the next day tried to explain to her in another letter why he preferred the country to the city, although he softened this by admitting that his Moscow experiences had been fruitful. All this reasoning was wormwood to Sonya. She felt that he had run away, and her own letters struck an entirely new note of bitterness and clearly reflected their sorry existence together in Moscow. After an enraged recital of her manifold domestic duties during his absence, she sarcastically added in her first letter: "My little one [the four-months-old Aleksei] is still unwell, and I'm very tender and pitying." Then, with a suggestion of hysteria, she concluded: "I'm vile, sick, my life is hateful; I cry all day, and if there were poison at hand, it seems as though I would do away with myself."

Letters from Sonya followed in quick succession, filled with a confusing mixture of love and hate, censure and self-castigation. She wanted him to return and then ordered him to remain away, for she was no longer of any use to him. "How I wish to wound you," she wrote in a pathetic vein, "but if you only knew how I weep every day, when after a day of torment of the *life of the flesh*, as you call it, I remain alone at night with my own thoughts and grief; then my sole happiness is when Andryusha says to me as he did today: 'Mama, who loves you?' I tell him: 'Andryusha, no one loves me; Papa has gone away.' And he says: 'I love you, Mama.'" In her very next letter Sonya told her husband that for the first time in her life she did not look forward to his return, for "you will again begin to suffer, be bored, be alive although entirely silent, while censuring my life in Moscow. God, how this wearies me and torments my soul!"

Perhaps Tolstoy took fright over the morbid, almost ominous, tone of his wife's letters, for he cut short his stay at Yasnaya Polyana. He was also expecting a visit from Granny in Moscow. His new faith was an irresistible challenge to this old friend, whose years — she was now over sixty — had dulled the keen perception and upset the fine intellectual balance that had always distinguished her intercourse with Tolstoy. The Orthodox Church was her weakness, and after their last unpleasant altercation over this subject, she had returned again and again to the charge with more assiduity than good sense.

Tolstoy suspected her mission on this occasion, and in writing to accept her request to visit him, he begged her not to attempt to convert him. They saw a good deal of each other during the ten days

of her stay, but the armed religious neutrality they sought to preserve frequently broke out into open warfare, and they parted more hostile than ever to each other's faith. Like Tolstoy, Granny was an aristocrat, and she found it almost impossible to believe that one of her own class would forsake the faith in which he had been nurtured. Tolstoy was proud, but he never mistook tradition for truth.

28

ADMIRING friends and the pleasures of social intercourse in the city, however, only served to intensify Tolstoy's feeling of moral dereliction. The year 1882 was one of the most difficult in making adjustments with his new way of life. Repeated trips to Yasnaya Polyana were again a measure of his discontent. Spring in the country revived his drooping spirits. The poet in him responded, and he wrote to Sonya in a lyric strain. In an exultant mood he told her that "everywhere are grass, birds, and honeybees; no policemen, no pavements, no cabmen, no smells, and it is very pleasant — so pleasant that I grow sorry for you and think that you and the children must certainly come here earlier, and I will remain in Moscow with the boys."

Sonya took his advice and came to Yasnaya Polyana for the summer late in May, and Tolstoy went to Moscow to see the older boys through their examinations. He soon returned to his estate with his sons, and after their first year of discord in Moscow the whole family joyfully resumed the country life that they loved — swimming in the pond, tennis, croquet, picnics, and amateur theatricals. As was customary, sister-in-law Tanya and her children were there to add to the general merriment.

The summer domestic harmony that reigned at Yasnaya Polyana was suddenly ruined by one of those painful quarrels between husband and wife that had become so frequent since the move to Moscow. Sonya chronicled the affair in her diary: "Twenty years ago, happy and young, I began writing this book — the whole story of my love for Lyovochka. In it there is hardly anything other than love. And now, after twenty years, I'm sitting up all night reading it and weeping over my love. For the first time in my life Lyovochka has run away from me and is spending the night in his study. We quarreled over trifles. I attacked him for not troubling himself over the children, for not attending to Ilya, who is sick, and for not making their jackets. But it is not a matter of jackets, the matter is that he is growing cold towards me and the children. Today he loudly shouted that his most passionate desire is to get away from the family. To my dying day I shall not forget that sincere cry of his, for it was as if he had torn the heart out of me. I pray to God for death. It is terrible to live without his love, and I felt this deeply that his love went from me. I cannot show him how strongly I still love him as of old, with twenty years

of love. This would humiliate *me* and annoy *him*. He is imbued with Christianity and thoughts of self-perfection. I am jealous of him. . . . Ilya is ill, lying in the drawing room in a fever; he has typhus, and I keep watch to give him quinine at frequent intervals, which I'm afraid of missing. I will not lie down tonight on the bed my husband has deserted. God help me. I want to take my life; my thoughts are confused. It is striking four.

"I thought — if he doesn't come, then he loves another. He has not come. Duty — I used to know so well what my duty was, but now?"

"He came, but we made it up only the next day. We both wept, and I saw with joy that the love I had lamented over on that terrible night had not died."

As though finally reconciled to the fact that the children's education would require years of residence in the city, Tolstoy decided to purchase a home. He found a large frame house with an attractive garden on Weaver's Lane in a quiet section near the Moscow River, which he quickly purchased for 27,000 rubles (about \$13,500). The business of extensive remodeling and furnishing he took upon himself, and throughout most of September he worked industriously at the task in order that Sonya might have a completely equipped home when she returned to the city. He visited furniture shops and bought antique pieces with excellent taste. Christ and the Gospels were now crowded out of the letters he sent to Sonya by elaborate details concerning the redecoration of rooms and the purchase of divans, lamps, and cretonne.

Sonya's reaction to this domestic activity of her husband was curious in the light of her former complaints. She seemed to resent his successful aid in a sphere in which she dominated. "You write only about practical things," she protested, "or do you already think that I have grown entirely stiff? I'm not interested merely in parquet floors and water-closets. I wanted to copy out for you a whole passage from Seneca so that you could instruct me in it, for it refers to what is alien to the soul, as the city in your case."

Here was a palpable hit. Her husband ignored it and got on with the business of putting the new house into perfect order. When all was ready and Sonya finally arrived on October 8, she displayed a lamentable lack of appreciation. "At Moscow Lyovochka met us with two carriages," she wrote her sister. "At home a dinner was ready, and tea, and there was fruit on the table. But I was so tired from the trip and a week of packing and had become so irritable that nothing pleased me."

The second winter in Moscow brought an improvement in Tolstoy's relations with his family. It was only an external improvement, for he had lost none of his repugnance for the life they were leading. A firmer hold on the humility he strove to impose upon himself made relations in the household more bearable. Sonya heralded the apparent change with pleasure in letters to her sister. He had become quieter and more kind, she wrote, and his tirades

against their easy existence briefer and rarer. In months they had quarreled only once, and she added: "Lyovochka is in such fine spirits; it is charming. May God grant that it continue."

29

THIS household of growing children, constantly swarming with their young friends, recalls the merry Bers family of some twenty years earlier when Tolstoy first courted Sonya. Now, as the mother, seeking the best introductions for her own children into Moscow society, Sonya was in her element. With obvious pleasure, she described in a letter to Tanya the Christmas festivities of 1882: the tree; an evening party at one friend's house; a French play and a large children's gathering at the home of another friend, where young Masha and Leo danced until three in the morning; then the next night a ball at the Shcherbatovs'. Her daughter Tanya was arrayed in the latest style and her mother more conservatively in "a very splendid dress" that cost 250 rubles. Young Tanya was in ecstasies, and she and her mother remained at the ball until six in the morning. "It now seems that we are fully launched in society," she informed her sister, "but the money vanishes terribly!"

The gloomy father watched these expensive, empty pleasures, while his experiences among the poor at Lyapin and Rzhanov Houses seared his brain. In his diary for December 22, he noted: "Again in Moscow. Again I experience horrible spiritual torments. For more than a month. But they are not unfruitful." His only diversion at this time was a passion for a new language. He had begun to study Hebrew in October, 1882, taking lessons from the Moscow Rabbi Minor. He read the Old Testament, but concentrated largely on those parts that were of interest to him in his work. Sonya now objected to the considerable effort he expended on Hebrew as she had earlier complained of his study of Greek.

In December, 1882, Tolstoy received a letter from a total stranger, M. A. Engelhardt. This young man — he was only twenty-one at the time — had been exiled to his father's estate for engaging in political activities in the university. Having failed to find a publisher for an article opposing the Orthodox Church, he sent it on to Tolstoy because he had heard of his deep interest in religious questions. Tolstoy's reply so encouraged him that he sent a second letter, in which he attempted to justify the violence of revolutionary struggle for the common good by the teaching of Christ. This drew a lengthy answer from Tolstoy.

In the light of the charge that was repeatedly brought against Tolstoy of not living according to his beliefs, the conclusion of this letter is a remarkably sincere and humble confession of human limitations that goes far to explain his whole present and future struggle with himself, with his family, and with society. "Now another question directly and invol-

untarily follows from this, 'Well, but you, Leo Nikolayevich, how do you practice what you preach?' That is the most natural question: people always put it to me and always triumphantly shut my mouth with it. 'You preach, but how do you live?' And I answer that I do not preach and cannot preach, although I passionately desire to do so. I can only preach by deeds, and my deeds are bad. What I say is not a sermon; it is only a refutation of a false understanding of Christian teaching and an explanation of its real meaning. Its meaning is not that we should in its name rearrange society by violence; its significance is to find the meaning of life in this world. The fulfillment of Christ's five commands gives that meaning. If you wish to be a Christian, then you must fulfill those commands; if you do not wish to fulfill them, then do not talk about Christianity apart from the fulfillment of these commands. . . .

"I have not fulfilled one-thousandth part of them, it is true, and I am at fault in this; but it is not because I do not wish to fulfill them, but because I am unable to. Teach me how to escape from the nets of temptations that have ensnared me, help me, and I will fulfill them; but even without help I wish and hope to do so. Blame me — I do that myself — but blame me and not the road I follow, and show it to those who ask me where in my opinion the road lies. If I know the road home and go along it drunk, staggering from side to side, does that make the road by which I go the wrong one? If it be wrong, show me another; if I have lost my way and stagger, help me, support me in the right path as I am ready to support you; and do not confuse me, do not rejoice that I have lost my way; do not cry out with delight: 'Look at him! He says that he's going home yet he's slipping into the bog!' Do not rejoice at that, but help me and support me.

"So that is my relation to teaching and to its practice. With all my strength I try to practice it, and at every failure I not only repent, but I beg for help in order to be able to practice it, and with joy I meet and listen to anyone who, like myself, is seeking the road."

30

UPON his arrival in Yasnaya Polyana the following summer, Tolstoy received a sorrowful last letter from Turgenev: —

"Kind and dear Leo Nikolayevich. It is long since I wrote you, for I have been and am, speaking frankly, on my deathbed. I cannot recover — there is no use thinking of it. I am writing to you particularly to tell you how glad I am to have been your contemporary, and to express to you my last, sincere request. My friend, return to literary activity! That gift came to you from whence comes all the rest. Ah, how happy I would be if I could think that my request would have an effect on you. . . . My friend, great writer of the Russian land, heed my request!"

To the very end Turgenev could not understand why Tolstoy had forfeited art to solve the riddle of existence. He did not see that for Tolstoy the measure of true greatness was not what we are, but what we strive to be in the ceaseless struggle to achieve moral perfection. Nor did he realize that the same magnificent qualities that made Tolstoy's art immortal — his sincerity and love of truth — were the very qualities that drove him on in his religious and social mission.

After Turgenev's last visit to Tolstoy two years before, they had kept up a desultory correspondence in the friendly spirit of their recent reconciliation. Time had softened without eliminating Tolstoy's reservations on Turgenev, and his new religious feelings induced an attitude of Christian love in his relations. At the first report of Turgenev's illness, he immediately wrote of his concern and of the thought he had entertained of going to Paris to be near him.

The end came for Turgenev on August 22. In a letter to Strakhov after he heard the news, Tolstoy simply remarked: "The death of Turgenev I expected, yet often I think of him now." In September, Tolstoy was asked by the Society of Lovers of Russian Literature to speak at a public memorial meeting in honor of Turgenev. He agreed either to read a paper or to have someone else deliver it.

Although Tolstoy went with the family to Moscow in September for the winter, he quickly returned to the country to work. He also had another purpose that he did not communicate to Sonya — he had been summoned as a jurymen in the District Court. The first she heard of it was in a letter, in which he wrote that he had appeared at the court and emphatically refused to serve as a jurymen because of his religious convictions. He was fined a hundred rubles for his refusal to serve. This action was Tolstoy's first defiance of civil authority in an effort to remain true to his religious faith. He regarded his act as a protest against the whole system of public justice. It was a slight act, unostentatiously performed, but it gave him immense satisfaction as his initial attempt to repudiate constituted authority. Sonya's reply to his letter told of her fears that his punishment would not end with a mere fine, and without approving or disapproving his act, she scolded him for not taking her into his confidence.

Tolstoy remained a short time at Yasnaya Polyana to write, and to read Turgenev's works in preparation for his address. Delighted with two pleasant letters from Sonya, he answered: "Never have I thought of you so much and so well and so entirely purely as I do now. In every respect you are precious to me. I think about Turgenev always, love him terribly, and wish to read all of his works." When he returned to the city, however, the "strained, even unhappy, expression on his face" suggested only too clearly to Sonya that he wished he were back in the country.

Preparing his address on Turgenev had become a labor of love. Sonya wrote her sister that all Moscow

was stirred up in anticipation of a public oration by Tolstoy, and that an enormous crowd was expected to attend. But meanwhile, the dark forces of the government were at work. The matter was looked into, and the Governor General of Moscow coolly informed the President of the Society of Lovers of Russian Literature to advertise the fact that the meeting in honor of Turgenev "had been postponed for an indefinite time."

The upshot of this whole business, so characteristic of the reactionary reign of Alexander III, is told in a letter from Sonya to her sister: "The lecture was to have been quite innocent and most peaceful; no one thought of shooting off any liberal squibs. But everyone is terribly surprised. What could have been said? Where could there have been any danger to the government? . . . Everyone without exception is angry about it, except Lyovochka, who is even glad to be excused from appearing in public — a thing he is so unaccustomed to."

31

DURING this period Tolstoy's literary endeavors were largely of the instructional or didactic genre. In April, 1882, he made the first attempt to print his *Confession* in the magazine *Russian Thought*. He offered an introduction to this work, and, on the request of the editor, softened some of the phraseology. Nevertheless, the censor banned the production. This was the first of many failures to get his controversial works printed in Russia, but he appears to have accepted such prohibitions calmly, as part of the price he must pay for opposing the accepted order of things.

During the whole of 1883, Tolstoy devoted himself primarily to writing his remarkable book *What I Believe*. The distilled essence of virtually everything he had written or thought on the subject of religion and on his personal relation to it up to this time is lucidly and artistically set down in this book. As in *Confession*, the conclusion he reaches is that life is a misfortune for him who seeks only the personal welfare that death inevitably destroys, but a blessing for him who identifies himself with the teaching of Christ and the task of establishing the Kingdom of God on earth, here and now. Despite the didactic nature of the book, it has a profound human quality by virtue of his ability to share with his readers the tremendous inner struggle and intense experience that finally led him to his convictions.

Tolstoy hoped to print *What I Believe*, and when he was putting the finishing touches on it in December, 1883, Sonya wrote to her sister: "Lyovochka has finished his work for the press, which they will burn, but I hope that he will now grow calm and no longer write in this vein." In her most charitable moments, Sonya adopted an attitude of resignation towards her husband's religious writings: it was "the will of God," she sighed, and perhaps these works

were "for great purposes," the implication being that they were beyond her comprehension. Her real feeling — at this time at least — was one of disgust. She had no natural interest in his religious and didactic works, and she worried over the hostility they might provoke in the authorities. Finally, and perhaps most important for her, such literary efforts were unremunerative.

Sonya on more than one occasion expressed sincere regret that her husband had turned his back on purely artistic works. Immersed in his religious and philosophical studies, however, Tolstoy paid little attention to his wife or to those close friends and admirers who urged him to return to fiction. On occasion he would turn on these well-intentioned critics with some asperity. When a literary friend remonstrated with him for not employing his artistic powers, he replied: "Why, you know, that is just like the former admirers of some ancient French whore repeating to her: 'How adorably you used to sing *chansonnettes* and flip up your petticoats!'"

Actually, Tolstoy had not turned his back on art; he had simply rejected his former conception of it, just as he rejected the kind of life he had led before his spiritual conversion. There is a suggestion that he would like to have broken cleanly with art, as with everything else, but art was too much a part of his being. He could not tear it out of himself, and at the same time he recognized that the aesthetic aim that he had formerly entertained could have no place in the new morality and ethics to which he now subscribed.

Towards the end of 1883 Tolstoy made the acquaintance of V. G. Chertkov, a man who as both guardian angel and evil genius played a most significant role throughout the remaining years of his life. Chertkov had been a Captain of the Guards, the son of a rich Adjutant General. His career in a Guards regiment subjected him, as he said, to the three classical vices of these aristocratic officers — wine, cards, and women. But he soon wearied of debauchery, no doubt much influenced by the deeply religious attitude of his mother. He read a great deal and was particularly attracted to the works of Dostoyevsky, which no doubt helped to lead him to a study of the Gospels and the teaching of Christ.

The conclusions he came to on the wickedness of violence, the necessity of productive work, and the need of humility were quite similar to those of Tolstoy. Aware that his new convictions would not permit him to continue an army career, he tendered his resignation, much against the wishes of his parents, in 1881, when he was only twenty-seven. He then retired to his huge estate in the province of Voronezh and engaged in all manner of practical activities aimed at bettering the material existence of the peasants. At the same time he abandoned all luxuries and endeavored to live a life as simple and frugal as that of the peasants.

It was not until 1883, when Chertkov grew agitated over the relation of social questions to the teaching

of the Gospels, that he learned of Tolstoy's concern with this same problem. Chertkov eagerly desired a meeting, and this was brought about in October, 1883, when he was passing through Moscow on his way to Petersburg to see his parents.

From Tolstoy's first letter to Chertkov, a little more than a month after their meeting, it is clear that he was immensely pleased with his latest disciple. He wrote to thank Chertkov for some English books on theological subjects that he had sent, and he flatteringly commented on how Chertkov's marginal notes had helped him to follow "your intellectual and zealous work." But scenting the breath of heresy because one of the books treated at length the subject of the Resurrection, he sternly reproved his young pupil for concerning himself with such metaphysical nonsense. The relationship had begun auspiciously enough. Tolstoy had found a new saint, and Sonya a devil incarnate.

32

TOLSTOY had been slowly coming to the conclusion that the only way to encourage the Christian life he believed in was by personal example. He realized that the method would be slow, difficult, and indefinite, but at least he would cease being a parasite living on the back of the working class, as he expressed it.

The initial difficulty was that his life was not his own. At the beginning of 1884 he was the father of eight children, with another on the way. Domestic problems were numerous, and his advice and authority were in constant demand. Despite his wife's careful management, the family expenses in Moscow mounted. Social caste, tradition, and custom dictated a certain standard of living. No fewer than five tutors and governesses lived with the family, and as many more teachers were employed from outside to give lessons to the children. Eleven servants worked in the house, took care of the grounds, and operated a carriage, calash, droshky, and two sledges. Food alone for the twenty-six members of this household was a considerable item in the budget. Sonya reckoned her monthly expenses at 910 rubles (approximately \$455), a large but not an extravagant amount for so numerous a family.

The income had been derived mostly from Tolstoy's estates until his literary earnings had provided a substantial and important addition. Now he not only questioned the right of private property, which had troubled him for years, but he believed it immoral to live off the money earned by the toil of others.

It did not occur to Tolstoy to demand that his family should at once repudiate the idle, self-indulgent existence they were leading for one of frugality, simplicity, and hard manual work. However unbending he might be about expressing the rightness of his moral principles, he understood

human nature too well to expect miracles of self-sacrifice. He placed his hope in an attitude of "sweet reasonableness" — a famous phrase of Matthew Arnold that he admired — and in persuasion by example.

Tolstoy began his long struggle to practice what he preached in a mild enough manner. He dropped his title and requested servants to address him as plain "Leo Nikolayevich." In January, 1884, after having finished *What I Believe*, he went to Yasnaya Polyana for a short visit. From there he wrote Sonya that he was making a pair of boots for old Gasha, a family servant, for he now deemed manual labor an absolute necessity.

Upon his return to Moscow in February, Tolstoy's behavior baffled his friends and irritated his family. The tasks that servants were accustomed to perform for him, he now did himself. Entries such as the following occurred regularly in his diary at this time: "With the children I gayly cleaned up my room. I was ashamed to do what had to be done — empty the chamber pot." But a few days later he recorded his triumph over shame and the chamber pot. Making shoes he now took up in real earnest, employing a workman to teach him the craft. Master and pupil sat at a bench in one of the two little rooms that Tolstoy had reserved for himself in the Moscow house. The smell of leather and tobacco filled the low-roofed, ill-ventilated workshop. As the impatient pupil sat huddled over his task, carefully waxing the thread and splicing the bristles, he groaned over every failure and yet stubbornly refused the attempts of his awed instructor to assist him. When success crowned his efforts, he rejoiced like a schoolboy.

In this effort to produce more and consume less, the principle succeeded better than the shoemaking. A pair of shoes which he turned out for one of his sons went unworn, although Tolstoy himself proudly wore hunting boots of his own manufacture. With mock seriousness, Fet, who had renewed his visits, ordered a pair of boots from his old literary friend turned shoemaker. Puzzled callers were obliged to wait until he drove the last peg into the leather sole. Any scoffer who thought the task easy might find himself challenged to a contest of peg-driving; Tolstoy would gleefully win and hand over the money wagered to his poor teacher in the craft. At first the family were alternately amused and annoyed by what seemed a bit of proletarian play-acting. But Tolstoy was in earnest.

The new regime transformed existence at Yasnaya Polyana during the summers. Tolstoy had always enjoyed farm work for the physical exercise and pleasure he got out of it; now he regarded it as a duty sanctified by Holy Scripture. Dressed more like a peasant than a country gentleman, he stood in the hot sun sweating and mowing. He would plow the land of a poor widow, assist at building a hut, or stack and carry grain. One could see him any day carting manure, lugging timber, or sitting astride a top beam of a hut that he was rebuilding, cutting a place for

the cross-rafter to fit into; his sleeves would be rolled up, hair disheveled, unbuttoned shirt showing his bare chest, a chisel stuck in his leather girdle, a saw hanging from his waist, and his graying beard shaking at each blow of the axe.

The family at first went on with its croquet, visitors, and endless round of summer amusements. They felt sorry that their father should waste his valuable energies on such heavy toil, and perhaps they grew a bit ashamed of their own idle existence. Although he said nothing to them, they knew what he thought, and this made them uncomfortable and spoiled their fun. His proof-by-example began slowly to have an effect on the family. Nineteen-year-old Ilya finally asked his father to assign him some outdoor work. He was at once set to plowing the field of a woman whose husband had deserted her, and he relished the experience.

Soon his brothers Sergei and Leo joined him in manual labor, and presently field work became a fashion that swept through the entire household. Young and old, men and women, formed groups and competed in mowing, hacking awkwardly with their scythes, and cheerfully raising blisters in long hours of raking up the hay. Even Sonya in a sophisticated version of a peasant dress did her share, along with the younger children and the governesses.

During this first vigorous attempt to live the new life at Yasnaya Polyana, Tolstoy gave up meat. He also gave up wine; and hunting — the sport that had provided him with so much pleasure and with the material for some of the most brilliant passages of his fiction — was firmly abandoned. Smoking, too, he attempted to give up, having first made the effort in the summer of 1884. He now considered smoking a luxury and declared that instead of tobacco, grain should be grown to feed the famished. The struggle was hard. He loved to smoke and believed the practice soothed his nerves. Dilating his nostrils, he would eagerly inhale when someone smoked in his presence. The deprivation was a torment and backsliding not infrequent, and not until several years later did he finally conquer the habit.

These renunciations were not thrust upon the family, although Tolstoy always hoped that his example might influence them. In general, they respected his wishes in regard to his own behavior, but they lacked a sympathetic understanding and any spirit of discipleship. When they labored in the fields, they did so not for the reasons impelling him, but because it had become a kind of vogue and furnished them with good healthy exercise. However, Masha, aged fifteen, was beginning to regard her father's views seriously, and so was his oldest daughter, Tanya.

33

CHERTKOV, the latest disciple, whom Sonya had already begun to distrust, was gaining a firm hold on Tolstoy's affections and an important place in his

daily affairs. The relations between the two men assumed that peculiar intimacy possible only between master and pupil when they discover that they hate the same things and are willing to compromise on what they love.

There were occasions in these early days of their friendship when the young disciple made bold to question the fundamental truths of the master's faith. Tolstoy would then sternly pull him up and let him understand that if anyone were going to commit heresy, it was he. Such outbursts were rare, however, and the whole tenor of their extensive correspondence during 1884 and 1885 emphasizes the deepening bond of friendship and their growing dependence on each other. In the practical matters connected with his literary output and in the propagation of his new faith, Tolstoy began to develop the habit of leaning upon Chertkov, who possessed considerable organizing and financial abilities. In fact, Chertkov was already well on the way towards becoming a sort of self-appointed business manager of Tolstoyism. His crusading zeal was enormous, and he acted as the gadfly in Tolstoy's literary endeavors with consequences of extreme importance.

Early in the correspondence of Tolstoy and Chertkov, the necessity for the cheap publication of good literature was discussed. Since the spread of elementary education, the reading public in Russia had grown considerably. Apart from cheap productions of legends, lives of saints, and penny-dreadfuls, no attempts had been made to publish good literature inexpensively enough to be within the reach of the poor. Tolstoy had long recognized this problem. When he had been conducting his school at Yasnaya Polyana, he had been struck by the receptivity of peasants to artistic literature. Now he felt strongly that authors who wrote their books in comfort and consumed what the toil of the poor produced should at least attempt to provide literary food worthy of these people.

In February, 1884, Tolstoy read to a group of people interested in public education an article that he had written on the necessity of cheap editions of good literature for the masses. And in October, Chertkov proposed the publication of a popular magazine designed for the masses, a proposal that Tolstoy enthusiastically encouraged. By November the project had changed somewhat after Chertkov had had a conference with I. D. Sytin, a Moscow publisher of inexpensive books. An agreement was reached for the printing of cheap booklets and pictures that would bring to the people tales and illustrations in the spirit of Tolstoy's Christian teaching. The stories were to be written by the best Russian authors and the illustrations would be done by the most distinguished artists.

Thus the pioneering publishing business called the *Intermediary* was founded, one of the most practical and worth-while ventures inspired by Tolstoy's influence, although due credit for its establishment must be given to Chertkov, who managed its fortunes for

some years. In the first four years of its existence the little *Intermediary* booklets, priced at one and one-half kopeks, sold twelve million copies.

Tolstoy's theory that the masses would read good literature if they could afford to buy it was proved to the hilt. Something of the initial popularity of the publications must be attributed to the fact that three of the first four issues were stories from his pen. Chertkov, mindful of the success of Tolstoy's tale "What People Live By," written several years before, kept urging him to contribute similar stories for *Intermediary*; and during 1884 and 1885 he wrote no fewer than fifteen tales and texts describing pictures, most of which were quickly published by *Intermediary*.

These stories are principally retellings of popular folk tales, for which he had a special gift. Their clear religious or moral lesson is never allowed to obtrude upon the narrative interest, which is sustained with his usual skill. And the tales are told in that simple language which Tolstoy was beginning to favor more and more as the proper artistic medium for the mass of readers he hoped to reach.

The publication of Tolstoy's own productions at this time was continually encumbered by difficulties with the censor. *What I Believe* was not actually finished until January 22, 1884, after he had lost the first set of proofs when his suitcase was stolen in a Moscow railway station. Convinced by his previous experience with *Confession* that such a religious work would never pass the censor in the ordinary course of events, he attempted a rather familiar dodge. He arranged for an expensive edition of only fifty copies in the hope that the book, obviously not intended for popular circulation, would be certified.

The ruse failed. The head of the Moscow Civil Censorship Committee reported that *What I Believe* "must be considered an extremely harmful book as it undermines the foundations of social and governmental institutions and wholly destroys the teaching of the Church." On the basis of this report the spiritual censor Pobedonostsev ordered all copies of the book to be seized and burned.

Actually, not one copy was burned; the whole edition was sent to Petersburg and illegally distributed among high officials and their friends. "That is fine," Tolstoy wrote when he heard of the fate of his book. As so often happens in cases of prohibition, there arose a widespread demand for his banned publications. News of them spread, and he appears to have been unconcerned over the unauthorized reproduction of these works. Secret printing presses and hectograph and lithograph machines were not uncommon in the hands of political revolutionists. And in some cases it is known that they reproduced in quantity Tolstoy's forbidden works, for there was often much in them that revolutionists could use to their own purpose. The situation intensified the hostility of the government towards Tolstoy.

34

WHEN Tolstoy departed suddenly for Yasnaya Polyana in January, 1884, he wished a rest after finishing *What I Believe*, but a contributing factor was no doubt his displeasure over the family's indulgence in the social events of the New Year. For Sonya's letters were almost apologetic on the score of the various balls she had been attending, and she expressed regret that she could not enjoy with him the brisk country air and the moral freedom of his solitude.

In a letter to her sister Tanya, she revealed a quite different frame of mind over his absence. "Yesterday Sergei Nikolayevich [Tolstoy's brother] returned from Tula," she wrote. "He had seen Lyovochka at Yasnaya Polyana. He [her husband] sits in a blouse, in filthy woolen socks, disheveled and gloomy; with Mitrofan he stitches boots for Mikhailovna. The schoolteacher reads aloud the lives of the saints. He will not return to Moscow unless I call him back or unless something happens to us. Though he has a swarm of children, he is unable to find in the family any occupation, joy, or duties, and I more and more feel towards him contempt and coldness."

In a few months Sonya would be forty. In twenty-two years of married life she had been pregnant twelve times, and in the last few years she had fought in vain against having more children. Her pregnancy now unquestionably contributed to the mounting hysteria that made living with her a torment for Tolstoy. About two months before the birth of her child, a letter to her sister clearly echoed Sonya's despair: "Sometimes I get wildly despondent. I'm ready to scream and fly into a rage. I will not nurse the child but will get a wet nurse; and I have bought everything at Moscow in cheap shops in order to clothe it."

Meanwhile Tolstoy had returned to the city. He tidied his room, hammered pegs into shoes, read Confucius, and watched Sonya with "silent, critical, and stern" eyes. His diary records the approaching storm. "I remained alone with her," he noted on April 12. "Conversation. I had the misfortune and cruelty to wound her pride, and it began. I did not remain silent. . . . She is seriously, mentally ill. And the point is this pregnancy. And it is a great, great sin and shame."

The behavior of his children intensified Tolstoy's misery. "It is very sad in the family," he wrote. "It is said that I cannot sympathize with them. All their joys, examinations, social success, music, furniture, purchases — all this I reckon a misfortune and an evil for them, and I cannot tell them this. I can, I speak, but my words do not affect anyone. . . . In weak moments — such as now — I am astonished at their ruthlessness." And a few days later he exploded: "What for and why do I have such a terrible misunderstanding with the family! I must find a way out of it."

About a month before the birth of the child, relations between Tolstoy and his wife were rapidly reaching a breaking point. The family had moved for the summer to Yasnaya Polyana. He tried to talk to Sonya about the necessity of changing their way of life, but such conversations only infuriated her. It is a measure of the intimacy that he had already reached with Chertkov that he now felt impelled to make him a confidant of his domestic woes.

Alexandra was born June 18, 1884. The new arrival brought no peace into the household. Tolstoy's diary for the month of July is a poignant record of his sufferings, and his wife must have suffered correspondingly. The problem of the resumption of marital relations widened the breach between them. Of late, after the birth of children that she had not wanted, Sonya had feared this period. Now it was her husband who, still profoundly shaken by their prolonged differences, found it impossible to renew relations.

Torn by desire and forgetting that his was the active role, he unfairly blamed his wife for her passivity. He murmured against the unfulfilled "sensual temptation" that he struggled with at night. And less than a month after the birth of Alexandra, he angrily burst forth in his diary: "Cohabitation with a woman alien in spirit, i.e. with her, is terribly disgusting. Just as I wrote this she came to me and began an hysterical scene. There is the thought that it is impossible to change anything, that she is unhappy, and that she must escape somewhere. I was sorry for her, but together with this I recognized that it was hopeless. To my death, she will remain a millstone on my neck and on the children's." Once again the situation became so impossible that he decided to leave her. At night he packed his things, awoke Sonya to say farewell, but after a talk with her, he agreed to remain. The next morning he wrote in his diary: "I do not understand how to save myself from suffering or her from the destruction towards which she flies with haste."

Except for fitful bursts of anger, Sonya's hysteria vanished, and the remainder of the summer passed off calmly enough with Tolstoy working in the fields and feeling immensely pleased that his daughters had begun to evince some sympathy for his new way of life. When the family returned to the city, he remained in the country for a short time in the autumn. Letters between husband and wife reveal a marked improvement in their relations over the nightmarish summer. The separation may have contributed, but the deep affection they had for each other was never far below the surface; it flowed freely whenever the dam of spiritual and material obstacles crumbled.

With genuine concern Sonya reproved him for playing the Robinson Crusoe in the country while he neglected that "mental work which I regard as higher than anything in life." She concluded her letter on a touching note of sympathy and under-

standing that at once revealed the real place he held in her heart: "Farewell, my dear, I kiss you. All at once I vividly pictured you to myself, and a sudden flood of tenderness for you rose in me. There is something in you so wise, kind, naïve, and stubborn, and it is all lit up by that tender interest for everyone, natural to you alone, and by your look that reaches straight to people's souls."

Tolstoy was grateful. Sonya's criticism he took in good part, and his letters were filled with loving concern over her illness. Her worries over money matters he cheerfully dismissed. "Do not be angry, darling, that I cannot attribute any importance to these money matters. That life should not appear trivial, one must take a wider and deeper view. What our life together is, with our joys and sorrows, will appear to our nine children real life, and therefore it is important to help them acquire what gave us happiness, and to help them to free themselves from what gave us unhappiness; but neither languages, nor diplomas, nor society, and, still less, money performed any part in our happiness or unhappiness. And therefore the question how much our income shrinks cannot occupy me. If one attributes importance to that, it hides what is really important."

During this brief separation, a passionate longing for her husband seems to have banished the ill-feeling in Sonya's heart. "You ask: Why do I not summon you home? Ah, Lyovochka, if I were to write at this moment when I wish to see you, I would write everything that I feel — then I would give vent to such a flood of passionate, tender, demanding words that you would not remain content merely with words. In all relations I am sometimes inexpressibly sad without you; but I have accepted the idea of *fulfilling my duty* in my relation to you as a writer, as a man requiring first of all his freedom, and therefore I demand nothing from you."

This newly won harmony was quickly disrupted by the impact of city life when Tolstoy returned to Moscow at the beginning of November. Scarcely a month passed before he fled again to the solitude of Yasnaya Polyana. The need of quiet to write was his excuse, and his letters were full of the progress he made. Sonya was hurt, and the familiar aggravation, caused by his insistence on the new life, reappeared.

35

BY THIS time the struggle had assumed a definite character. Sonya was opposed to every move of her husband that threatened the security of herself and her family. For Tolstoy, it was a necessity to change his manner of life without thought of anyone's security. There were frequent compromises on both sides, for the habits of years of happy married existence were a bulwark against deterioration in their relations. Each suffered for the other in the tragic struggle in which principles warred against love. But

their external differences were slowly poisoning the wellspring of this love.

At the beginning of 1885, Sonya obtained her husband's permission to republish in a new edition (the fifth) all his works that had appeared before 1881. This was not a unique venture, for she had the successful precedent of Dostoyevsky's widow, who gave Sonya much helpful advice. Sonya borrowed money to start with and herself did all the work of reading the proofs.

As she went over the proof for her edition of his first work, *Childhood*, charming memories were recalled, and she wrote to her husband, who had gone off to the Crimea at the time: "I went through the chapters of *Childhood* and there arose in me that former girlish feeling that I first experienced when I was eleven, and again my eyes grew dim, and instead of quietly correcting the misprints, I took to weeping. But I know what I loved in you when I was thirteen to fourteen, and I love the same thing now; but that which has been added to it and hardened — that I do not love; that is an addition, an excrescence. Scrape it away, and what is left will be pure gold." Always a bit of a romantic, poor Sonya wanted her girlhood hero to remain a girlhood hero and not a titan dedicated to founding the Kingdom of God on earth.

In her edition, Sonya soon fell afoul of Chertkov, who wished certain works for his own publishing venture, *Intermediary*. He grew disagreeable, for he was already developing a proprietary attitude towards the products of Tolstoy's pen, and a long and bitter quarrel was in the making.

In November of this year, Sonya went to Petersburg to try to obtain permission from the censor to include *What I Believe* in the twelfth volume of her edition. Despite all the influence she marshaled up, the permission was not granted. Shortly after she returned, her relations with her husband once again reached a crisis. His simmering feelings boiled over. Sonya wrote to her sister: "There happened what has already happened so many times, Lyovochka had fallen into an extremely nervous and gloomy condition. I was sitting, writing; he entered and I looked up — his face was terrifying. Up to that time we had been living excellently, not one disagreeable word had been said, none whatsoever. 'I've come to say that I wish to divorce you; I cannot live this way; I'm going to Paris or America.'"

"Imagine, Tanya, if the whole house had tumbled down on my head, I would not have been more astonished. I asked in surprise: 'What has happened?' 'Nothing, but if the cart is loaded more and more, the horse stands and does not pull it.' What was loaded on him, I don't know. But he set up a howl, reproaches, rude words, all getting worse and worse. I was patient — was patient but answered almost nothing. I saw that the man was mad, and when he said that where you are the air is poisoned, I finally ordered my trunk to be brought and began to pack. I wanted to go to you if only for a few days.

"The children came running in, wailing. Tanya [daughter] said: 'I'll go with you; what is this?' He began to beg me: 'Remain.' I remained, but suddenly hysterical sobbing started; it was simply frightful. Think: Lyovochka all torn and twitching from sobbing. At this point I became sorry for him." The upshot of all this was that Tolstoy went with his daughter Tanya to the country to stay with the Olsufyevs, family friends.

Before he departed for the country, he left behind a long and unusual letter for Sonya, which has only recently been published in full. That she read it we know from one Masha sent her sister at the Olsufyevs', in which she wrote: "After dinner today we had quite a disagreeable conversation. Mama attacked vegetarianism. She read a letter that Papa left for her, and it obviously upset her."

36

THIS long letter of Tolstoy amounts literally to a history of his spiritual development and of the conflict his views had brought about in his relations with his wife. "I cannot return to the way I lived," he wrote, "in which I found destruction, and which I have acknowledged to be the greatest evil and misfortune. But you can attempt to come to what you still do not know about, and which in general features is precisely a life not for one's own satisfaction (I do not speak of your life, but of the children's life), not for one's own ambition but for God and for others — a way of life always accounted the best by everybody, and which your own conscience responds to."

He begged her to realize that the very illegal works for which she had so zealously been trying to obtain permission to print he wrote not for the public or as exercises in style, but because his suffering and searching had obliged him to write them. And he asked her to read in these works the reasons why they were written. There she would find also why he could not continue to live the life of the family. He could not now reject the faith that he had found. His faith could not change; nor could he allow it to be a mere matter of words: it must be acted upon. Conscience and intellect demanded it of him, he said, and "I cannot see people, joined to me by love, knowing yet not doing what intellect and conscience demand, and not suffer myself."

Then with passionate earnestness he pointed out that she and the family had always tended to regard his spiritual revelation as an experience suitable perhaps as literary material but not something by which to guide one's life. But only by living according to his new convictions had he been saved from despair and returned to life. Finally, when she began to see that he was serious in his efforts to lead a new life, she condemned it all as a form of mental illness from which she must protect herself and the children.

There followed a long recital of their life over the

last few years in both city and country, in which he and the family had steadily drifted apart. At times, he indicated, there seemed only one solution: that he must leave the family. But he had resisted this as a temptation. He had felt it necessary to continue to live as he had lived, struggling with all his power against evil, but always lovingly and meekly. Must this struggle go on? he asked. "It will be sad for me to die with a reproach for all the useless burden of the last years of my life, of which few remain, and it will be sad for you to see me off with the doubt that you ought not to have brought me those grievous sufferings that I experienced in life." And he ended with the ominous warning: "Between us there is a struggle to the death. Either God or no God."

37

THE year 1886 began badly for the Tolstoy family: the youngest son, four-year-old Alyosha, died from croup on January 18. Sonya's grief was intensified by the belief that God had punished her by taking a child she had never wanted. Her husband was sad, but he found solace in his faith. With composure, he wrote Chertkov the day he lost his son: "I know only that the death of a child, which formerly seemed incomprehensible and cruel to me, now appears sensible and good. The death has united us all more lovingly and closely than before." His faith seems to have enabled him to conquer his lifelong fear of death.

Shortly after the loss of his son, Tolstoy at last finished, on February 14, his remarkable book *What Then Must We Do?* For several years he had wrestled with the intricate problems connected with this work, for he felt that upon their solution would depend the justification of his new faith. With overwhelming evidence and irrefutable logic he stated the case of the poor against the rich. Not content with this, he insisted that such economic disparity inevitably resulted in the moral impoverishment of both classes. He did not except himself from the general condemnation of the well-to-do; if anything, he was most severe on what he considered his own guilt.

What Then Must We Do? is a unique work and perhaps did more than any other book up to that time to expose the tremendous problem of poverty in modern society. Tolstoy condemned the causes of poverty with all the moral indignation of an eloquent preacher. In many respects, however, he may be said to have diagnosed the disease correctly and then prescribed an incantation as a cure. His outlook was circumscribed by the backward conditions of the Russian society of that time, and still more limited by his instinctive devotion to his own class. He was ignorant of the changes that developing industry and commerce were bringing about in the economics of capitalism, and this unawareness was rendered virtually incurable by an ethical arrogance that made him

all too ready to condemn achievements remote from his own experience.

An enemy of progress in terms of modern technical advancement, he oversimplified the complex phenomena of industrial and economic life. That government in its systematic organization of society might logically strive to achieve righteousness, he emphatically denied. Yet in *What Then Must We Do?* Tolstoy performed a signal service in his frank and fresh treatment of one of the most acute problems of modern times, and his prediction that if the problem were not solved, a "workers' revolution with horrors of destruction and murder" would ensue was fulfilled in his own country not many years later.

Meanwhile life in the Moscow household of the Tolstoys was rapidly taking on the aspect of a religious revival. Ready-made disciples, who had caught the virus from widely circulated contraband works, called to see the master in the flesh. In February Chertkov and Anna K. Diterikhs, who was soon to become his wife, paid a visit. Anna anticipated her introduction to the master with awe and trembling. Tolstoy greeted her kindly, but he soon left her marooned in the living room with his wife, for he had some business matters to talk over with Chertkov. Sonya, after she had ascertained the girl's devotion to Tolstoy's beliefs, vented on her the spleen that she felt for all these disciples — these "dark people," as she called them.

"Well, I'll tell you frankly," Sonya said, "that you are mistaken, as are many other youths and these shaggy nihilists who come to him from everywhere. He's not at all what you imagine, and I tell you plainly he is not that which he tries to be. What if he does stitch boots and split wood? He was and has remained a Count, and all this simplicity, — I speak to you plainly just as I would to him, Leo Nikolayevich, — I say that all this is only affectation, simply a pretense, a kind of amusement; he always loved originality. Even in his youth he played various tricks in order to shock people and make them speak about him."

The astonished guest protested that Tolstoy had no need to attempt to be original and that his new faith had brought him blame rather than praise.

"And they blame him justly," Sonya interrupted. "He was a writer, an artist; he wrote novels, tales, and suddenly for no reason he took to philosophy, to religion. Is this his affair?"

When the question of Tolstoy's novels came up, Sonya warmly declared: "Do you know I copied *War and Peace* seven times, but this rubbish of his [his religious works] . . . I have refused to copy. I will not soil my hands with them. I would burn all these manuscripts with pleasure. Who wants them? Who will read them? He is an artist, and suddenly he becomes a shoemaker! It is plain insanity!"

Another tribute to his fame was the Tolstoyan colonies that soon sprang up in various parts of Russia, and later in England, Holland, and the

United States. Without exception, they all eventually failed. Yet somehow these failures did not convince Tolstoy that his Christian-anarchist beliefs were incapable of practical application. The fact that he himself never actively participated in the life of any of these colonies blinded him to their faults. It was not difficult for the colonists to accept his dictum that to love God meant to do the business of God, and that if you loved God, you would unfailingly love people. When the "business of God," however, involved a practical application of non-resistance to evil and a condemnation of property, the services of government, and all the customary aids of modern society, then the business of daily life itself broke down completely.

Tolstoy's reaction to these efforts of his disciples was a mixed one; later he grew hostile to them. He wished to see his beliefs propagated, for he had a supreme faith in their efficacy, but organized proselyting he deeply distrusted.

Many of his most radical followers hoped to give the Tolstoyan movement a definite form by attracting masses to it and trying to persuade the master to leave his home, surround himself with disciples, and create a kind of moral Eden. But Tolstoy knew that to tag a movement in the realm of ideas with forms, limitations, and labels meant its destruction—this was the first step in the direction of a church. He said to A. S. Butkevich, who was visiting him: "To stand aloof, to shut oneself up in a monastery, surrounded by such angels as oneself, amounts to creating a hothouse and those conditions in which it will be easy to be good oneself, but no one else will be warm. Live in the world and be good—that is what is needed."

38

THROUGH most of 1886 and the next year Tolstoy found time to write even amid the manifold tasks he now imposed upon himself. The practice seemed to intensify his mental and moral strength without diminishing his physical powers. Among other things, he wrote his grim realistic tragedy *The Power of Darkness* (1886). It is based directly on a crime he had heard of several years before: a peasant confessed to the guests assembled at the marriage of his stepdaughter that he had murdered a child he had had by her and afterwards attempted to kill his own six-year-old daughter. Upon the foundation of this sordid crime Tolstoy built a moving drama that involved the darker aspects of peasant life.

A good part of the play he wrote in the autumn of 1886, while he lay ill in bed with an infected leg. Members of the household went about on tiptoe. At times he would drop his pencil, throw his head back on the pillow, and his face took on an expression of pain that arose from his bodily illness mingled with the spiritual suffering he experienced in creating the horrific scenes of his play that dealt with poison, adultery, and infanticide. He admitted that he could

never read without tears the scene in the cellar where Nikita crushed his child with a board so that its "bones crunched." The horror of it all is strangely neutralized by a sense of atonement for sin and by the moral message of the terrible evil-begetting power of evil.

The Power of Darkness possessed excellent acting qualities and Tolstoy was anxious to have it staged as well as published. His friend A. A. Stakhovich, a lover of the theater and a talented dramatic reader, read the play with much success to Petersburg society gatherings at the beginning of 1887. He was asked to give a reading of it before Emperor Alexander III and high Court officials. The Emperor seemed impressed, pronounced the play "a marvelous thing," and suggested that it be staged by the best actors and actresses of both the Moscow and the Petersburg theaters.

Preparations went forward rapidly, until the plans were brought to the attention of Pobedonostsev, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, and the archenemy of Tolstoy's religious beliefs. He read the play and lost no time in writing to the Emperor that the drama filled him with horror and that it represented a "negation of ideals," a "debasing of moral feelings," and an "offense against taste." Alexander III judiciously recanted in his reply. He admitted that the play had made a strong impression on him, but that it had filled him with aversion and that it was his "opinion and conviction that it was impossible to stage the drama, because it was too realistic and frightful in its subject matter." With this fickle royal favor withdrawn, the play could not be acted, although it was published in 1887.

A few weeks later the Emperor sent a memorandum to the Ministry of the Interior, in which he used much sharper language about the play and its author. "One ought to put an end to this mischief of L. Tolstoy. He is a downright nihilist and atheist. It would not be bad now to forbid the sale of his drama, *The Power of Darkness*, for he has already succeeded in selling enough of this nastiness and in spreading it among the people." *The Power of Darkness* was not staged in Russia until 1895, but with the aid of Zola it was acted earlier (1888) in Paris, where it at once won a remarkable success.

On her visit to Yasnaya Polyana in the summer of 1887 Granny was charmed with the Tolstoy children. There were eight of them. They were kind, simple, gay, and quite gifted. She observed how attached they were to their parents, and how they worshiped their father. Not all of them shared his views, particularly the eldest son, Sergei, a thoughtful man and a talented musician. The second son, Ilya, erratic but warmhearted, strove hard to follow his father's religious and social creed, and his efforts were repaid by a tender solicitude on the part of Tolstoy. His father once suddenly asked Ilya if he had ever had a woman, and when he answered in the negative, Tolstoy wept from joy.

At about this time Ilya was thinking of marrying, and his father wrote him a long and earnest letter to warn him that he and his future wife must be certain that they both had a useful purpose in life or otherwise they would not be happy together. "Your purpose in life," he counseled, "must not be to enjoy the delight of wedlock but, by your life, to bring more love and truth into the world. The object of marriage is to help one another in the attainment of that purpose."

Although the third son, temperamental Leo, early showed a disposition to subscribe to his father's views, he soon opposed them, and even in print. The younger sons, the ebullient Andrei and stolid Mikhail, had little regard for the teaching of their father, and later they openly displayed their antipathy by voluntarily serving in the army.

Tolstoy once remarked that he had reason to thank God for his daughters, and it is true that they served him with a devotion and sympathy that his sons did not possess. Tatyana, the eldest, while always maintaining certain reservations of her own concerning her father's faith, was much influenced by his teaching and proved a willing helper in his work. But the second daughter, Masha, was a true disciple, and often risked the anger of her mother because of her quiet insistence upon living up to her father's teachings. She worked in the fields, taught the village children, faithfully attended sick peasants, and in her spare time aided her father in his voluminous correspondence and in his literary labors. When these two sisters eventually married, the youngest, Alexandra, took their place as an assiduous disciple, helper, and favorite child of her father.

On September 23, 1887, Tolstoy and his wife celebrated quietly their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. In his diary he scribbled that the course of his family life "could have been better." About a month before, in her own diary, the forty-three-year-old Sonya wrote: "Pregnancy both physically and morally tortures me. Lyovochka's health has gone downhill; family life becomes complicated, and my own moral strength diminishes." On March 31, 1888, Sonya gave birth to her thirteenth child, Ivan.

39

MANY people in Russia were wondering if the author of *War and Peace* had not lost his mind. For some ten years now, instead of exploiting his great literary success, he had been serving up to readers and listeners religious treatises and moral exhortations. The Church was becoming alarmed over his wholesale condemnation of its dogma and practices, and government officials, long since suspicious, now secretly reported every move of Tolstoy. Because of his wide fame, the police feared to arrest him and granted a kind of extraterritoriality to his estate at Yasnaya Polyana.

In January, 1888, the Governor-General of Mos-

cow sent a confidential report to the Ministry of the Interior, in which he cautiously declared that "every repressive measure taken against Count L. Tolstoy will surround him with an aureole of suffering and will all the more assist in the dissemination of his thought and teaching." Both Church and State were uninterested in his search for the meaning and purpose of life, but the uncompromising Tolstoy failed to understand how anyone could go through life without asking himself: "What the devil does it all mean?"

Of greater consequence to Tolstoy's immediate peace of mind was the fact that his wife's hostility to his views had become more irreconcilable than ever. By 1888, at the age of sixty, he had finally renounced meat, alcohol, and tobacco, and the next year he wrote an article, "Why Do Men Stupefy Themselves?" in which he roundly condemned drinking and smoking as habits employed by mankind to still the voice of conscience.

The luxury, frock coats, and singing at the wedding of his son Ilya offended Tolstoy's new sense of proprieties, and he complained of it in a letter to Chertkov. Sonya found her husband's Christian idealism something less than ideal. Having a child at forty-four had placed a terrific strain on her physical powers. Tolstoy wept over her suffering, but it was a joyous compensation for her to see him fondle and kiss the newborn Ivan.

Then, less than three weeks after this event, and in the face of his exhausted wife's bitter protests, Tolstoy, with knapsack on his shoulders, set off from Moscow to Yasnaya Polyana on foot. He has "again taken the bit in his teeth," the chagrined Sonya wrote her sister Tanya.

There was little in the correspondence between husband and wife on this occasion to suggest that Ivan's birth had been anything other than an unnecessary and superfluous event in their lives. All Tolstoy's attempts to change his wife's views and way of life had failed. She simply could not understand his transformed attitude, and was frankly annoyed by the evidence of the Gospels that he quoted to her. Husband and wife had become spiritual and intellectual strangers to each other. The only real bond left was the physical and that too was soon endangered.

One of the most welcome of the several visitors during the summer of 1889 was Strakhov, who had not been at Yasnaya Polyana for some time. He found it a "center of spiritual activity," and he saw in the master's calm moral beauty a power of conviction that could afford to dispense with verbal persuasion. To Strakhov, Tolstoy seemed already to have discovered truth, and his serene faith in it required no demonstration beyond his sincere willingness to live what he believed.

The center of spiritual activity, however, was largely in Tolstoy's study, where the "dark people" paid him furtive visits. The rest of Yasnaya Polyana seemed like a palace of pleasure. For the family had

decided to remain there for the winter, and they made every effort to keep up their gay social city existence. As in the city, the entire life of the family at Yasnaya Polyana revolved about the mother. Sonya ran the household, looked after the children's education, edited a new edition of her husband's works, and collected rents from the estate. The numerous children, servants, and peasants turned to her alone for the daily decisions of their lives.

For the most part, the father, like a guest in his own house, kept singularly aloof from domestic cares and the affairs of the estate. He serenely led his own existence — a life of the spirit. When the summer work in the fields was over, Tolstoy's daily regimen was fixed, and no one and nothing were permitted to interfere with it. He rose about eight, emptied his chamber pot, swept his room out, and brushed his clothes. If a mouse were caught in the cage — there were many mice in the house that year — he took the cage out to the orchard and carefully released the rodent. No matter what the weather, he went on a solitary walk in the morning and returned about ten for coffee. Then he shut himself up in his study and worked till twelve, when he emerged for a quick lunch and returned to his reading and writing until three or four.

It was only now that he grew sociable, for he would invite any member of the family or guests to walk with him, chatting with his companion in lively fashion and questioning peasants on the road. The peasants liked to banter with him and hear his deep, sincere, toothless laugh. Returning for dinner at five, he kept the table in lively conversation and remained until eight, when he retired to his study to write up his diary for the day. He would soon emerge and entertain the family circle with conversation or readings from his own compositions or from French, English, or Russian novels. He read well. Sometimes there would be music or a quiet game of chess, which he played badly but with great seriousness. At about midnight the mail arrived, and after going over his letters, he went to bed.

Sometimes the family's traditional funmaking interrupted the search for God. If the entertainment caught his fancy, he quickly became the life of the party as in the old days. Such an occasion was the performance of his play *The Fruits of Enlightenment* at Yasnaya Polyana in December of this year. Tanya and Masha had thought it time to liven up the household, and a play seemed like a good excuse to invite people. They had difficulty in finding a satisfactory piece until Masha remembered seeing the manuscript of a drama among her father's papers. She purloined the manuscript, and with Tanya and the young tutor Novikov read it over with much amusement.

It was just the thing — a merry comedy in four acts, in which high society and spiritualism were blisteringly satirized, while some wonderful peasant characters were introduced who provided a combination of farce and genuine distress over their lack of land. To the delight of the readers they at once

recognized in the numerous characters members of the family, their friends, and even some of their own peasants. Tolstoy at first remonstrated: staging a play, he said, was simply an amusement of rich and idle people. The young folks stood their ground and soon the author was more deeply involved than his children.

Rehearsals were held daily, and the author was nearly always present, directing and encouraging the actors, slapping his sides and wagging his head in peasant fashion, and laughing until the tears came, when his humorous lines were effectively rendered. With animation he lectured the cast on dramatic art, and during the rehearsals the artist in him was never dormant. He observed attentively the performance of each actor and took notes on the dialogue. At night he collected all the roles, retired to his study, and altered the speeches, sometimes on the basis of the individual abilities of the players. These alterations continued right up to the very performance of the play.

On one occasion, when Tolstoy was deep in conversation with the actors, little Andrei ran in to tell his father that two peasant women urgently wished to see him in the kitchen. Tolstoy went immediately, followed by several of the guests, who were aware that something was up. As soon as he entered and asked the women what they wished, they fell on their knees and began to wail. Tolstoy was embarrassed and confused.

"Get up, mother, get up, get up," he said, speaking to each in turn, but they did not arise and continued to howl. Tolstoy's features grew stern, his chin trembled, and he helplessly appealed to the women, assuring them that he was not God, and finally, falling on his own knees, he declared: "Well, now I shall kneel too. What is it you wish of me?"

But they still remained on their knees lamenting.

"Well, I'm on my own knees, I am, I am! Now, what do you want?" pleaded Tolstoy, bowing to the floor before the women. Suddenly the wailing changed to hysterical laughter, and only then did Tolstoy, looking hard at them, recognize in the disguised women his own daughters. Jumping to his feet, Tolstoy shook with laughter, and finally through his tears he said: "No, this is really impiety," and he went to his study.

The Fruits of Enlightenment was finally performed on December 30 in the big salon before a large audience and it achieved a triumphant success. It had been a long time since such high spirits and jollity had reigned in the great manor house of Yasnaya Polyana, which now became once again a "center of spiritual activity."

40

THE year 1889 was particularly noteworthy, for it marked the return of Tolstoy to the larger field of creative literature. In this year he finished his famous piece *The Kreutzer Sonata*. According to

Sonya, Tolstoy obtained the initial idea for it from the actor V. N. Andreyev-Burlak. He told the family of meeting on a train an unfortunate stranger who poured out to him the story of his wife's betrayal. Tolstoy originally began this tale of "sexual love," as he first called it, in 1887, but he put it aside after a mere start.

The following year an incident provided him with new inspiration and added a new motif—that of music. In a gathering at the family's Moscow house in the spring, the violinist Yuli Lyasotta, accompanied by young Sergei Tolstoy at the piano, performed Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata." Tolstoy had long been acquainted with the piece, but this performance produced a powerful impression on him. He turned to the distinguished painter Repin and the actor Andreyev-Burlak, who were present, and offered to write a story based on the sonata, if the actor would read it publicly in the presence of a canvas, inspired by the same music, that Repin would engage to paint. Tolstoy once again took up the unfinished tale of "sexual love," which now became *The Kreutzer Sonata*, but of the three artists, he was the only one to fulfill the agreement.

In 1888 and at various times during the next year Tolstoy worked away at this strange story of Pozdnyshv, whose violent jealousy over the attention paid his wife by a musician drove him to kill her and thereafter to preach the doctrine that sex should be eliminated from human life as far as possible. Draft followed draft until Tolstoy had accumulated nine of them. Behind this extensive effort was not merely his usual sense of artistic perfection; *The Kreutzer Sonata* had finally taken on a deep personal significance for him.

The new ideal that had gripped Tolstoy, and for the expression of which his unhappy hero Pozdnyshv became the mouthpiece, was the necessity of absolute chastity not only for unmarried, but even for married people. All his life Tolstoy had advocated marriage as the only normal and moral outlet for sexual satisfaction. And a few years previously, in *What I Believe* (1884), he had roundly condemned a celibate life for those who were ripe for marriage. But the factors compelling him to repudiate his former beliefs and to adopt the ideal of chastity must be studied against the background of his own recent marital difficulties.

"Man survives earthquakes, epidemics, terrible illnesses and every kind of spiritual suffering," said Tolstoy, "but always the most poignant tragedy was, is, and ever will be the tragedy of the bedroom." This new view, ironically enough, he began to express in correspondence with Chertkov, whom a few years before he had been urging to marry for the good of his health and morals. In several letters to him during 1888, Tolstoy developed his thoughts on marriage and chastity, progressing swiftly from compromise to an extreme position. He frankly confessed to Chertkov that in his own marriage he had failed utterly to live up to his new convictions, but that in the future

he would try to abide by them as the teaching of Christ. Then he outlined his argument. A man and woman fall in love, he wrote, and they marry, and the result is a child. When pregnancy begins, a sexual coolness develops between husband and wife which interrupts relations, as it does among animals. The coolness continues until after the weaning of the child, when once again husband and wife feel sexually attracted to each other. During the time of pregnancy and nursing, husband and wife live like brother and sister, unless the husband, thinking only of his own pleasure, insists on continuing sexual relations. In this abuse, Tolstoy declared, may be found "the key to all the suffering hidden in the enormous majority of families."

"It seems to me," Tolstoy continued, "that when husband and wife live as brother and sister, she quietly, inviolably gives birth, nurses, and in this morally develops, and only in the free periods do they give themselves up once more to love, continuing for weeks, and again there is calm. It seems to me that this amorousness makes for a kind of steam pressure in the course of which the boiler would burst if the safety valve were not opened. The valve opens only during this powerful pressure, but otherwise it is always closed, carefully closed, and our aim ought to be consciously to keep it closed as tightly as possible and to place a weight on it so that it should not open. . . . That is," he concluded, "let everyone aspire never to marry, but having married, let him live with his wife as a brother with his sister."

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THE original story on sexual love was rapidly turning into a moral treatise on Tolstoy's new faith in celibacy and chastity. But his wonderful artistic sense prevented *The Kreutzer Sonata* from becoming a mere didactic tract. Nothing could be more realistically and psychologically convincing than the half-mad hero's narrative of his moral and spiritual struggle. But Pozdnyshv's presentation of the problems of sex undoubtedly reflects Tolstoy's own opinions at this time, a fact substantiated by the *Afterword* to *The Kreutzer Sonata*, which he later felt compelled to write in order that there should be no mistake about his own views on sex, for some people actually read into the story an advocacy of free love. The *Afterword*, however, clearly differentiates the idealistic but logically developed thought of Tolstoy on these matters from the extravagant conviction of the deranged Pozdnyshv. In brief, Tolstoy's ultimate position in the *Afterword* is that the Christian ideal is one of love of God and of one's fellow man, a love incompatible with sexual love or marriage, which amounts to serving one's self.

When the story was originally submitted to the censor, like so many of Tolstoy's works that had the aura of the forbidden about them it was eagerly passed around and read by high government and

church officials. They of course condemned the tale, the Empress declared herself shocked, and the Emperor categorically forbade its printing.

Sonya, however, very much wished to include *The Kreutzer Sonata* in the thirteenth volume of her husband's works that she was publishing, and much against Tolstoy's will she sought an interview with Alexander III in the hope of obtaining permission to print the story. The interview did not take place until April, 1891, after infinite wirepulling by the stubborn Sonya.

When she pointed out that *The Kreutzer Sonata* had been suppressed, the Emperor replied: "But then it is written in such a way that I'm sure even you would not give it to your children to read."

Sonya replied: "Unfortunately the story has taken a rather extreme form, but the idea underlying it is this: the ideal is always unattainable; if this ideal is perfect chastity, then people can only be pure in matrimony" — an ignorant or willful misrepresentation on the part of Sonya.

When she boldly asked the Emperor to lift the ban on the story, he answered: "Yes, we might allow you to print it in the complete works, because not everyone could afford to buy the full set, and it would not be too widely disseminated."

Sonya won her fight, and in 1891 *The Kreutzer Sonata* was published for the first time in Russia in the thirteenth volume of Tolstoy's collected works. But on her own responsibility Sonya made numerous changes in the text (about two hundred), toning down certain sections and softening the forthright realism of the language.

Long before the first published version, *The Kreutzer Sonata* was known far and wide in Russia and even abroad. Copies of the manuscript (not the final redaction) were sent to friends, who read them to large gatherings in Petersburg and Moscow. Surreptitiously hectograph copies were made and widely distributed in large numbers. So much in demand were they that they sold for as high as fifteen rubles in bookshops that dared to handle this contraband literature. Strakhov told Tolstoy that people, instead of saying "How do you do?" generally asked, "Have you read *The Kreutzer Sonata*?"

An interesting passage in Granny's *Reminiscences* gives some idea of the tremendous impression these illegal works of Tolstoy made upon Russian society. The government never seemed to learn the old truth that repressions increase interest.

"It is difficult to imagine [wrote Granny] what happened when, for example, *The Kreutzer Sonata* and *The Power of Darkness* appeared. Still forbidden to be printed, these works were reproduced in hundreds and thousands of copies; they passed from hand to hand, were translated into all languages, and were read everywhere with incredible passion. It seemed at times that the public, forgetting all its personal cares, lived only for the literature of Count Tolstoy. The most important political events rarely seized everyone with such force and completeness."

Readers of these illegal copies of *The Kreutzer Sonata* deluged Tolstoy with letters. Although the story was eagerly read, it met with little approval. Some thought it a straight piece of autobiography — as though Tolstoy had murdered his wife — others accused him of preaching immorality, and the Archbishop of Kherson denounced him as a "wolf in sheep's clothing."

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TOLSTOY's story did not achieve its purpose — to preach a moral ideal through the medium of an artistic narrative. The author was perfectly aware that the didactic purpose obtruded. And discerning critics made this same distinction. The acutely critical but always generous Chekhov praised the design, beauty of execution, and the provocative thought of the story, but he complained that Tolstoy's remarks about syphilis, foundling hospitals, and women's aversion to conception not only were open to dispute, but clearly revealed an ignorant man, who during his long life had not taken the trouble to read a couple of books by specialists. Strakhov wrote Tolstoy of the impressions created by *The Kreutzer Sonata*: —

"Only sensible and reasonable young people and sensitive and reasonable women . . . have recognized the evils you attack, and sympathize with your inculcation of chastity. Even Countess Alexandra Andreyevna Tolstoy amazed me by exclaiming: 'How is this? He wants to end the human race!' As if it was someone's business to look after the perpetuation of that race! Or ought we to organize stud-farms for it?"

This might also have been Tolstoy's answer to the customary objection that his ideal of chastity, if carried to its logical conclusion, would result in the end of the human race. But he never imagined that his views of complete chastity were anything other than an unattainable ideal. He believed literally the statement in the Bible that "every one that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." Nor did he believe that sex permitted of any compromises with the devil or with fine words. When the lady in *The Kreutzer Sonata* indignantly declared: "But you are speaking of physical love! Don't you admit the existence of love founded on identity of ideals and on spiritual affinity?" Tolstoy would have heartily seconded Pozdnyshv's incisive answer: "Spiritual affinity! Identity of ideals! But in that case (excuse my rudeness) why do they go to bed together?"

Nor did Tolstoy entertain any illusion that he of all people could achieve his ideal of perfect chastity. Cynical critics, after the appearance of *The Kreutzer Sonata*, slyly suggested that the author was getting old and that the grapes had turned sour. Yet when he was nearly seventy Tolstoy told his biographer, Aylmer Maude: "I was myself a husband last night, but that is no reason for abandoning the struggle."

God may grant me not to be so again." In fact, not until he was eighty-one, a year before his death, did he admit — again to Maude — that he was no longer troubled by sexual desires.

No, when Tolstoy wrote *The Kreutzer Sonata*, the grapes were still very tempting, and this fact has an important connection with the story itself. His wife's plea to the Emperor to be allowed to print the work in no sense indicated her approval of it. Her effort to see the Emperor on behalf of the work has sometimes been represented as an instance of her self-sacrifice for the sake of her husband. In her diary, however, she explained that she sought the Emperor's permission to print the book not so much out of devotion to her husband as a desire to defend her own and her family's reputation, to prove to the world that *The Kreutzer Sonata* had nothing to do with the intimate life between her and her husband.

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DESPITE the many sharp differences in their life, and of late their serious quarrels, Tolstoy had clung firmly to the institution of marriage as an ultimate good. He had remained scrupulously faithful to his wife, and in his writings he had uncompromisingly condemned any violation of the sacred bonds of matrimony. Then, suddenly, towards the end of 1888, his whole attitude changed. He decided that marriage was not one of the forms of service to God, and he concluded by advising bachelors not to marry, and married couples to preserve chastity.

With his usual sincerity Tolstoy attempted to practice what he preached. It was no easy task. As during the period of his youth, he chronicled in his diary the lapses in his struggle to be chaste. Only now the temptation was not a Caucasian beauty or a bewitching gypsy wench, but a forty-five-year-old wife who had borne him thirteen children. "The devil fell upon me," he wrote. "The next day, the morning of the 30th, I slept badly. It was so loathsome, as after a crime. And on that same day, the 30th, still more powerfully possessed, I fell." In a later conscience-stricken entry, he jotted down: "What if a child should be born? How shameful, especially before the children. They will reckon when it happened, and they will read what I write [*The Kreutzer Sonata*]. It has become shameful, sad. And I considered: not before people, but before God must one be afraid. I asked myself: In this relation how do I stand before God? and I at once grew calmer."

If other evidence were unconvincing, Tolstoy's wife read into *The Kreutzer Sonata* a clear expression of her husband's new ideal. In all their quarrels in the past, they had never once seriously differed about marriage — its sanctity, its duties and privileges. Of late, worn-out by constant childbearing, she had murmured complaints, but she had never once sug-

gested contraceptives, which she knew were morally and physically repugnant to her husband. And in the end, she had always surrendered. Marriage and all it entailed had been the rock on which Sonya had built her happiness, and on which she instinctively felt her future secure no matter how seriously her views may have otherwise differed from those of her husband. Then, suddenly, after twenty-seven years of life together, and without any apparent reason, this rock was smashed to bits. Now she could not help but feel that during all these long years they had been living a cruel lie.

Having constant access to Tolstoy's diary, which she was accustomed to copy, Sonya could hardly fail to relate these new entries concerning his struggle to preserve his chastity to those ancient jottings, which she had read with horror even before her marriage, of his youthful attempts to fight the devil of sex that tempted him in the form of loose women. In his youth he had condemned lust, and now in his old age he condemned all sexual relations. The conclusion was inescapable to Sonya: her husband, even throughout all his married life, had possessed the same aversion to sexual relations that he had expressed as a youth. The possibility had perhaps always existed that she might eventually dwindle into an acceptance of his new way of life. And now the very fabric of their whole married existence together had been torn to shreds. Here there could be no compromise. The family drama had changed from a tragicomedy to pure tragedy.

At times, in her anger and self-pity over this latest defection of her husband, Sonya could not refrain from holding him up to ridicule. When Alekseyev visited, he found her alone and had a long talk with her, while she held the baby Vanichka in her arms. The conversation finally turned on *The Kreutzer Sonata*. Sonya, affecting a laugh over Tolstoy's intention in the story, said: "It is fine for Leo Nikolayevich to write and advise others to be chaste, but what of himself?" and with a malignant smile she motioned towards the child.

One may date from this time a pronounced development of the hysteria of Tolstoy's wife, traces of which she had exhibited in the first years of their disagreements. This condition was aggravated by his desire to sever the last bond that bound them together. Now, with increasing frequency, extravagant unbalanced declarations began to appear in Sonya's own diary. "He is killing me very systematically. . . ." she complained. "I want to kill myself, to run somewhere, to fall in love with someone — anything only not live with the man whom I have loved all my life. . . ." And shortly after this, she wrote in her diary: "It would be terrible to become pregnant, for all would learn of this shame and would repeat with malicious joy a joke just now invented in Moscow society: 'There is the real *Afterword* of *The Kreutzer Sonata*.'"

(To be continued)



Which way will these twigs incline?

Remember that old saying, "As the twig is bent . . ."? It applies just as truly to the children of Europe and Asia as it does to those right here. They can grow to strong, good citizenship. Or, warped in mind and body, embittered by constant hunger—*listen to another Hitler a few years from now!*

What *you* do in this critical hour will help decide their future. So won't you back up in every *possible* way our promise to send food?

That means sharing your table, so long as the need is pressing. Surely, you'll continue to salvage fats, serve potatoes, save flour. Put up your vegetable crop, so you can give more to the Emergency Food Collection.

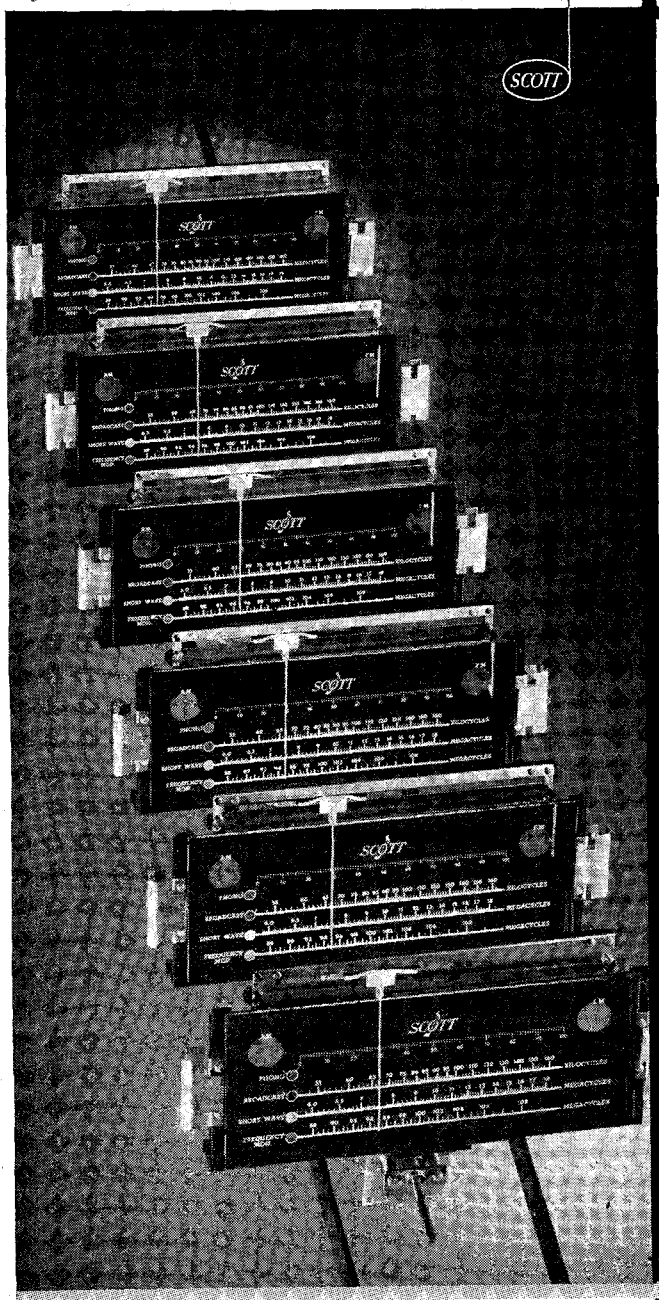
It's easier to do with less bread if you keep in mind the fact that only *half a slice* per day from every American home allows 500,000 loaves to go overseas. While we may scrimp, each of us will still eat *well*. There's abundant nourishment at your market. There's milk—and many other dairy products—to lend meals high health value and flavorful variety.

Of course, you'll take as much care not to *waste* milk as you will to conserve other things. Because it's nature's most nearly perfect food, milk is precious, too. In all its forms, make every drop work for your family's well-being. *We'll* work to keep it wholesome and pure.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.



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